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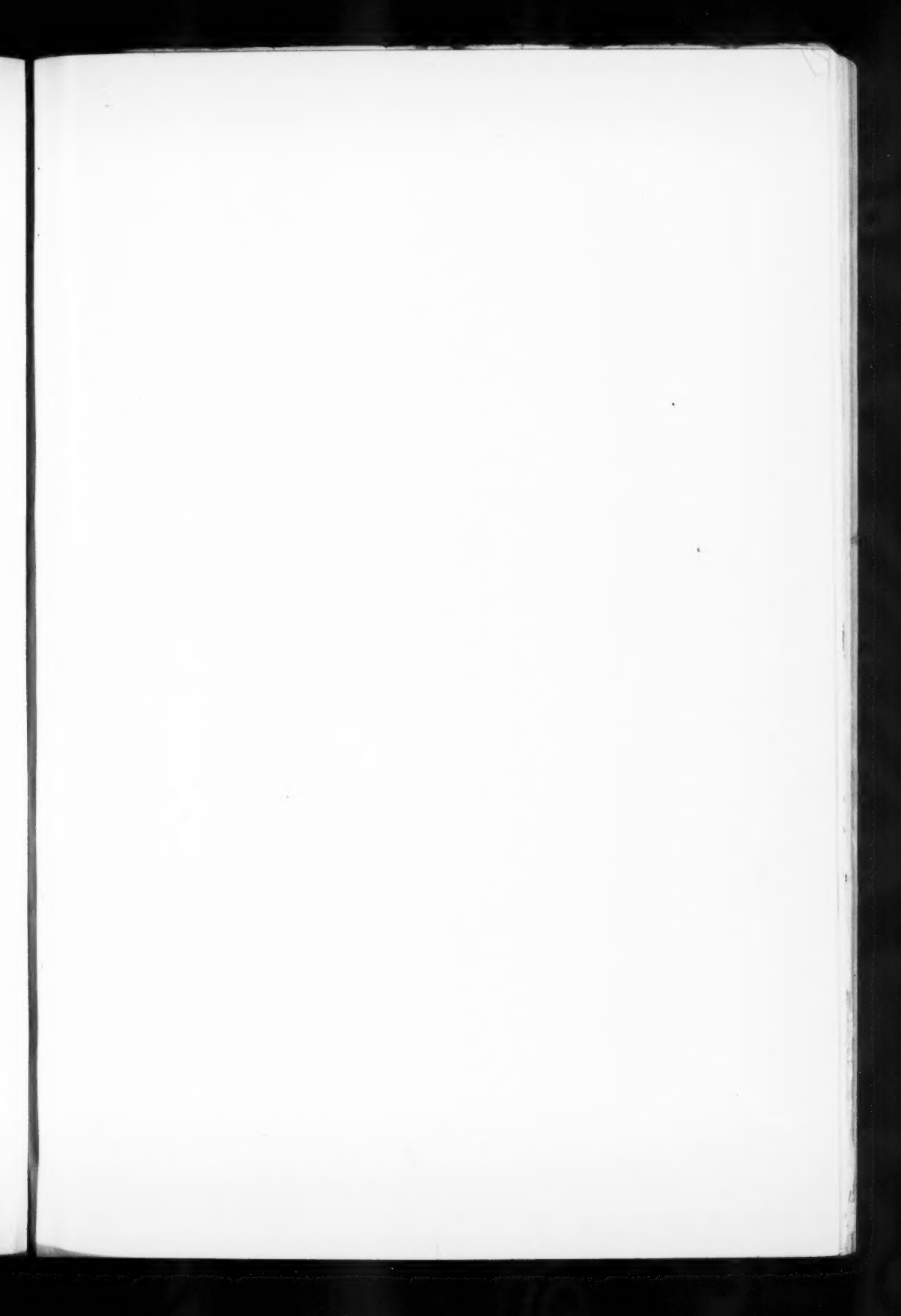
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVII

DECEMBER, 1903

NO. 2

MOTHER AND CHILD

MOTHER and Child ! There is no holier sight
In all the realms of morning and of night ;
And all the meaning of that word, DIVINE,
Shines in the tender glory of this sign.
The world learns Worship here ; it kneels in awe,
Seeing a mystery, knowing a mighty law.
Sin cannot live in presence of this grace,
No least unworthiness perplex the place.
Here Good doth dwell, but never baneful Doubt,
For Love and Loveliness would cast it out.
Were prophet voices still, the heavens brass,
Here would a new Evangel come to pass ;
Out from the dark a rose-leaf hand would leap,
Close to the Eternal Throne the ancient world to keep.

ITALIAN VILLAS AND THEIR GARDENS

BY EDITH WHARTON

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

SIENESE VILLAS



N the order of age, the first country-seat near Siena which claims attention is the fortress-villa of Belcaro.

Frequent mention is made of the castle of Belcaro in early chronicles and documents, and it seems to have been a place of some importance as far back as the eleventh century. It stands on a hill-top clothed with oak and ilex in the beautiful wooded country to the west of Siena, and from its ancient walls one looks forth over the plain to the hill-set city and its distant circle of mountains. It was perhaps for the sake of this enchanting prospect that Baldassare Peruzzi, to whom the transformation of Belcaro is ascribed, left these crenellated walls untouched, and contented himself with adorning the inner court of the castle with a delicate mask of Renaissance architecture. A large bare villa of no architectural pretensions was added to the medieval buildings, and Peruzzi worked within the inclosed quadrangle thus formed.

A handsome architectural screen of brick and marble with a central gateway leads from a stone-paved court to a garden of about the same dimensions, at the back of which is an arcaded loggia, also of brick and marble, exquisitely light and graceful in proportion, and frescoed in the Raphaelesque manner with medallions and arabesques, fruit-garlands and brightly plumed birds. Adjoining this loggia is a small brick chapel, simple but

elegant in design, with a frescoed interior also ascribed to Peruzzi, and still beautiful under its crude repainting. The garden itself is the real *hortus inclusus* of the medieval chronicler: a small patch of ground inclosed in the fortress walls, with box-edged plots, a central well, and clipped shrubs. It is interesting as a reminder of what the medieval garden within the castle must have been, and its setting of Renaissance architecture makes it look like one of those little marble-walled pleasantries, full of fruit and flowers, in the backgrounds of Gozzoli or Lorenzo di Credi.

Several miles beyond Belcaro, in a pleasant valley among oak-wooded hills, lies the Marchese Chigi's estate of Cetinale. A huge clipped ilex, one of the few examples of Dutch topiary work in Italy, stands at the angle of the road which leads to the gates. Across the highway, facing the courtyard entrance, is another gate, guarded by statues and leading to a long *tapis vert* which ascends between double rows of square-topped ilexes to a statue on the crest of the opposite slope. The villa looks out on this perspective, facing it across an oblong courtyard flanked by low outbuildings. The main house, said to have been built (or more probably rebuilt) in 1680 by Carlo Fontana for Flavio Chigi, nephew of Pope Alexander VII, is so small and modest of aspect that one is surprised to learn that it was one of the celebrated pleasure-houses of its day. It must be remembered, however, that with

the exception of the great houses built near Rome by the Princes of the Church, and the country-seats of such reigning families as the Medici, the Italian villa was almost invariably a small and simple building, the noble proprietor having usually preferred to devote his wealth and time to the embellishment of his gardens.

The house at Cetinale is so charming, with its stately double flight of steps leading up to the first floor, and its monumental doorway opening on a central *salone*, that it may well be ascribed to the architect of San Marcello in Rome, and of Prince Lichtenstein's "Garden Palace" in Vienna. The plan of using the low-studded ground floor for offices, wine-cellar, and store-rooms, while the living-rooms are all above-stairs, shows the hand of an architect trained in the Roman school. All the Tuscan and mid-Italian villas open on a level with their gardens, while about Rome the country houses, at least on one side, have beneath the living-rooms a ground floor generally used for the storage of wine and oil.

But the glory of Cetinale is its park. Behind the villa a long grass-walk as wide as the house extends between high walls to a fantastic gateway, with statues in ivy-clad niches, and a curious crowning motive terminating in obelisks and balls. Beyond this the turf-walk continues again to a raised semicircular terrace, surrounded by a wall adorned with busts and inclosed in clipped ilexes. This terrace abuts on the ilex-clothed hillside which bounds the valley. A gateway leads directly into these wild romantic woods, and a steep irregular flight of stone steps is seen ascending the wooded slope to a tiny building on the crest of the hill. This ascent is called the Scala Santa, and the building to which it leads is a hermitage adorned with circular niches set in the form of a cross, each niche containing the bust of a saint. The hermitage being directly on the axis of the villa, one looks out from the latter down the admirable perspective of the *tapis vert* and up the Scala Santa to the little house at its summit. It is interesting to note that this effect of distance and grandeur is produced at small cost and in the simplest manner; for the grass-walk with its semicircular end forms the whole extent of the Cetinale garden. The olive-orchards and corn-fields of the farm come up to the boundary walls of

the walk, and the wood is left as nature planted it. Fontana, if it was indeed he who laid out this simple but admirable plan, was wise enough to profit by the natural advantage of the great forest of oak and ilex which clothes this part of the country, and to realize that only the broadest and simplest lines would be in harmony with so noble a background.

As charming in its way, though less romantic and original, is the Marchese Chigi's other seat of Vicobello, a mile or two beyond the Porta Ovale, on the other side of Siena. Vicobello lies in an open villa-studded country in complete contrast to the wooded hills about Cetinale. The villa is placed on a long narrow ridge of land, falling away abruptly at the back and front. A straight entrance avenue runs parallel to the outer walls of the outbuildings, which form the boundary of the court, the latter being entered through a vaulted porte-cochère. Facing this entrance (as at Cetinale) is a handsome gateway guarded by statues and set in a semicircular wall. Passing through this gate, one descends to a series of terraces planted with straight rows of the square-topped ilexes so characteristic of the Sienese gardens. These densely shaded terraces descend to a level stretch of sward (perhaps an old bowling-green) bordered by a wall of clipped ilexes, at the foot of the hill on which the villa stands.

On entering the forecourt, one faces the villa, a dignified oblong building of simple Renaissance architecture, ascribed in the local guide-book to Baldassare Peruzzi, and certainly of earlier construction than the house at Cetinale. On the left, a gate in a high wall leads to a walled garden, bounded by a long lemon-house which continues the line of the outbuildings on the court. Opposite, a corresponding gateway opens into the *bosco* which is the indispensable adjunct of the Italian country house. On the other side of the villa are two long terraces, one beneath the other, corresponding in dimensions with the court, and flanked on either hand by walled terrace-gardens, descending on one side from the grove, on the other from the upper garden adjoining the court. The plan, which is as elaborate and minutely divided as that of Cetinale is spacious and simple, shows an equally sure appreciation of natural conditions, and of the distinc-

tion between a *villa suburbana* and a country estate. The walls of the upper garden are espaliered with fruit-trees, and the boxed flower-plots are probably laid out much as they were in the eighteenth century. All the architectural details are beautiful, especially a well in the court, set in the wall between Ionic columns, and a charming garden-house at the end of the upper garden, in the form of an open archway faced with Doric pilasters, before a semicircular recess with a marble seat. The descending walled gardens, with their different levels, give opportunity for many charming architectural effects—busts in niches, curving steps, and well-placed vases and statues; and the whole treatment of Vicobello is remarkable for the discretion and sureness of taste with which these ornamental touches are added. There is no excess of decoration, no crowding of effects, and the garden plan is in perfect keeping with the simple stateliness of the house.

About a mile from Vicobello, on an olive-clad hillside near the famous monastery of the Osservanza, lies another villa of much more modest dimensions, with grounds which, though in some respects typically Siennese, are in one way unique in Italy. This is La Palazzina, the estate of the De' Gori family. The small seventeenth-century house, with its adjoining chapel and outbuildings, lies directly on the public road, and forms the boundary of its own grounds. The charming garden-façade, with its voluted sky-line, and the two-storied open loggia forming the central motive of the elevation, faces on a terrace-like open space, bounded by a wall, and now irregularly planted *à l'Anglaise*, but doubtless once the site of the old flower-garden. Before the house stands an old well with a beautiful wrought-iron railing, and on the axis of the central loggia a gate opens into one of the pleached ilex-alleys which are the glory of the Palazzina. This ancient tunnel of gnarled and interlocked trees, where a green twilight reigns in the hottest summer noon, extends for several hundred feet along a ridge of ground ending in a sort of circular knoll or platform, surrounded by an impenetrable wall of square-clipped ilexes. The platform has in its centre a round clearing, from which four narrow paths radiate at right

angles, one abutting on the pleached walk, the others on the outer ilex-wall. Between these paths are four small circular spaces planted with stunted ilexes and cypresses, which are cut down to the height of shrubs. In these dwarf trees blinded thrushes are tied as decoys to their wild kin, who are shot at from the circular clearing or the side paths. This elaborate plantation is a perfectly preserved specimen of a species of bird-trap once, alas! very common in this part of Italy, and in which one may picture the young gallants of Folgore da San Gimignano's Siennese sonnets "Of the Months" taking their cruel pleasure on a September day.

Another antique alley of pleached ilexes, as densely shaded but not quite as long, runs from the end of the terrace to a small open-air theater which is the greatest curiosity of the Villa de' Gori. The pit of this theater is a semicircular opening, bounded by a low wall or seat, which is backed by a high ilex-hedge. The parterre is laid out in an elaborate *broderie* of turf and gravel, above which the stage is raised about three feet. The pit and the stage are inclosed in a double hedge of ilex, so that the actors may reach the wings without being seen by the audience; but the stage-setting consists of rows of clipped cypresses, each advancing a few feet beyond the one before it, so that they form a perspective running up to the back of the stage, and terminated by the tall shaft of a single cypress which towers high into the blue in the exact center of the background. No mere description of its plan can convey the charm of this exquisite little theater, approached through the mysterious dusk of the long pleached alley, and lying in sunshine and silence under its roof of blue sky, in its walls of unchanging verdure. Imagination must people the stage with the sylvan figures of the *Aminta* or the *Pastor Fido*, and must place on the encircling seats a company of *nobil donne* in pearls and satin, with their cavaliers in the black Spanish habit and falling lace collar which Vandyke has immortalized in his Genoese portraits; and the remembrance of this leafy stage will lend new life to the reading of the Italian pastorals, and throw a brighter sunlight over the woodland comedies of Shakspeare.



WITH DECORATIONS BY ALFRED BRENNAN



EVERY year, in November, at the season which follows on the hour of the dead, the crowning and majestic hour of autumn, reverently I go to visit the chrysanthemums in the places where chance offers them to me. For the rest, it matters little where they are shown to me by the good will of travel or sojourn. They are, indeed, the most universal, the most diverse of flowers; but their diversity and surprises are, so to speak, concerted, like those of fashion, in I know not what arbitrary Edens. At the same moment, even as with the silks, the laces, jewels, and curls, a mysterious voice gives the password in time and space; and, docile as the most beautiful women, simultaneously, in every country, in every latitude, the flowers obey the sacred decree.

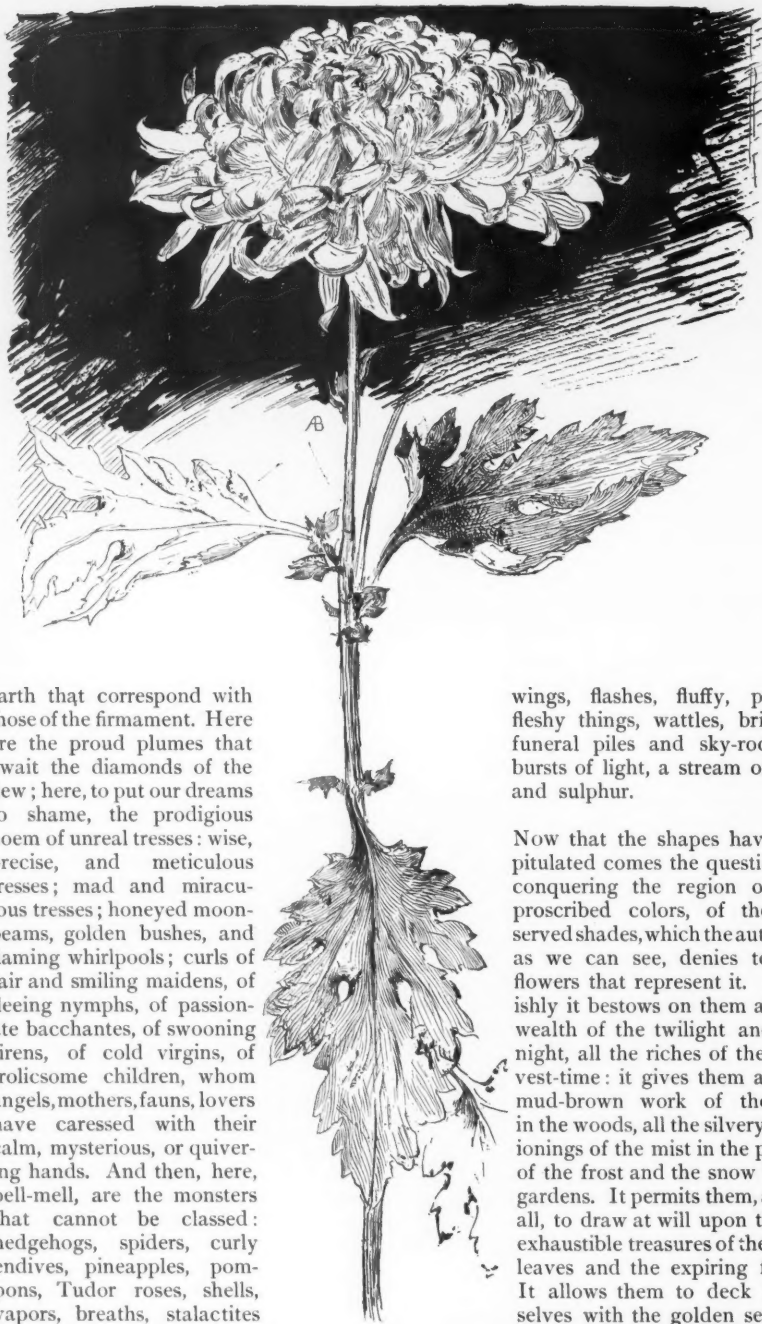
It is sufficient, then, to enter at random one of those crystal museums in which their somewhat funereal riches are displayed under the harmonious veil of the days of November. We at once grasp the dominant idea, the obtrusive beauty, the unexpected effort of the year in this special world, strange and privileged even in the midst of the strange and privileged world of flowers. And we ask ourselves if this new idea is a profound and really necessary idea on the part of the sun, the earth, life, autumn, or man.

LATELY I went to the hothouses at Cours-la-Reine, to admire the year's gentle and gorgeous floral feast, the last which the

snows of December and January, like a wide belt of peace, sleep, silence, and night, separate from the delicious festivals that commence again with the germination (powerful already, though hardly visible) which seeks the light in February.

They are there, under the immense transparent dome, the noble flowers of the month of fogs; they are there, at the royal meeting-place, all the grave little autumn fairies, whose dances and attitudes seem to have been struck motionless with a single word. The eye that recognizes them and has learned to love them perceives at the first pleased glance that they have actively and dutifully continued to evolve toward their uncertain ideal. Go back for a moment to their modest origin: look at the poor buttercup of yore, the humble little crimson or damask rose that still smiles sadly, along the roads full of dead leaves, in the scanty garden patches of our villages; compare with them those enormous masses and fleeces of snow, those disks and globes of red copper, those spheres of old silver, those trophies of alabaster and amethyst, that innumerable and delirious prodigy of petals which seems to be trying to exhaust to its last riddle the world of autumnal shapes and shades which the winter intrusts to the bosom of the sleeping woods; let the unwonted and unexpected varieties pass before your eyes; admire and appraise them.

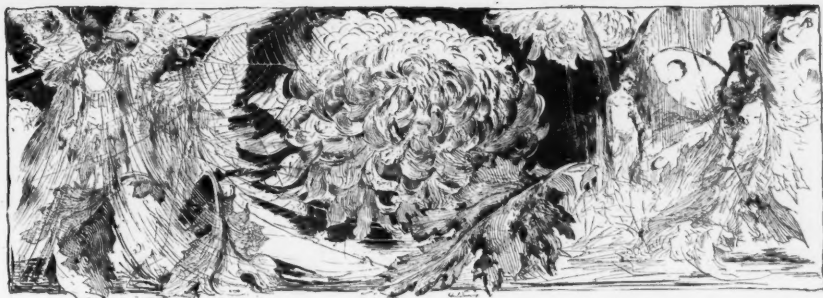
Here, for instance, is the marvelous family of the stars: flat stars, bursting stars, diaphanous stars, solid and fleshy stars, milky ways and constellations of the



earth that correspond with those of the firmament. Here are the proud plumes that await the diamonds of the dew; here, to put our dreams to shame, the prodigious poem of unreal tresses: wise, precise, and meticulous tresses; mad and miraculous tresses; honeyed moonbeams, golden bushes, and flaming whirlpools; curls of fair and smiling maidens, of fleeing nymphs, of passionate bacchantes, of swooning sirens, of cold virgins, of frolicsome children, whom angels, mothers, fauns, lovers have caressed with their calm, mysterious, or quivering hands. And then, here, pell-mell, are the monsters that cannot be classed: hedgehogs, spiders, curly endives, pineapples, pompons, Tudor roses, shells, vapors, breaths, stalactites of ice and falling snow, a throbbing hail of sparks,

wings, flashes, fluffy, pulpy, fleshy things, wattles, bristles, funeral piles and sky-rockets, bursts of light, a stream of fire and sulphur.

Now that the shapes have capitulated comes the question of conquering the region of the proscribed colors, of the reserved shades, which the autumn, as we can see, denies to the flowers that represent it. Lavishly it bestows on them all the wealth of the twilight and the night, all the riches of the harvest-time: it gives them all the mud-brown work of the rain in the woods, all the silvery fashionings of the mist in the plains, of the frost and the snow in the gardens. It permits them, above all, to draw at will upon the inexhaustible treasures of the dead leaves and the expiring forest. It allows them to deck themselves with the golden sequins, the bronze medals, the silver buckles, the copper spangles,



the elfin plumes, the powdered amber, the burnt topazes, the neglected pearls, the smoked amethysts, the calcined garnets, all the dead but still dazzling jewelry which the North Wind heaps up in the hollows of ravines and foot-paths; but it insists that they shall remain faithful to their old masters and wear the livery of the drab and weary months that give them birth. It does not permit them to betray those masters and to don the princely changing dresses of the spring and the dawn; and if, sometimes, it suffers a pink, this is only on condition that it be borrowed from the cold lips, the pale brow of the veiled and afflicted virgin praying on a tomb. It forbids most strictly the tints of summer, of too youthful, ardent, and serene a life, of a health too joyous and expansive. In no case will it consent to hilarious vermilions, impetuous scarlets, imperious and dazzling purples. As for the blues, from the azure of the dawn to the indigo of the sea and the deep lakes, from the periwinkle to the borage and the corn-flower, they are banished on pain of death.

NEVERTHELESS, thanks to some forgetfulness of nature, the most unusual color in the world of flowers and the most severely forbidden,—the color which the corolla of the poisonous euphorbia is almost the only one to wear in the city of the umbels, petals, and calyxes,—green, the color ex-

clusively reserved for the servile and nutrient leaves, has penetrated within the jealously guarded precincts. True, it has slipped in only by favor of a lie, as a traitor, a spy, a livid deserter. It is a forsworn yellow, steeped fearfully in the fugitive azure of the moonbeam. It is still of the night and false, like the opal depths of the sea; it reveals itself only in shifting patches at the tips of the petals; it is vague and anxious, frail and elusive, but undeniable. It has made its entrance, it exists, it asserts itself: it will be daily more fixed and more determined; and, through the breach which it has contrived, all the joys and all the splendors of the banished prism will hurl themselves into their virgin domain, there to prepare unaccustomed feasts for our eyes. This is a great tidings and a memorable conquest in the land of flowers.

WE must not think that it is puerile thus to interest one's self in the capricious forms, the unwritten shades of a humble, useless flower, nor must we treat those who seek to make it more beautiful or more strange as La Bruyère once treated the lover of the tulip or the plum.¹ No; La Bruyère was wrong: it is to his somewhat bigoted florist, to his somewhat frenzied horticulturist, that we owe our exquisite flower-beds, our more varied, more abundant, more luscious vegetables, our even more delicious fruits. Contemplate, for instance, around the chrysan-

¹ The reader will remember the famous page in which La Bruyère writes of the lover of flowers "who has a garden in the suburbs, where he spends all his time from sunrise to sunset. You see him standing there, and would think he had taken root in the midst of his tulips before his 'Solitaire'; he opens his eyes wide, rubs his hands, stoops down and looks closer at it; it never before seemed to him so handsome; he is in an ecstasy of joy, and leaves it to go to the 'Orient,' then to the 'Widow,' from thence to the 'Cloth of Gold,' on to the 'Agatha,' and at last returns to the 'Soli-

taire,' where he remains, is tired out, sits down, and forgets his dinner; he looks at the tulip and admires its shade, shape, color, sheen and edges, its beautiful form and calyx; but God and nature are not in his thoughts, for they do not go beyond the bulb of his tulip, which he would not sell for a thousand crowns, though he will give it to you for nothing when tulips are no longer in fashion, and carnations are all the rage. This rational being, who has a soul and professes some religion, comes home tired and half starved, but very pleased with his day's work: he has seen some tulips."

themums, the marvels that ripen nowadays in the meanest gardens, among the long branches wisely subdued by the patient and generous espaliers. Less than a century ago they were unknown, and we owe them to the trifling and innumerable exertions of a legion of small seekers, all more or less narrow, all more or less ridiculous.

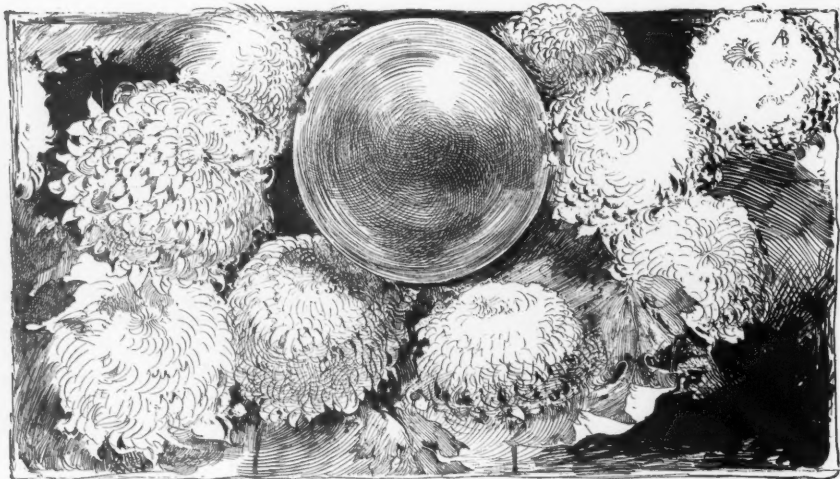
It is thus that man acquires nearly all his riches. There is nothing that is puerile in nature, and if one becomes impassioned of a flower, a blade of grass, a butterfly's wing, a nest, a shell, he wraps his passion around a small thing that always contains a great truth. To succeed in modifying the appearance of a flower is insignificant in itself, if you will; but reflect upon it for however short a while, and it becomes gigantic. Do we not violate, or deviate, profound, perhaps essential, and, in any case, time-honored laws? Do we not exceed too easily accepted limits? Do we not directly intrude our ephemeral will on that of the eternal forces? Do we not give the idea of a singular power, a power almost supernatural, since it inverts a natural order of things? And although it is prudent to guard against over-ambitious dreams, does not this allow us to hope that we may per-



BUTTERCUPS

haps learn to elude or to transgress other laws no less time-honored, nearer to ourselves, and important in a very different manner? For, in short, all touches, all goes hand to hand; all things obey the same invisible principle, the identical exigency; all things share in the same spirit, in the same substance, in the terrifying and wonderful problem; and the most modest victory gained in the matter of a flower may one day disclose to us an infinity of the untold.

BECAUSE of these things I love the chrysanthemum; because of these things I follow its evolution with a brother's interest. It is, among familiar plants, the most submissive, the most docile, the most tractable, and the most attentive plant of all that we meet on life's long way. It bears flowers impregnated through and through with the thought and will of man: flowers already human, so to speak. And if the vegetable world is some day to reveal to us one of the words that we are awaiting, perhaps it will be through this flower of the tombs that we shall learn the first secret of existence, even as, in another kingdom, it is probably through the dog, the almost thinking guardian of our homes, that we shall discover the mystery of animal life.



CRYSTAL BALL AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS

TEMPTATIONS TO BE GOOD

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

JIM'S hatred of authority dated from the day when the "cop" shook him till he saw Bess the candy-woman upside down, then cuffed him till he cried. He was only playing ball. He had moved to the New York slums from a suburb of ampler spaces and kinder rules. Just because a hundred awkward push-carts lined the narrow street on each side, and forty people a minute shifted between him and the boy he was throwing to, he did not suppose he had to give up playing ball.

The policeman's treatment was convincing. But when Jim jerked away from the heavy red hand and fled up the street, he had no idea that there was a law against base-ball to protect the life and limb of pedestrians. He supposed he could not play because a great brute of a man "had it in fer kids anyway, an' was poison mad ter see dem enjoyin' demselves."

Jim's vagrancy began when his "respectable married sister" (she was always that in the documents condemning Jim) turned him out of house and home. It happened one Saturday morning, when she requested him to take the children out, and he put his hands in his pockets and glared at her.

"What youse givin' us?" he had asked. "Take de hull bunch? Five of 'em? I ain't keepin' no minagerie. See? I'm head of de gang."

That was the climax! A boy with a dozen plans a minute, who executes them with the speed of an express-train, is a trying proposition at any time. Jim's sister, on the whole, had borne with him rather patiently. A flood of voluble discontent usually eased her mind and averted a storm. But that particular morning, when her husband's father lay groaning in bed with rheumatism, when the customers' washing was three days behind, and she herself worn out after a sleepless night with a teething baby, even the lurid elocution of the slums



C.H.

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THE POLICEMAN'S TREATMENT WAS CONVINCING"



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

"ROBBING PUSH-CARTS"

was not enough. She caught Jim by the collar, shoved him out, slammed the door, and told him never to come back.

Perhaps his sister did not mean the banishment seriously, but Jim took it so. He prowled about with the gang, slept in a friendly stable or wagon, and ate when he could. Robbing push-carts, which had been merely an exciting pastime before, in the grip of a gnawing hunger became painful earnest. When an incessant diet of fruit, and the other sidewalk wares within reach, reduced him to an abject longing for pork and cabbage or anything else substantial, he stole scrap-iron along the wharves as a short cut to the price of it. But he did not hear the warning "Cheese it!" of his sentry in time. A brawny hand shot out and seized him, and the news traveled through his gang: "Pinched—Jimmy's pinched"; and his criminal career began.

If the judge who sent him to the House of Refuge could have been omniscient, he might have passed Jim over to the hangman then. It would have been a quick way to the result that institutions and reform schools have been bringing about more slowly. But he was not, and sobbing, struggling Jim was borne away to the "Ref" for safe-keeping. How he hated it all—the dingy prison-boat that carried him to "The Island," the great frowning building, the machine-like regularity of his days. He set his teeth and watched his chance.

When it came, he slipped into the dark, cool river without a sound, and swam away from the nightmare, stroke after stroke. He swam till his heart pounded like an engine and his arms moved feebly and his breath came in gasps. At last he dragged himself upon the safe shore, and dropped exhausted.

When he opened his eyes he looked up into the grinning face of a policeman. Back to the House of Refuge he went, chastened but not subdued. Twice again he made the attempt to escape, and each time the months of his stay piled up indefinitely. They were accomplished at last, and Jim came back to New York like a Roman conqueror from his victories. What he had not learned about boy mischief and crime from his companions in misery was not worth knowing. The gang fell suppliant before him, humbly acknowledged him as dictator, and gloried in his strut of conscious importance. Then his sharpness and ingenuity won him the place of fag in a band of regular thieves. Yet, flattering as it was, the promotion proved his undoing. While he was playing cat's-paw in a big deal that seemed as safe as robbing a hen-roost on a holiday, he was surprised, caught, and hurried away to a cell and prison stripes.

When he has "done his time," another professional "crook" will be ready to prey upon society. Saucy Jim of the tip-tilted nose, the laughing eyes, and the ragged coat,

Napoleon of his gang and hero of a hundred scimmages, has gone, hardened into the defiant, scowling man who will send a shudder up the spine of any wayfarer meeting him on a lonely street. Yet Jim had no clogging weight of criminal inheritance to drag him down. He started like other boys, with a fair outfit of good impulses and enough of the natural Adam to make him interesting.

What shall we do with our crop of Jims? Cities whose poor are a multitude, philanthropists whose passion is social improvement, are wrestling with the problem as Jacob wrestled with the angel. The result is a new set of safeguards for those who might be criminals, fitted to their needs, and new methods of reform for those who are, based on a principle older than Aristotle or the Bible itself—that he who ruleth himself is greater than he who taketh a city.

Not long ago, a minister of the advance-guard in social ideas, who has a parish house in one of the most crowded blocks of New York, was explaining his work to a visitor interested in the boy problem.

"We have a club-room," he said, "where our older boys and men play pool or billiards, or have any game of cards they like that is not gambling."

The visitor, whose religious ideas had not been revised since the rigid days of her youth, gasped. "You don't mean that you permit those abominations under the wing of the church," she asked,—"in the shadow of the sanctuary, one might say?"

"Certainly, madam," was the answer. "We think the devil has had a monopoly of these amusements long enough. They are harmless in themselves. The saloon used them as a bait for drunkenness and vice. We use them to tempt boys back to morality. You can't fight a devil who offers shelter, light, warmth, and comfort to those who have none, with good advice and tracts on a cold street-corner."

In this one sentence is the whole common-sense gospel of the new movement—to take a boy as he is, not as he ought to be, and to give him what he lacks.

TRUANTS AND THE SCHOOL LAW

WITH the hundreds of boys of Jim's caliber who throng the districts of the poor, the psychological reformers rely upon the

ounce of prevention working a pound of cure, so they hedge his way about as far as they can with *temptations to be good*. One of these, the compulsory school law, is a blessing bequeathed by a former generation, though it certainly seems a blessing in disguise to the average street boy with his vagrant longings. The machinery for making it effective is a modern invention. In the old days it was easy to evade, and unwilling parents and children paid very little attention to it.

Now the bad boy of school age has no comfort at all if his city has adopted the Attendance Law and he happens to be in the district of a vigilant truant officer. Let him try a ride on a freight-car, or a quiet game of craps, or the cool delights of an ice-wagon with its frozen chunks that turn one's throat to marble, relentless as fate, the officer appears on his trail. Escape is hopeless. He knows what comes next: a card which he must carry to "teecher" and return to the officer signed each week. If one does not and persists in playing hooky? There is the truant school, with its bars and the "cooler," where the worst prisoners learn wisdom. Neither does a term in the school carry the prestige of a jail experience. Besides, if the truant school is not effective, a boy runs the chance of being "put away," the worst bogey of the youthful offender's dreams, for it means being banished from everything he cares about, to the unknown, terrifying West, until he is twenty-one. Hiding behind one's mother's skirts is not satisfactory, either. The officer marches straight over to the house and reads her a copy of the law, and if she is to blame she is ordered to appear at the truant school, with her boy, for a private hearing, which is not at all pleasant for any one concerned. If the truancy is not her fault? Well, her hand is muscular and she uses it where it will do the most good, and afterward her son is careful not to use her as a shield and buckler, while the remembrance of the sting lasts, at any rate.

These attendance officers, in the truant's opinion, never know when to let well enough alone. If he is not at home, they never give up until they find him, if the search takes them into every cellar and over every roof-top in the district. It is a very hard world for the boy who wants to play hooky! Of course they give him

a lot of chances. If he cannot get along in one school, they transfer him to another, perhaps to two or three; they talk to him, and they put him on probation, and they try the truant school only as a last resort. But all their kindness seems entirely misplaced to the truant. It means he must stay in school, that these meddlesome grown-ups simply will not keep their hands off, when all he asks is just to be a little careless, ignorant city gipsy.

The attendance-officer system has been adopted by many of the large cities that must deal with poor children in the mass; and, conscientiously carried out, it is one of the most comprehensive influences for good that any city can wield, since it reaches all the children gathered within the city's boundaries as no private charity can.

One attendance officer has a story of two little toughs of the belligerent variety, fatherless, and with a shiftless mother who knew only the tactics of the broken reed. These were not successful with her vigorous, sturdy young offspring. They played hooky, ran the streets to their heart's content, fought like Turks, and looked like

rag-bags. The attendance officer had an instinct for discovering character that amounted to genius, or she would never have believed that under all the surface layers of naughtiness and guile was the good boy at the bottom. She tried to reach it through every noble motive given in the dictionary. She appealed to parental affection, to their honor, to their self-respect. But black eyes and bruised noses grew yet more numerous where the young terrors reigned, and the days of their attendance in school still less. Then their tattered clothes and ragged shoes gave her an inspiration. She asked them if they would like to own a necktie, "a really truly necktie," and by the shine in their eyes she knew she had found the weak place in their defense. She made the condition a week's steady attendance at school. To her delighted surprise, at the end of the time the two appeared with their perfect record cards, and fifteen minutes later were selecting the gayest ties that an Eleventh Avenue emporium afforded. Once started, they kept on from better to best until they were the star pupils in the attendance officer's list.

In justice it must be said that the simple



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A QUIET GAME OF CRAPS—THE ATTENDANCE OFFICER APPEARS



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"DO WONDERS ON ROPES"

gift of a necktie does not often work such miracles. Reform is seldom so smooth and easy a process. The bad boy's intentions are as untrustworthy as the jumps of a tree-toad. He has a genius for doing the unexpected. It takes line upon line, precept upon precept, forgiveness seventy times seven, the patience of Job, and the tact of a politician before the little bundle of contrary impulses, fighting heredity, and the habits of a dozen years pulls itself together and starts on the uphill road of doing right.

Five hours of book-work, too, for a restless boy, seems a heavy dose, and progressive educators, realizing the possibilities and limitations of child nature, have begged for more hand-work. Gradually and with some misgivings on the part of the conservatives, manual training has been introduced into many of the public schools of the country, to meet with the unanimous approval of intelligent teachers. It is the best kind of a safety-valve forurchins suffering from an overabundance of animal spirits. Often enough it is the bad boy's salvation. When the routine of the school-room makes him desperate and keeping quiet becomes physical torture, his feverish attack of energy passes off very pleasantly to the rhythm of plane and saw,

and results in a box for marbles or a picture-frame, a cup, or some other boyish trifle, instead of an explosion that wrecks the peace of the school-room and brings down penalties upon his head.

In New York, like most other cities, the schools fall far short of perfection. Still the crying need is schools and yet more schools until there is room for all the idle children that the attendance officers can gather in from the street. For, compared with the street, even the most crowded of school-rooms is a moral paradise. So many boys on their sure way to some American Tyburn Hill have been turned back by these school officers that if there were schools enough and faithful men and women enough to make the system effective in every district of every city, only a spiritual mathematician could calculate the number of criminals the nation might be spared.

PLAY-SPACES

EVEN if a boy is kept safe in the school-fold until four o'clock, plenty of time is left for him to go astray, if he will, before the uncertain curfew of the tenements sends him to bed. Most of these hours he spends in the street, and a very small

experience of tenement-visiting gives the reason why.

The story of five families in a room, one for each corner and one for the middle, who lived peacefully until the one in the middle began to take boarders, may be accepted with a grain of allowance for the humorist's license. But let a visitor, swallowed by a black doorway, stumble up three rickety flights of stairs into a tiny, crowded, ill-smelling kitchen, and one breath of the heavy air, one look at the cramped quarters, where the family cook, eat, sleep, and are social, does away with any surprise that the street must be nursery and playground for the teeming humanity of the tenement hives. Yet on the street children jostle elbows with evil in all its forms—with swearing men and drunken women, with pickpockets, thieves, and the darker criminals.

Set down in the midst of it, how can children, as persistently imitative as the monkey tribe, be expected to keep morally clean? They cannot, answer the interpreters of child nature; and, on the kindergarten theory of substitution, they offer them good alternatives for the bad—practical ones, that a boy finds it very hard to resist.

Some of the boy's friends, watching him come out of school with a mutinous scowl and a ready fist that landed him in a street brawl and a police court before the afternoon was over, turned back their memories a great many years to the days of their own knee-pants, when, under the same feverish necessity for physical expression, they broke Mr. Jones's windows with a sling-shot, chopped down the woodhouse for a bonfire, laid waste all the vegetables in the garden playing Indian chief, and only escaped because they were the sons of respectable fathers.

"The connection between Satan and the idle hands still holds good," they said to themselves. "We will have playgrounds where it is lawful for a boy to use his muscles." The movement grew until now any large city which cannot boast at least a little space devoted to its playful children must feel like hiding its head in shame. In New York the boy's friends assisted public opinion until tenements went down under the impetus of it, and in their place appeared the Seward Park playground, where little girls play games and swing

in the swings and go to open-air kindergarten on one side, while boys on the other do wonders on ropes and horizontal bars, or roll and tumble and scuffle on the ground, which shows no spear of green for a "Keep off the Grass" sign to protect. Not a "cop" appears to drive them out. It is a little piece of paradise, and ever since it was opened, neither the intensest heat of summer nor the sharpest cold of winter has been able to keep the children out of it.

Play-space for the children is not adequate in any city. "Such an expense!" groan the city fathers. Perhaps; but each playground lessens the prison appropriation of the future—that is, if it is conducted as it should be. It is quite impossible to expect peace and harmony from an aggregation of pugnacious units. Some one must be there to guide the play—not an autocrat, but the wise person who can interpret children to themselves. Even though vacant lots are scarce and the bowling down of tenements is not always possible, a city need not deprive its children of play while it has school-houses and school-yards. There is no reason why, in some civic millennium, every school in the poor districts—manned by a competent force of supervisors—should not be open after school hours for the children who wish to play there.

The New York Board of Education has already begun the experiment with a number of evening play-centers, some for girls and some for boys, in the ample basements of school buildings that used to stand idle while the street taught its lessons. Pushing open the door into one of these play-centers, the visitor meets a composite rush of sound like the roar of the ocean, and is confronted by a vast kaleidoscope of humanity, which gradually resolves itself into the figures, long and short, tidy and unkempt, Jew and Gentile, of a thousand boys gathered at long tables all up and down the big room, playing checkers, dominoes, crokinole, and the other harmless games. Over in a corner a few little chaps are reading, or, with careful thought, selecting books from a small library.

In a room beyond, athletic boys in all sorts of humorous improvised costumes are preparing under their director for a contest with another team. Class-rooms are occupied by intellectual boys, in the alphabet of

whose desires A stands for American History or Authors' Readings instead of Amusement or Athletics.

Owing to lack of funds, play-centers are still so few that only those over fourteen, who cannot be commanded to go to school in the daytime, are invited to attend. But this class it is particularly important to reach. New York, like most other cities, has

condition except that those who enter must be over school age, are a deliverance from temptation. Yet one up-town visitor, who knows her East Side about as well as the peanut man knows Sanskrit, wept the tears of Alice's Walrus as she gathered up her dainty skirts for departure and sighed: "Oh, I can't approve of them at all—these play-centers. They must break up the home



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

EVENING PLAY-CENTERS

offered for a long time evening grammar schools and high schools, helpful and important in their way, but only attractive to the sober and earnest and industrious, to whom the night temptations of the street are least alluring. Besides these is always to be found in the crowded districts a flotsam and jetsam of young population, too tired or indifferent to spend the evening in work, that drifts about until it finds its kind. Then comes the saloon or the dance-hall, hot blood and swift purpose, and afterward mischief and lawlessness and the things done that should have been left undone.

For such the Board of Education's oases of wholesome play, open every night without money and without price, with no

life of these poor people." Thank the Providence that watches over children, play-centers, in spite of her objections, are doing their mission work nightly for several thousand of the city's girls and boys.

BOYS' CLUBS

FORTUNATELY, settlements and parish houses, and other benevolent organizations whose workers know the needs of the poor by sharing them, are not biased by any ready-made theory of reform, and their libraries and social meetings, their clubs and classes, are aiming to do this beneficent kind of "home-breaking" every day of the year. Imbued with the new



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"DE GANG"

philosophy of fitting the relief to the need, the boy worker leaves his high hat and formality at home, and takes his common sense and humor with him. He sees a group of little toughs stealing into an old deserted cellar, and nods his head wisely.

"Yes," he says, "I have my up-town club; the street boy has his gang. I have a club-house; he has his 'hang-out.' Society wants me; the 'cop' wants him. Instinct of us both: attraction for our kind. Problem: to turn his gang right side out. A boys' club—that's the solution!"

It is a familiar solution now, but twenty-two years ago, when the wise founder of Kitchen Garden was in charge of the Wilson Mission, a boys' club had never been heard of. She won over the little toughs who haunted saloon corners, tormented the nice clean girl children that went to the mission, bothered the workers, and did all manner of exasperating mischief, by giving them a party of their own. Then some young Yale men who were interested in the mission took them in hand, and, working along the principle suggested, organized the first boys' club in the world. It began in a little basement room of the mission, which the college men whitewashed, and it numbered six members, all told. To-day the club has five thousand members, and, thanks to the generosity of one of the men who founded it, the boys are housed in a building which any up-town club might well envy. Game-rooms, a portable stage, club-

rooms, a library, a gymnasium with shower-baths, a lunch-room, and any number of attractions besides, give its members a "hang-out" not to be resisted, and make of gangs that used to break the laws, clubs that keep them.

"But why is there all this fuss and stress about reaching the gang?" asked a New Yorker who has particular faith in his city. "I thought gangs went out with the Five Points house-cleaning."

If he could have been down near the Seward Park playground two days before the last city election, he might have changed his mind. A mild-featured man with a wagon-load of broken boxes good for kindling-wood was driving peacefully along the street, when suddenly, with a blood-curdling war-whoop, a mob of boys descended upon him and began to unload the wagon in double-quick time. At that instant another dirty-faced company came charging down the street at a gallop, and, with staccato yells, fell upon the first comers. Then there was a surge and rush and scramble of tangled boys, spread over the wagon and pavement, until they looked like mammoth flies on sticky paper. One stray policeman, happening along, waved an impotent stick at the struggling mass and at the densely packed ring of spectators, but not until he was augmented by several brethren was there the warning "Cheese it!" and a miraculous twinkling of boyish legs that

left not an urchin on the spot to tell the story.

The worst of the gangs, it is true, went out before the leaders of the Five Points crusade—those that made night hideous and noonday a terror wherever they went. But the gang spirit never dies. Up-town it is "the boys who play together." On the lower East Side, on the far upper East Side, in Hell's Kitchen on the West Side, where the devil's own mess of trouble and crime is constantly brewing, and wherever in other cities street boys come together, it is still "de gang." With human nature undisciplined and impulses primeval, and all boyish sports against the law, the pastimes of the gang are almost inevitably mischief and its members social outlaws.

That was why the financial aristocrats of the West Side where it merges into Harlem not long ago lost their milk-bottles and papers every morning with exasperating regularity. Their connection with the boy problem had been the comfortable impersonal kind that makes out checks in a pleasant library to enable other people to do the work; they felt the interest in the vagaries of boys that foreigners might—when suddenly a robbers' cave was discovered in the midst of them, not far from some of the most luxurious homes on Riverside Drive. And such a cave! If a boy's wildest dream of a bandits' den came true he could not have anything bet-

ter than that circular section of the old aqueduct, sunk in the middle of a vacant lot, with an opening invisible ten feet away. It seemed cruel that a stupid, matter-of-fact policeman should find it, that a wildly waving blue-trousered leg should be thrust down from above,—as the giant leg of old dropped down the castle chimney where Jack watched,—just at the moment, too, when the youngest bandit, aged ten, was boasting how he had fooled the "cop." What a panic it caused where seven boys had been dreaming lurid dreams around a cheery open fire! Then the shrill despairing warnings, how hopeless they were: "Cheese it, de cop! De flatties is here"; and the hoarse answering cry of the leader: "Stand fast, my men."

Any one but a policeman, who may not remember the days of his youth, must have turned his back and left the boys to their fairy tale. But the officers of the law did their duty grimly. They watched their trap until a grimy handkerchief on a stick, presumably a flag of truce, was pushed through the chimney and the crest-fallen band had climbed up through the opening. The leader was dramatic to the last, and, in the patrol-wagon, to every question of the inquisitive bluecoats his only answer was, "Men, 'member your oats," until the exasperated policemen asked if they were horses.

Two plumbers' helpers, a plasterer's boy,



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

CLUBS WITH THE LAWFUL OUTLET FOR BOYISH EMOTIONS



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

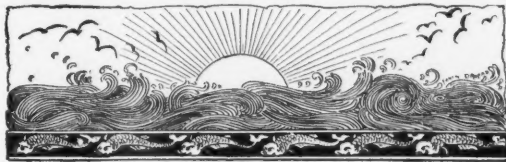
"A MOB OF BOYS . . . BEGAN TO UNLOAD THE WAGON IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME"

a little laborer, a laundry boy, a messenger, and a school-boy made up the gang. "We only wanted some fun," was an excuse that might have been accepted by those who considered their occupations a trifle dull. Why the longing for fun had been perverted into a desire to be highway robbers and bandits was fully explained by the penny dreadfuls and dime novels in a corner of the cave, and the pictures of prize-fights, hold-ups, and murders on its walls. Their inevitable fate was sadly apparent in the accusing pile of empty milk-bottles which sent the culprits to the Catholic Protectory and to the House of Refuge, though the original motive that brought them together was innocent enough.

For little chaps like these blessed be the clubs, with their lawful outlet for boy emotions, which have sprung up all over the country since the initial one was started in New York. With the substitution of club for gang, a bright, warm room for a dingy old cellar, a gymnastic contest, a boxing bout, a checker tournament, or theatricals, for a fisticuff encounter with another gang and a harvest of black eyes and broken

noses to boot, comes a new era in a boy's life. Under a director who is not a dictator, but who sits in a corner and, like Stevenson's good boy, speaks when he is spoken to, while boy officers do the work, the toughest member begins to feel responsibility. When, struggling with his desire to speak and his ignorance of parliamentary rules, he rises and remarks: "Say, Mr. Chairman, I move ain't we never goin' to give no entertainment nowhere?" his heart is right even if his grammar is mixed. Something more entertaining has made him forget about "swipin'" from push-carts and "foolin' de cop," and from that moment the leaven of reform begins to work.

The playgrounds, the boys' clubs, the free libraries, the settlements with their gymnasiums, manual-training work, and dancing classes, their entertainments and all the other devices to keep a boy from harm, make a kindly network over the city. But many are the boys and wide are the meshes, and easy is the slipping through. Then another rebel urchin is gathered in by the policeman, and another boy who has had his chance to be good has easily lost it.

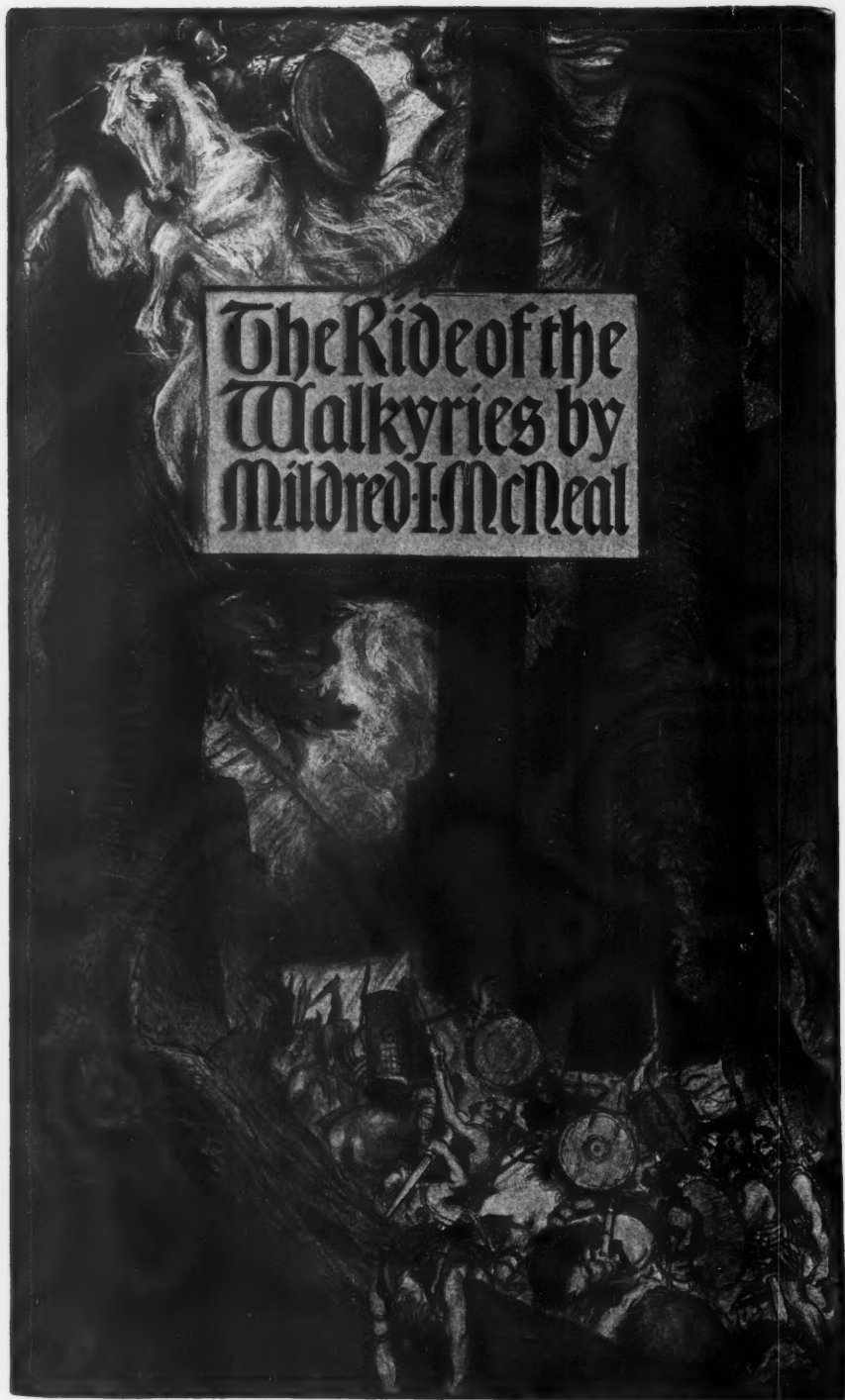


ONCE MORE

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

ONCE more the Morning mocks me with its scorn,
 The Sun derides me with its radiant face,
 Since you vouchsafe no word from your far place,
 And, lacking you, there is no joy of morn.
 Did you but speak, my heart would be new-born,
 And I—alive again, through that dear grace
 Of love, that scoffs at time and conquers space—
 Could laugh at those who call my fate forlorn.

Why are you silent? Does your heart forget,
 In the proud affluence of joys untold,
 Old ways, old words that I remember yet
 And treasure, as a miser counts his gold?
 Is it that your far ear I cannot reach—
 Or am I, earth-enslaved, deaf to Heaven's speech?



The Ride of the
Walkyries by
Mildred McNeal

Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill



OH, the tempests are gathering fast and the night is wild,
 And the level rain drives ruthlessly out of the gloom,
 And the wind has a moan like the wail of a little child,
 And the rivers are restless, and fret and clamor for room.
 Down from the leafless wood on the mountain sweeps
 A roar that answers the thundering of the deeps,
 And all of the sweet fields darken
 And tremble, and harken
 The swift oncoming of wrath and the time of doom.

Do you not hear, 'mid the charge of the hurrying winds,
 The rushing of shadowy hoofs and a snatch of song,
 Shrill with the rapture that never a mortal finds
 Till the blood runs red in his veins and his hand is strong?
 Reveling in the chaos and in the black
 Dismay of the heavens, her sisters close at her back,
 Triumphant she rides, and unwearied,
 The fatal Walkyrie,
 Wherever the battle is hard and the strife is long.

Up from the rainy east and the moaning sea,
 They come, nine strong, the maidens of cruel might,
 On shaggy horses of cloud that are fearful to see,
 Riding exultingly up the steep hills of night.
 O'er gap and chasm and fiord, where the tide is gray,
 With never a pause in all of the perilous way,
 Stern is their speed as fire,
 And faster and higher
 Comes flashing of spear and shield in the fitful light.



It is rain and wind, and tempest and wind and rain,
 And light and shadow in turn as the clouds run past,
 And stormy mystery out on the open plain,
 And trees stript bare and bent and torn in the blast,
 And weak things, helpless and piteous, whirled out
 Into the angry void with a mocking shout,
 And wild skies meeting together,
 And riotous weather,
 And always the clatter of swift hoofs following fast.

Straining sinew and fierce, unfaltering eye,
 Hurrying pulse and tumultuous, combative breath!
 Quick for the battle, a thousand are come to try
 The old, heroic issue of life and death.
 Forth and back in a struggle that has no end,
 With red heel marring the body of foe and friend,
 No room is there for the coward
 Amid such untoward
 Crashing of strength with strength as the conflict hath.

There comes a day when the trustiest weapon lies
 Shattered and lost, and the armor is pierced through,
 But never a time when the heart of the warrior dies,
 And he slips away from the work he is promised to.
 Striving, even with naked breast, to reach
 The fierce onset at the last wide, ruinous breach,
 Ne'er doth Despair's cold pallor
 Creep over his valor!
 Confident he as a king in his power to do.

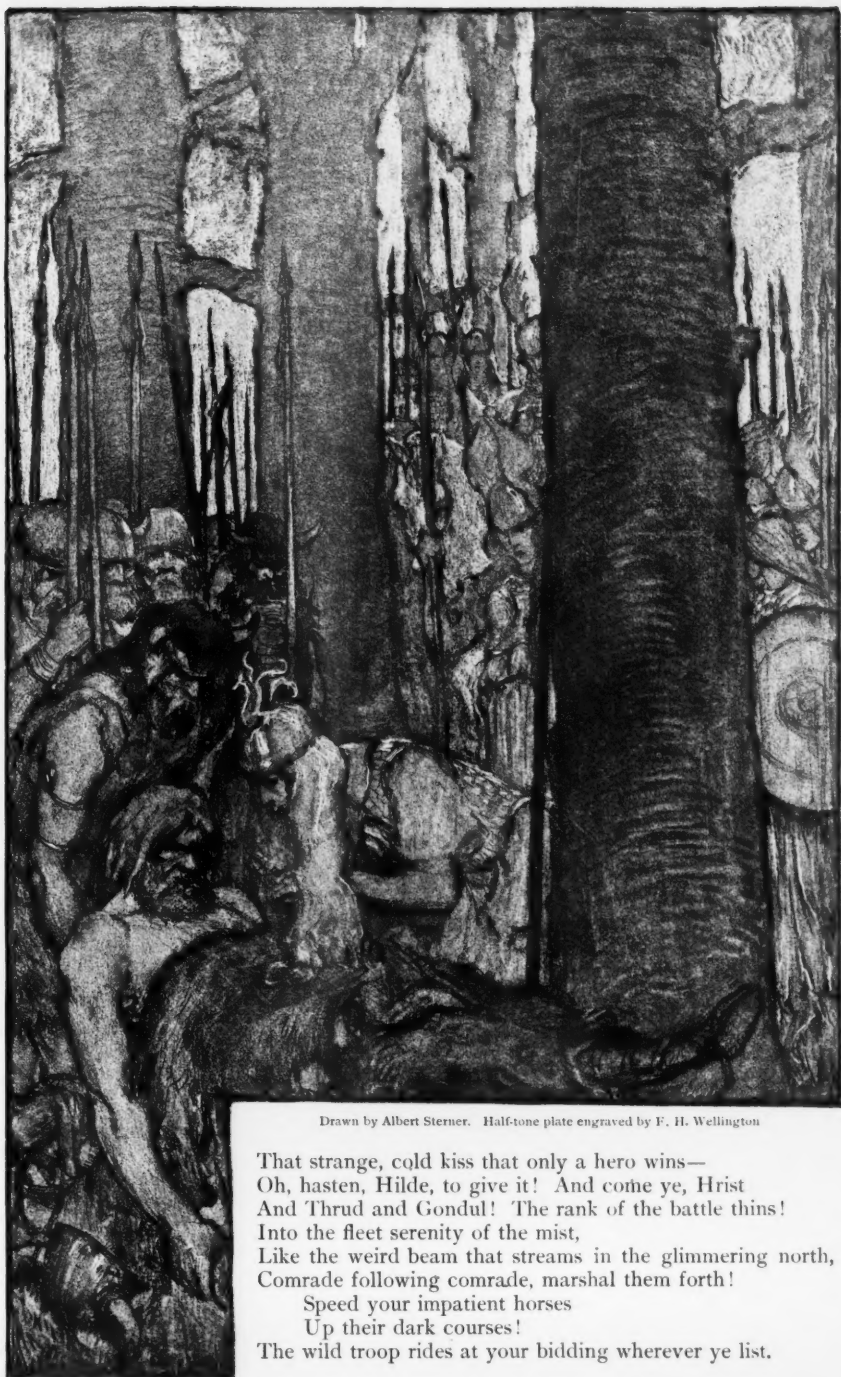
Wherever the battle is hard and the strife is long,
 Some shall falter and slip from the bright array,
 Hear with a quickening ear the Valkyrie song,
 And the close, quick rush of their horses into the fray.
 The last stern blow shall fall harmless, the foe go free,
 And the lights shall go out, and the passion for victory!
 But can there be ever a spirit
 So base as to fear it—
 The final charge and the final riding away!

Living is sweet, but death may be sweeter still,
 Drunk like a cup to the health of a cause we love.
 Strong to the uttermost, meeting with valorous will
 The mightiest odds, it will be joy to move
 Forth in the glow and pride of the silent host,
 Caring no more if the battle be won or lost,
 Heeding no more the clamor
 Of ax or of hammer,
 Warriors that Wotan hath chosen and doth approve.

Let it be in the thick of it, quickly and gloriously,
 Not as the knave dies, veiled and trembling,
 But facing the wrack and terror, watching to see
 The maidens coming, listening to hear them fling
 Their furious war-shout over the raging field,
 Sharp as any weapon the fighters wield:

 "Walhalla, ye men, Walhalla,
 Ho-yo-he, Walhalla!"—

A rapturous song of triumph and rallying.



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

That strange, cold kiss that only a hero wins—
Oh, hasten, Hilde, to give it! And come ye, Hrist
And Thrud and Gondul! The rank of the battle thins!
Into the fleet serenity of the mist,
Like the weird beam that streams in the glimmering north,
Comrade following comrade, marshal them forth!
Speed your impatient horses
Up their dark courses!
The wild troop rides at your bidding wherever ye list.

It is rain and wind, and silence and wind and rain,
 And a piteous hush where the men of the battle lie,
 With a thrill of ecstasy following, when the train
 Of warriors and mailed maidens comes splendidly by!
 A dull, brief gleam from the shields, and a sober light
 From faces of stern men, glance through the shadowy night—
 Men gold-haired and hoary,
 Each one with the glory
 Of battle upon him and armed in valiancy.

The way to Walhalla is open and wild and fleet.
 Past unquiet rivers and meadows sodden and gray,—
 Slipt back, storm-veiled and dim, at their flying feet,
 With the gaunt and peering shapes of the awful fray,—
 Past ruddy brook and grim trench opening wide,
 And cliff and chasm and toss of the raging tide,
 Past pines, wide-armed, giant-footed,
 Fallen vast and uprooted,
 The shadowy line sweeps out and up and away.



THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY¹

SECOND PAPER

THIS series of entirely unpublished letters by Thackeray were written to the various members of a single American family, namely, that of the late Mr. George Baxter of the city of New York. They appear in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* with the consent not only of Miss Lucy W. Baxter, but of Mrs. Ritchie, the great writer's accomplished daughter, and of the London publishers of Thackeray's works, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The first of the letters were printed in the November issue of the magazine, with an introduction by Miss Baxter.—EDITOR.

Febbywerry Twenty-six [1853]. Sunday.

BEFORE I go to Richmond early early in the morning tomorrow, I must pay a many debts w^h I owe here and one of them is a pleasant little debt indeed: to a poor young lady by the name of Miss Lucy whose back I hope is better by this time and whose kind little hand I hereby respectfully salute. How glad I am to have done with Baltimore and Washington! There are 20 pretty girls here; but none of them fit me so completely as some young persons I know of, and I make myself at ease but not at home in any house but a brown one. I keep on having famous letters from my girls. Anny writes in great glee because they have been at a wedding party and had plenty of dancing, and because Minny has been greatly admired (I dont think I ever told you that I believe she is very arch bright & pretty-looking) and danced all the dances: and my dearest homely Nanny is quite contented with her little share of partners, and the admiration her little sister gets. Well, Anny has one faithful swain and admirer, who loves her quite as much as a girl need desire: and that gentleman is now writing to Miss Lucy Baxter. But I can't make a funny letter this time: for I can only do that when I am in the mood and I have been passing hours writing a long & sad one to my mother at home.

I think I told your mother about the dinner at the President's and how stupid it was. Yesterday, however, I know you'll be all glad to hear, the 2 Presidents came together to my lecture which was furthermore attended by a numerous & fashionable company; and then I finished the evening by going to 3 soirées—at one of which Mr. Corcoran's I saw Mrs. W. smiling and blushing like the roses of June, and many more New Yorkers all of whom have a certain interest for me because they live near some people I am fond of.

Tomorrow Richmond—next week Charleston and then where I should like to know? Will somebody from the brown house kindly carry this message to the Clarendon for me, and beg that any letters may be forwarded on?

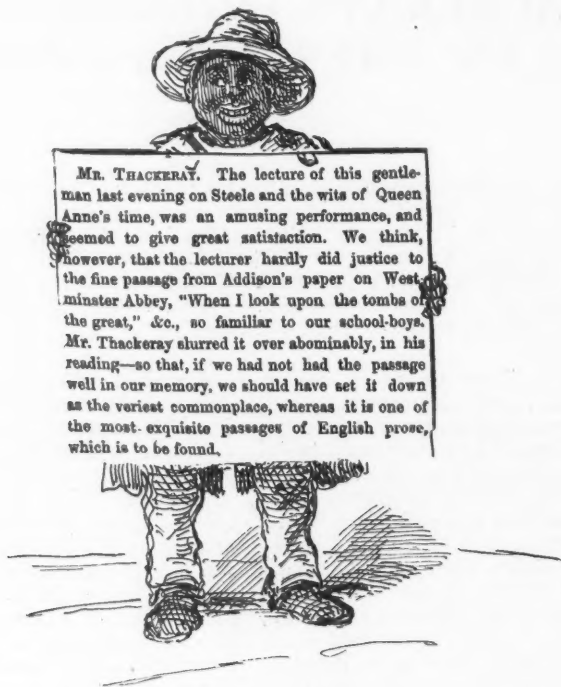
Tomorrow I shall pass down the Potomac on which Mrs. Esmond-Warrington used to sail with her 2 sons when they went to visit their friend Mr. Washington. I wonder will anything ever come out of that preface, and will that story ever be born?

Since I wrote this I began a thinking and wrote a line or two in the French language to Miss Sally, and behold the line or 2 grew into a regular long letter so French in style (whatever it may be in grammar) that I think best not to send it but send her and all my homely *English* love instead; and hope in the most simple

¹ The writings and drawings by W. M. Thackeray which are given in these articles appear with the permission of Smith, Elder & Co., the owners of the copyright.

manner that when she can spare 10 minutes (it was last Tuesday I wrote to her & last Thursday week she to me) again she will send a few more lines to hers and yours all very affectionately *W. M. Thackeray*

comfortable friendly cheery little town—the picturesqueness he has seen in America—that the negroes instead of horrifying me I am sorry to say amuse me with their never ending grotesqueness and please me



My dear Mr. Baxter. Mr. Secretary Crowe will be in N. Y. tomorrow evg
on his way to Philadelphia on a special mission. I should think he will call
in Second Avenue. I wish I were he. If Mr. Baxter knows any one in Phil^a.
likely to further their scheme (lecturing of course) will you give him a letter. I may
go on writing constantly mayn't I? I send my best Cupid to the young ladies & am
your always friend.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER TO MRS. BAXTER POSTMARKED BOSTON, DECEMBER 30, 1852

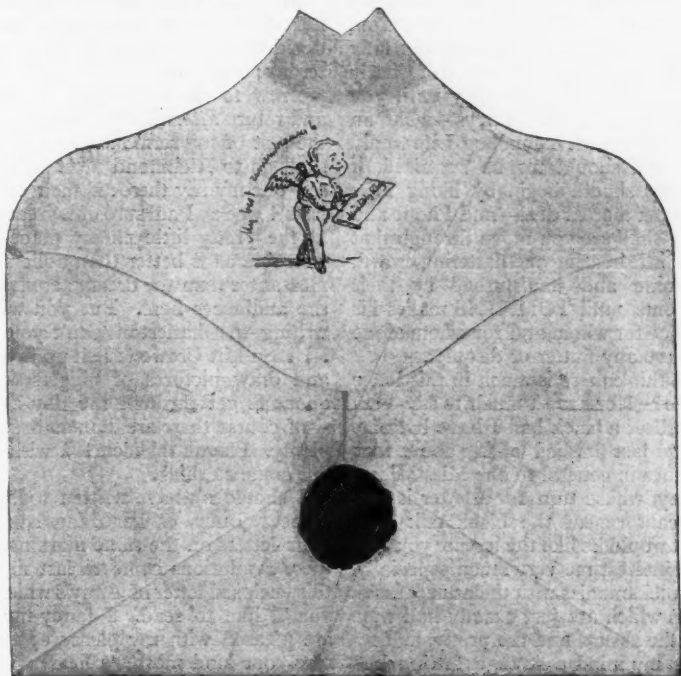
Richmond Va. Thursday, 3 March
1853

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER. If you will look out for the Postman on Saturday the Fifth of March I should n't be surprised if he bring you a little scrap of a letter. It will say that the "elderly cupid" arrived here on Tuesday, is delighted with the

with their air of happiness and that in all respects but one I am having a good time—pleasant people, good audiences, quiet handsome cheap comfortable hotel everything in fact but a letter from Havenue No 2: on which I had counted as sure as Fate today. On Saturday I go to Charleston—Charleston Hotel please, and O if

you would but all come! I dont think I have courage enough for New Orleans the lecture-giving bores me more & more consumedly: but I shant be content unless I hear from Brownhouse St. twice or thrice in a week and having spoiled me you must go on a spoiling of me whilst I remain in the country. It was but to be a scrap as I told you, and it is enough is n't [it] to snatch

Upon my word and conscience Miss Lucy I dont know what is going to happen to me tomorrow; whether I shall go South or take the steamboat and rush upon New York. But this I know I am getting very brown-house-sick and homesick too—and as for lecture-sick. O Steward! bring me a basin! I loathe and abominate the sight of the confounded old MSS; and persist



THACKERAY'S SKETCH OF A CUPID WITHIN THE ENVELOP OF A NOTE
SENT FROM WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 19, 1853

a minute just before that dimmed lecture to say that I am yours always and always
W. M. T.

1853

March 11, Charleston.

I AM sure Miss Lucy deserves a much pleasanter letter than I can write in return for that capital one you sent me through Uncle Oliver who covered it in an envelope of his own, which also contained very good reading. And today has come Mamma's letter of Tuesday, so that I am kept in pretty good news of Brownhouse and all the persons in that ark, which I wish I was there myself.

wherever I go in telling every body that I am a humbug. So you are all reading Villette to one another—a pretty amusement to be sure—I wish I was a hearing of you and a smoakin of a cigar the while. The good of Villette in my opinion Miss is a very fine style; and a remarkable happy way (which few female authors possess) of carrying a metaphor logically through to its conclusion. . . .

Yesterday night the "fast" lady of C— gave me a supper. How she did bore me! She told me I was the man of all the world she wished to see, though she knew she would n't like me—nor I her—on which I did n't contradict her—and

when she told me she was disappointed in me—I told her quite simply I did n't care a fig whether she was pleased with me or not—and that is the feeling your humble servant has regarding most people. But I like them as I like, to like me; and you know 3 young ladies and a middle-aged one whom I wish to keep as my friends and about whose good opinion I'm not indifferent at all. If one goes through the world uneasy to know what Jack and Tom are thinking of you, or, as a young lady says, if having got the admiration of Charly & Willy you are still unhappy until you have secured Dick & Harrys—what an insupportable effort & humbug Life would be! Now I should n't be surprised, if every body should begin by liking Miss Lucy Baxter a great deal—and I hope and suspect I shall see you move through that pleasant little buzzing and flattering crowd, quite serene and undisturbed by their compliments, until TOMKINS makes his appearance for whom and for whom alone you'll have any flutter or disquiet.

I dont think there is much in this letter—is there? Nor have I much to say—except to tell of a black ball I have been at, and I have just finished talking about that and negroes in general to one Miss Minny Thackeray, whose turn for a letter it was—so I cant repeat the black talk over again—it would be like the lecture you see. But they interest me very much especially the little pickaninnies with their queer faces and ways which are just exactly half way between the absurd and the pretty, and so create in my mind a strange feeling between pleasure & pity. Yesterday where I dined I felt my elbow pinched by a very little hand, and looking down saw such a little elfin bit of a brat with such a queer smile and grimace holding me up a silver basket with bread—And the day before at dinner there was one little negro-boy with a great peacock's feather fan whisking the flies away, whilst another niggerkin yet smaller was deputed to do nothing but watch the process of the dinner, which he did standing back against a sideboard and making endless faces at the child with the fan. The goodness of the masters to these children is very pleasant to witness. I wish some of our countrymen could see it. I wish we knew many things about America at home; where there will be one person before very long please God who will be able

to say that people here are not all cruel, & that there are some gentlemen and ladies, O wonder of wonders! as good as our own!

Good bye dear Lucy and all round your bed & elders and youngers—believe me always sincerely your friend

W. M. T.

Charleston, 12 March, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER. My fate for the next fortnight at least, seems pretty well decided since I wrote to Miss Lucy yesterday; and it is ordained that I go tomorrow to Savannah stay a week there and return afterwards to this place to give the rest of my sermons. And from this I shall go to Richmond most probably and say out my say there: if their enthusiasm lasts 4 weeks, I am sure of a great welcome at the pretty little cheery place—such a welcome as is better than dollars,—much pleasanter than the dreary acquiescence of the audiences here. But you will go on writing to Charleston won't you, please? . . . So Mr. Crowe & I sit up in my room, and draw pictures of niggers & saunter about & get through the day as we can—of course there are dinners & suppers in plenty. Plague take 'em! I wish they did not come so thick.

I should n't have written today, (for I suspect Lucy & her Mamma will get their letters on the same morning) but for these resolutions come to last night; and this enclosed letter of Anny's which I think you'll like to read. I fancy my friends are pleased with my pleasure; and I am sure your kind mother's heart will understand my pleasure at having such a dear noble girl belonging to me. She was writing this one day that I at Washington was thinking of a Valentine for Lucy & Libby. Why, in 5 or 6 years, she will be able to do the writing business; and I can sit on the sofa as easy as the Professor of Department in Bleak House.

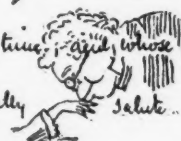
Last night a bigwig of the place, Mr. King, gave a supper in my honour. He promised a small party: he had 40 gentlemen: and of course as many handshakes and introductions took place. Professor Agassiz, (a delightful *bonhomious* person as frank and unpretending as he is learned and illustrious in his own branch) told me Mr. King *dared* not ask a small party: for all who were n't asked of the society here would be offended at the omission.

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY 189

Enter the Committee of the Lectures with 665\$ for your humble servant. That's very well for three lectures is n't it? And outside 3 gentlemen are waiting to take me a walk into the country. So I shake

visit in England, or I and my girls will come over to you—wherever we are (There they go cheering from the "Arabia" as we pass her) I shall always have for you the most grateful feelings of regard.

Teddyweary Twenty Six. Sunday.

Before I go to Richmond early, early in the morning tomorrow, I must pay a many debts w^t I owe here and one of them is a pleasant little debt indeed: to a poor young lady by the name of Miss Lucy whose back I hope is better by this time;  and whose kind little hand I hereby respectfully salute. How glad I am to have done with Baltimore and Washington! There are 20 pretty girls here; but none of them fit me so completely as some young person I know of, and I make myself at ease but not at home in any house but a brown one. I keep on having famous letters from my girls. Anna writes in great glee because they have been at a wedding

FACSIMILE OF A PART OF THE LETTER ON PAGE 185

Mr. and Mrs. Baxter & Mr. Strong by the hand, and give my paternal benediction to the young ladies & their brothers and put on my hat and sally forth.

13 Young St. Kensington.
Wont the girls write directly?

May 1853

MY DEAR BAXTER. I must n't let the pilot go on shore without shaking you by the hand, and saying a last God bless you to you and all yours who have been so kind to me. I can't believe that we shall not meet many many times before our life's journeys are ended; and you will pay us a

Now that we are really under way, it is best I think that the affair should be ended so—partings are the dreariest events of life and were always best done quickly. God bless your kind wife and all her young ones; and Strong and his children. My heart is quite full as I think of your kindness, and I am & hope I shall always be

Sincerely your friend
W. M. T.

13 Young St., Kensington—Tuesday.
May 1853.

Is n't it provoking? I have 2 pooty letters one for Sally and one for Lucy and

Libby—and behold they are 4 miles off, and its too late to fetch them before post. They were written on board. We had capital weather all things considered 10 days, $\frac{1}{2}$ passage: at Liverpool on Sunday, here yesterday: and seeing that Lady Stanley of Alderley had a ball that night I plumped into the midst of the London world at once—and now and now it seems like a dream, that Second Avenue, and those 6 months in America. Here 's the old club, and the old comfortable books; I have seen almost all my old friends including *the frying-pan*—I bore being near it without beginning to fry. I care neither for frying-pan nor fire now. Crowe has gone away to his family like a fond, worthy fellow as he is—and we are parted and he seems like a dream too. Where are all the people I was so intimate with two days ago?—those pretty women, those good fellows, that kind Bishop of Montreal and jolly Captain? We all shook hands at parting on the tender steamer and on the shore did n't care about each other a bit any more—Fate driving each different ways and to pursue his different selfish interests. But though it is a whole fortnight (no, 13 days) since I saw 2nd Avenue, I 've not forgotten *you* yet. No, please God,—I look at the sunset very very kindly, and do you know I have n't had the heart to move my watch from New York time? I pulled it out last night and showed it to the people at the ball and said There that 's the *real* time. They said Is n't this a beautiful ball, and says I—Pish—this is nothing—go to New York if you want to see what a ball is.—I saw as I spoke the stately Knickerbockers, I saw the young ladies dressed in stripes, rain-bows, and 2 thousand colours—I saw a young person whirling round with Wilson Eyre the beautiful tobacco-adorned youth, and then on a settee talking to him.—Balls says I indeed! as if there could be any balls after New York!

I have a little business that keeps me here a day or two and then to Paris to the children. I am writing in a scamper so as to be in time for the post; which I could n't write any sooner on account of business I have had, and 10000 friends whom I must perforce see—but the mail must n't go away without a shake of the hand to dear friends in the West, and a God bless you all—I dont think I shall send that letter

to Sally though, "its full of wit and jibes and scorn"—I want to keep 'em down, and do my best: but up they will come, and I tore up one two three on the voyage because they were so bitter.

And so good bye and God bless all yours my dear Mrs. Baxter—saying so seems like shaking hands and coming down the steps again. It was best to do it at once though, was n't it? Ah me how dreary my house looked! I could n't sleep all night in the lonely place—and I dare-say was thinking about the Second Avenue. I send my love once more to all friends there, and am yours always very gratefully and faithfully

W. M. Thackeray.

NOTE TO THE BIRTHDAY VERSES ON
PAGE 191

WITH the verses and flowers sent to Miss Lucy W. Baxter on her birthday, Thackeray included the following whimsical note:

MISS LUCY I wish you 100 happy returns of this happy day I wish the verses were prettier and likewise the bouquet. But Mr. Crowe went out and ordered it, that is all I have to say. And now they've brought the flowers home (tinned up in that queer way) the verses read much too solemn and pompously for they. And so for your prosperity perpetually I pray and send my very best compliments to your Papāy and your Mammāy, likewise to those darling pink bonnets Miss Libby and Miss Sarāy with whom last night we enjoyed ourselves so very much at the play. Subscribing myself your faithful friend

W. M. Thackeray.

May 10, Kensington, [1853]

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER. The letters from the dear old brown house have just come in and find me still in London laid up for a day or two with a face blistered & hideous with creosote from that unlucky tooth. I wanted to go to a public dinner to-morrow and speak something about America out of a full grateful heart: but this accident makes me too hideous for appearance in public and may delay my visit to Paris for a day or two.

I am thankful to find how glad my friends are to see me—their welcome is as cordial as welcome can be. If God Almighty denies me that greatest blessing of all a wife to love me—are n't there many

With some flowers for Lucy's Birthday

April 15. 1853.

Seventeen young rosebuds in a ring,
With clustering sister flowers beset,
Twined in a fragrant coronet,
Like Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be this the birth-day wreath she wears,
All fresh and bright and symbolizing
The number of her budding years,
The blushes of her maiden spring.

Emblems of Love and Youth and Hope!
True hearts and friends your Mystics greet,
Continue to be pure and sweet,
And grow the lovelier as you open!
Delicate nursing! fenced about
By fondest care, and cherished so
You scarce have heard of storms without
Of thorns that bite, and winds that blow.

Kindly your virgin life's begun
And still, we pray, that Heaven may send
A genial air, a ripening sun,
A happy time, a happy end.
Fair child of Spring! when air your place,
In father's hall, or husband's home,
Live on, expanding into bloom,
Developing in modest grace!

Wm. B.

FACSIMILE OF THE VERSES SENT ON APRIL 15, 1853, TO MISS LUCY W. BAXTER

In the letter of May 10, 1853 (see page 190), Thackeray refers to the revision of the verses which appears in his published works. (See Miss Lucy W. Baxter's comments on page 52 of THE CENTURY for November.)

compensations? I wish I could walk over to the 2^d Avenue this morning and show you a letter just come in from Anny—such a noble tender letter. There are others here whom I have told you of whose affection cheers and honours me I think I may say: and if I may speak, speak farther to you who have listened so kindly & often to my egotistical prattle—I hope please God that the love and friendship I have had in your family may even go so far as to do some public benefit—the remembrance of you all sanctifies your country in my eyes—when people speak here sneeringly as Londoners will talk I break out indignantly and tell them how much good and worth and love and good-breeding there is in the country of w^h. they talk so flippantly. And I pray Heaven it may be my chance as it will be my endeavour to be a Peacemaker between us and you and to speak good will towards you.

I wonder shall I come back in the fall or wait till next year? My publishers outbid each other for books, and I can make as matters stand as much money in the next 12 months here in Europe, as yonder where I have some dear friends. . . .

I have n't time to day to send the young ones a letter—What fun it would be if they would come over with Uncle Oliver! I shan't try to get them cards for the grand balls though. To know that society you must live in it long: poor pretty Mrs. S—— was complaining sadly of want of friends and the coldness of Englishwomen, & that after being 4 years in London, at the head of a splendid house too, she had no intimate friend. Poor, poor little Mrs. S—— what will she do when she comes? I saw B——'s brother t' other day (B is home by this time) H—— talked about America in a manner so pert and odious that I should have liked to wring his little neck. His is the arrogance of a little, almost deformed man. The grand ladies' is ignorance not arrogance generally they are quite as good as other folks, nay in some respects better than our's. Lady Stanley was quite pleased at my bursting into her ball; my elegant apparition made quite a sensation. My praises of the American women are going all about the town, & Lady S says are outrageous. Some of the immensest big-wigs have asked me to dinner: but I refuse all to go to the children. My dears (this of course is to the 3

young ladies) I would rather sit in in the brown house than at the bigwiggest table. When I come out next —— wants to come with me. He wears a wig, he is a widower, he looks 10 years younger than I do, he has 5000 £ a year. One of his daughters a sweet little girl of 17 rosebuds whom I left quite pretty and blushing has been stricken with some malady and I found when I came back a pale little shrivelled old woman with a wrinkled hand. He has been absent for 12 years from his 3 girls who are our children's playmates. . . . How happy Anny & Minny must be to know their father and have him back! they said to their aunts.

Here comes *such* a grand carriage to the door. Who a mussy is it? Ho Ho! It is THE AMERICAN MINISTER and *Miss Wilcox* left the card. Lucky she did n't see me with my pantomime face. Bless you dear Mary! Mary is her name. I told you I would learn it. I sate with her 2 hours t' other day, such a delightful time—only—only Ingersoll sate there the whole 2 hours and never would budge. I have cut down the 17 rosebuds into a shorter measure as thus

Seventeen rosebuds in a ring
Thick with sister flowers beset
In a fragrant coronet
Lucy's servants this day bring

Be it the birthday wreath she wears
Fresh & bright & symboling
The young number of her years
The soft blushes of her Spring &c

W^h. tune do you like best—New or old
Metre?

This seems like talking at home does n't it? with all of you girls sitting with your work and anker chiefs & the lady of the house on the—here comes another knock Mr. Crowe's brother—I must shut up the letter—no more talking with the brown house to day Thank you for your letters my dear girls, I'll try & come back, I'll try & do all that every one asks me and I intend to be always your afte old friend

W. M. T.

Here we are together again I need not say who are uppermost in our thoughts

H. B. M.

Oho! [in Thackeray's handwriting].

*19 Rue d'Angoulême St. Honoré, Paris,
18, 19 May.*

It is not a month ago, and New York seems to me years off. Is it possible there were people there quite sad when I came away, and that I was half ready to cry at leaving them? We don't use any more pocket-handkerchiefs now—we think very quietly about dear friends across the Atlantic. Since I've been here especially I have been in such a whirl and jangle that solitude is out of the question, and even quiet thought: my room is opposite a braziers who begins at day-break with a thousand clinking hammers: I can't hear myself speak to you across the water. An hour before breakfast, (this is 2 hours before breakfast) the girls begin whirring away on the piano. They have made immense progress: they will really play very well and all for love not of music but of their father—they know what tunes I like—solemn old fashioned airs of Haydn and Mozart and intend to treat me to these. . . . I am puzzled what to do next though—the excellent governess whom they have had here is much too young & pretty to come to a single man's house, and too proud to bear the subordinate position these ladies must take in London: where people slight them don't invite them &c &c. Here her daily lessons over she goes into the world with her mother and is anybody's equal. It's a funny little world my old folks live in—quite unlike the great one to which I'm accustomed and I walk round my mother's little circle a stranger and a heavy old Swell annoyed at the airs which I can't help fancying I give myself. My portrait the original of the print as large as life swaggers in the little drawing-room so and looks so pompous from every corner that I can't help looking at it. I've not been well since I have been here. That has given the kind old step-father an opportunity to administer globules. He is 72 and the brave old soldier who mounted breaches and led storming parties is quite a quiet old man lean & slippered. My mother is as handsome and as good as ever: and all her little society worships her. You see I am falling into the regular small-town small talk. I have not been into the world at all: and have been here a week and it seems an age. From a twaddling society what can you have but twaddling? It's hard that

there should be something narrowing about narrow circumstances. The misdeeds of maids-of-all-work form no small part of the little conversations I hear: and yesterday morning I caught Miss Minny in the kitchen with a rueful face taking leave of Louise our ex-maid, who was going away and who had been kind to my girls. I did not like to give her more than 10 francs: but am glad I arrived time enough to console her parting hour with that gratuity. Now what am I to do without a governess and ought I to take the girls away from one who teaches them so capitally and shall I begin a novel in 20 numbers or shall I get ready to come back to New York? Here are a set of questions and I've nothing but these egotistical queries to write.

The advance of this place in material splendour is wonderful: they are pulling down and building up as eagerly as in New York; and the Rue de Rivoli is going to be the grandest street in the world—all the houses as tall as the St. Nicholas—and the palaces and the gardens looking so ancient and noble. The place swarms with Americans I'm told: and I'm quite angry to see how like the Broadway beaux are to the Boulevard dandies. Borrowing their coats from Frenchmen—for shame! Silly monkees why don't they have tails of their own—I mean coat-tails—and not ape these little creatures? I wish I had not forgotten the name of your relative here—her who writes to Sarah about the fashions.—I would like to go & talk to some one who knows you. B. M. bounced in on me just as I was closing my last letter; and it was all for the sake of you that we shook hands so cordially. . . .

Yesterday I spent by myself for the most part: refused all invitations went to see the pictures, went to dine at the Trois Frères, went to the play by myself—and enjoyed the amusement not a little and the solitude still more. Met 2 fellow-passengers out of the Europa; one a Philadelphia Quaker in an imbroydered waistcoat and yellow gloves walking the streets at 5 o'clock—going to dine with 18 Americans at Véry's he said. I think I should like to have been one—that twang sounds very friendly indeed to me: and in fact I feel just as much at home on your side as on ours. So Sarah and M. had a many walks and rides, had they? Lucky dog! And I

that used to come for weeks and weeks & could never get a chance—there was the milliner or the French mistress or something. Poor old fellow!—Will they never bring the breakfast? If the old folks had been but a little earlier, I should not have written that last sentence and got through the letter without jibes & scorn. But these grow milder as time passes: and when I think of your kindness and constant welcome I promise you there is no scorn in my mind then. God bless you all. Write to Kensington please: and as many as will to yours ever

W. M. T.

London, Friday, 3 June 1853

I THANK the kind elders round the oak table for their friendly letters and remembrances—and they will please consider this present as written individually to each though addressed as in duty bound to my dear Mrs. Baxter to whom I give my arm when we go in to dinner you know, before grace is said, and we all fall to. I can not send you much of a letter. If it were full of what I am doing it would be full of eating and drinking. There is feasting here for me at all hours if I like: and my reputation for a great appetite is very different here from what it used to be at New York. Yesterday I transacted breakfast luncheon and dinner out of doors; meeting Mrs. Stowe at the second of those meals, with whom I was very agreeably disappointed. In place of the woman I had imagined to myself after the hideous daguerrotype I found a gentle almost pretty person with a very great sweetness in her eyes and smile. I am sure she must be good and truth-telling from her face and behaviour: and when I get a country place and a leisure hour shall buckle to Uncle Tom and really try to read it. I told Lord Shaftesbury though (who seems to worship Mrs. Stowe) that there were other people besides blacks in America & that there were 23 millions of whites who interested me still more than the niggers. What feasts I had at Barings and Sturgis's! On Wednesday I asked two Americans to dine here: and as my invaluable plate is still at the banker's, we had to serve the soup with a tea-cup. I rather expect this fact will appear in the American papers some day, as an instance of my avarice or my poverty, and warn you before hand what the real state of the case is.

If the young ladies had been staying with me I could have got them a great ball for last night. Young Mr. Beaumont of Northumberland gave it: the youthful owner of 100000 £ a year. Two of the young ladies of the ball were at my dinner, they wore white filmy dresses all over Vandykes; and one of them was covered with a sort of sprouts of roses, very neat. After a week of this though I think I shall break down. I get confused about the people I meet & don't meet, and they figure before me as in a dream. Can you understand why this letter is so stupid? Is it not possible that I have a headache?—Yes, but the steamer will not wait over to-morrow; and I know you'll be disappointed at Brownhouse unless you have a line.

I am looking out for a quiet sea-side place where I may settle down and write a book. By this you will understand that my visit to New York won't be till next Autumn probably: and then who knows perhaps I may bring the girls with me. Yes, but then what girls will there be left in the Brown House? Cupid may carry off every one of my three pretty Daguerrotypes between this time & next year: but I feel perfectly certain we shall all meet and have good times again, and never for a moment suppose that we are parted.

If you please, Uncle Oliver, to give a hearty shake of the hand to Hicks de ma part, and congratulate him on his safety. Baring looked glum when I talked to him about eight per cent and railroad shares in America: he would rather I would take four I think. Well, this may cause me to pay 3 visits to America in place of 2. Be sure I shall be glad of any excuse that brings me.

I have found one of the missing sheets, that to Miss Sarah and send the same, and the very kindest regards and remembrances to you all from yours, dear Mrs. Baxter, gratefully ever

W. M. Thackeray

June, 1853

I DON'T know whether the morning papers will announce that "Mr. Thackeray has left town for the season": but if I had staid a week longer I think I should have been buried there, or had another fever; the dinners are so severe and my powers of self-restraint so miserably incompetent before the daily temptation. . . . I am

tired of the great world pretty well, and am as glad to get quit of it after 3 weeks idleness and lounging and gormandizing as if I had been born a Marquis. I think of the future for my girls and what they are to do in the tramp and bustle of that London life, and have a mind to cut the belle société altogether, and go and live among my equals. Well they have their tramp & bustle too, their crowding to parties long dinners squeezey balls, flatterers toadies and what not just as in the grandee world. I went to a concert at the house of a cousiness of mine who has a fine mansion in Portman Square, and 6000 £ a year to bestow upon any one who marries her; there were as many sneaks about her as in the very politest circles, and people were as eager to get to her party as to a Duchess's—it's only in the degree—the human nature is the same everywhere, and then the good society is incontestably better than the second-chop—the dinners are so much better and shorter. O ye gods! What fine dinners I have had in the last 3 weeks! How sick I grew of them! Did I write the afflicting news that I have been obliged to have out 3 teeth? Miss Sally, I shall never fall in love any more. There's a pretty girl with whom I could do it though: there was a little talk about her coming with my girls as their governess and dame de compagnie. But says I "No, my dear, you are a great deal too good looking." Knowing the susceptibility of this aged heart I'm determined to put it to no more temptation than I can help. She is left behind and my heart is perfectly easy. I think of writing a book "The adventures of a Gentleman in search of a Governess." I have had some amusing scenes in quest of that person; 2 days ago had all but engaged one—a Swiss, clever, 30, agreeable, lively, well-mannered—I begged her just to write down the address of the lady with whom she lived and behold! she can't write—or writes about as well as a cook maid. I have signed and sealed with Bradbury and Evans for a new book in 24 numbers like *Pendennis*. Price 3600 £ + 500 £ from Harper and Tauchnitz. It's coining money is n't it? and if I can make another expedition to a certain country as remunerative as the last, why, 2 years hence will see my girls snugly provided for. Thank God. I don't (I believe) take any pride out of this prosperity but

receive it with a thankful heart. Curtis's article touched me very much. I hope that is the right view of the character. So with all its shortcomings may God Almighty find it and deal with it. And I like to think that I have left that sort of good opinion behind me amongst those I love in your country. So poor old James has been assaulting me in a lecture! Well, my hide is strong enough not to wince under his old kicks.—I think you must have your glasses to read this small writing. I have only my old gold pen at hand which is for drawing not writing generally, and scribble, where do you think Miss Sarah? At Dessein's Hotel in *Sterne's Room*! I came to bed instead of travelling on to Paris through the night. It has been pouring with rain all day, and the wind has got comfortably up so as to blow quite a gale. I'm not very well, and shall go on only to Amiens tonight; and so Mrs. Baxter gets a long letter, because it is raining, and I have nothing to do. That was why you used to get such long visits at New York from sheer selfishness of course—but a selfishness not altogether unkindly. I wish this was 3 pages of the book—that would be 75 dollars: but it's only twopence you see, which I bring to my dear kind friends at the Brown House.

Sterne's picture is looking down on me from the chimney piece at which he warmed his lean old shanks ninety years ago. He seems to say "You are right. I was a humbug: and you, my lad, are you not as great?" Come, come Mr. Sterne none of these tu quoques. Some of the London papers are abusing me as hard as ever I assaulted you—one fellow says the *perjured historian* &c &c—meaning me. I only read 3 lines though & think it is the same man who abused me elsewhere—one R. who has a grudge against me about his wife. I was called in *bien malgré moi* to interfere in their family quarrels, and conducted my arbitration with such admirable justice that they both detest me. You are all away taking your pleasures from the brown house. Again poor C. P. has had his tooth out no doubt. I saw B. on Tuesday at a rich bankists, Mr. Raikes Currie, who has a funny & amusing young son who has been at New York. I go about praising you Americans to all that will hear. Hush! between ourselves I know some of what I say is unjust: and

that I speak too favorably: but if you could hear the vulgarity and ignorance and outrecuidance on our side! It sets me in a rage when I listen to it.

Monday at Paris. I travelled from Calais with a very honest expectoratory countryman of yours, who gave utterance to all his inward emotions quite freely.

He shook me warmly by the hand (his was not kept as Miss Smith of Washington likes them) and said "I have heard of what you have been saying about *us* sir," and I'm glad what I said did give pleasure and has been heard elsewhere. It is pleasant to be again in quiet with the dear old and young folks.

(To be continued)



FANATICISM IN THE UNITED STATES

BY JAMES M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

Author of "Faith-healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena"



IN a circle of travelers and litterateurs, a cosmopolite of wide fame astonished his hearers by declaring his conviction that the United States is "a hot-bed of fanaticism." This gave rise to a discussion in which discordant views were expressed and no conclusion was reached.

Carlyle believed that a republican government directly tends to the development of fanaticism, and this opinion he repeated in various forms as long as he lived, never more forcibly than in this sentence from his "French Revolution": "A man once committed headlong to republican or any other transcendentalism, and fighting and fanaticizing amid a nation of his like, becomes as it were enveloped in an ambient atmosphere of transcendentalism and delirium." In contrast with this, soon after the system of public schools had become thoroughly established in the United States, a statesman affirmed that in less than half a century Americans would be so transformed and unified by information and training that it would be impossible for fanaticism to spread. "It might start, but, like a spark without fuel or air, it would

glitter for a moment and disappear." Although the extravagant generalization of Carlyle derives no support from the history of this country, yet it is worth while to consider whether the enthusiastic prophecy of the statesman is in a satisfactory course of fulfilment. This will require a clear notion of the nature of fanaticism and of its causes and consequences.

"Enthusiasm" is derived from a word signifying "filled with the Divine Spirit," and "fanaticism" from a term meaning "seeing visions." Both were long used to signify an excessive zeal or mental excitement, uncontrolled by reason or experience, and each was employed to define the other. But gradually "enthusiasm" lost the opprobrious significance, and now represents a praiseworthy ardor, such as that of the poet, orator, painter, sculptor, patriot, hero, or saint. Isaac Taylor, in his "Natural History of Enthusiasm," contends for the old meaning; but whenever this word is used of any other than a commendable, or at least a harmless, zeal, fanaticism should now be employed. In one of the essays of Fisher Ames, written about the year 1785, occurs this sentence: "Faction and *enthusiasm* are the instruments by which popular governments are destroyed." At

the present time the idea would be better expressed by the substitution of "fanaticism."

For a time fanaticism was confounded with insanity, so that Richardson defines a fanatic as "any one raving or insane, wildly enthusiastic, a wild, irrational enthusiast." Warburton was among the first to distinguish. He says enthusiasm "is that temper of mind in which the imagination has got the better of the judgment. In this disordered state of things enthusiasm, when it happens to be turned upon religious matters, becomes fanaticism; and this in its extreme begets the fancy of our being the peculiar favorites of heaven."

CONDITIONS PREDISPOSING TO FANATICISM

THE attempt has been made to reduce all the causes of fanaticism to "the exercise of too great control over the other faculties by the imagination." This is almost equivalent to saying that a fanatic is one who has lost his self-control. For so long as this is maintained, by the use of reason the promises of imagination are limited to probability, and by the exercise of will a prudent course may be taken. Fanaticism begins when imagination becomes so dominating as to preclude or obscure the exercise of ordinary correctives or sound judgment.

This description does not, however, shed light on the development of excessive energy and activity of imagination. There must be a congenital or acquired predisposition to such a departure from the average mental and moral state.

Peculiar excitability of temperament is a natural inheritance of many races and a characteristic of some. The temperament of one person is so responsive to the slightest impression that, whatever the topic, he takes fire in an instant and becomes greatly excited in argument. Another, of the same ancestry and similar environment, may be so sluggish or unimpressible as never, unless there be antagonizing forces of unusual strength, to pass beyond mild enthusiasm. The former character is in constant peril of fanatical excess.

Fanaticism frequently originates in acuteness of the moral sensibilities. Many, with or without hyper-suggestibility, seem too sensitive to endure contact with human

life; to them are abhorrent the follies, sins, vices, and crimes which coexist with the highest civilization yet attained. They have an almost irresistible tendency to make their own consciences the tests of the sincerity and honesty of others. When the darkest side of social and political life is suddenly revealed to one of these acutely sensitive spirits, educated in the bosom of virtue and refinement, it may transform him into a misanthrope or arouse him to a conflict with evil, soon to become the most rampant fanaticism. In this way men possessing every lovable quality and element of influence have become fanatics; so that, as was remarked of Dr. South, they "seemed to utter truth with the mocking and envenomed spirit of a fiend."

An obstinacy which warps or dethrones the judgment, ignores experience, and overwhelms conscience, strongly predisposes to fanaticism, even when the imagination is not extraordinarily active. Like madmen, such often squander their property and hopelessly involve their families in embarrassment rather than relinquish their efforts or reexamine the question.

An ineffaceable stain upon the admirable character of the Puritans was fanaticism, and its most obnoxious manifestations were the treatment accorded to persons accused of witchcraft, the relentless persecution of the Quakers, and their conduct toward Roger Williams. The blind obstinacy of certain persons who had staked their veracity and reputation on the assertion that there are witches, and were determined to convict and execute, was the principal cause of those atrocities. This was an aberration of that inflexible will upon which all that is glorious in the history of the Puritans in large degree depended. The persecution of the Quakers was continued long after the people had been aroused to a sense of the obstinacy of the few who, having committed themselves to the persecution, would not retract. In mitigation it should be said that several of the leading Friends were wildly fanatical in speech, acted unreasonably and aggressively, and thus provoked the authorities and gave what to them seemed a justification for undue severity.

The issue between the other clergy and Roger Williams was one of similar arbitrary exercise of power, and the fanaticism with which they pursued New England's

greatest apostle of universal religious freedom was its natural fruit. Roger Williams did not entirely escape the baleful fire, but upon the whole so controlled himself as to appear favorably in comparison with his opponents.

Fanatical wilfulness on the part of the British government caused the Revolutionary War; oppressive measures were enforced by George III and his cabinet after it was evident not only that they were unwise in themselves, but that they could not succeed. War has often been occasioned by honest difference of opinion concerning rights, but generally no considerable period has elapsed before the right became well understood by those responsible for the conduct of affairs. After this discovery the spirit animating the nation in the wrong was but fanaticism engendered by self-will. Frequently, also, those in the right have become fanatics, and have stained the history of their country by excesses in victory or in defeat.

MINGLED CREDULITY AND EXCESSIVE IMAGINATION

THE union of an active and vivid imagination with an excess of those qualities of which credulity is the fruit is a potent predisposing cause of this evil condition. When, having had little experience of life, I read the proposition that "in many constitutions the force and extravagance of the imagination are so great that it admits of no correction from the severest lessons of experience, the instructions of wisdom, or the principles of religion," I took it to be a description of a lunatic. But a wider observation has shown that many who cannot legally be declared irresponsible go through life in "a sort of happy somnambulency, smiling and dreaming as they go, unconscious of whatever is real, and busy with whatever is fantastic. Now they tread with naked foot on thorns, now plunge through depths, now verge the precipice, and always preserve the same impassive certainty and display the same reckless hardihood." As I stood in Rouen by the monument erected to the memory of Joan of Arc, a fellow-traveler remarked, "This is a monument to a lunatic." The conversation continuing, some maintained that she was inspired of God; others that she was put forward to stimulate zeal in the French

people and reanimate their courage. This led me to give much attention to her career as portrayed in civil and ecclesiastical history, and also in treatises upon abnormal mental conditions.

The armies of France had been vanquished, the enemy had become more confident, and hope seemed to have deserted the minds of her countrymen. She, an illiterate girl, conceived the idea that she had a divine mission to lead the hosts of France to victory. The theory of most competent students of abnormal phenomena, whether agnostics or Christians, Protestant or Catholic, is that this notion was born of an unusually vivid if not somewhat disordered fancy. It was flattering to her self-love, in accord with her temperament, and she was sufficiently superstitious to believe it. There was nothing in her education to teach her its folly; the prevailing traditions and sentiments of the age were favorable to it. Thrilled with the bold conception, she placed herself in front of the army and asserted her claim to inspiration. The great majority of the army believed this genuine; their credulity gave birth to a fanaticism almost irresistible, and for a time the armies of France triumphed. On a review of her entire career, no valid reason appearing for supposing her in the beginning to have been either an impostor or a mere tool, the conclusion is inevitable that, though a heroine and a patriot, and entirely sincere in her belief of a divine commission, she was a fanatic.

Apart from fraud, belief in the supernatural origin of the so-called phenomena of modern spiritualism has arisen and gained acceptance in the same way. Its votaries accept testimony which could not cause belief if presented to persons of ordinary imagination. They give credence because their imaginations have seized the conception; it has satisfied a real or fancied want of their spirits, and to their excited and credulous minds the most meager evidence becomes overwhelmingly convincing.

In similar manner arose the phase of religious faith known as Millerism. William Miller drew his conclusions from certain prophecies in the Old and the New Testaments, and supported them by numerous arguments and intricate calculations. Thousands accepted his teachings

who had neither ability nor inclination to weigh his arguments or test his calculations. The vastness of the doctrine overwhelmed their imaginations, and, unfortunately defective in practical judgment, they trusted it without reserve; hence their fanaticism and its usually grotesque and often serious consequences.

By a similar course of reasoning, some endeavor to prove that Christianity originated in like manner, and should be rejected for the same reasons. This would be a rational conclusion were there not sufficient evidence to demonstrate its truth by the methods of induction and deduction by which men of sound mind and calm judgment, acquainted with human nature in general and themselves in particular, and capable of a dispassionate view of the history of the world, determine their fundamental beliefs. Thus multitudes in every land are satisfied of its truth and, although divided into sects, concur in the essentials, with the result that the Christian religion sustains vast organizations and an immense literature, and has stamped its characteristic principles upon every system of jurisprudence and moral code in civilized nations.

The tests here applied to fanaticism I believe to be so sound that I would follow them anywhere, even to doubt of the supernatural origin of Christianity, were I not convinced that its few *essential* facts and principles will endure their vigorous application. Honest men who regard Christianity and all other religions as merely the results of human efforts to grasp and classify the unknowable are bound to live in harmony with their own conscientiously held ideals.

STRAINED MINDS

In the protracted contemplation of one subject or phase of a subject to the exclusion of all others is found a link between the predisposing and determining causes of fanaticism. There is comparatively little danger in complete devotion to the pursuit of philosophy, literature, medicine, theology, or law, or even to a particular science, such as mathematics, chemistry, or geology; for any of these departments of knowledge furnishes adequate mental variety. It is not devotion to a particular science which leads to fanaticism, but an unnatural holding of the mind to one point. The influence of this is so strong that, whether or

not other causes be at work, if the strain be long continued fanaticism will develop. In fact, this rigid bending of the mind to one thing is a contributing and occasionally the sole cause of that particular type of insanity which was long known as monomania, but is now termed *paranoia*. The symptoms of fanaticism and the fixed-reasoning delusions of this form of lunacy differ only in degree.

Fanaticisms relating to particular doctrines in religion, politics, or science are ordinarily caused by such straining of the mind, a notion being pondered until it assumes proportions of unreal magnitude. It is also often the source of the fanaticism displayed in advocating moral reforms or in assailing any form of evil.

In the sciences there have been numberless illustrations of its effects. Isaac D'Israeli, in "Curiosities of Literature," observes that "nothing is so capable of disordering the intellects as an application to any one of these six things: the quadrature of the circle, the multiplication of the cube, the perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, magic, and judicial astrology." Medieval history records that in the search for the magic stone, which was to transmute everything it touched into gold, many became ungovernable fanatics, and not a few entirely lost their reason. In this country and in Europe the victims of devotion to the idea of inventing a perpetual-motion machine have been numerous, and instances of wasted fortune and loss of reason have been reported within a few months. What is true of those "six things" is true of any scientific or pseudo-scientific problem, and intense application to these is more capable of disordering the mind than attention to most other things, chiefly because they affect the imagination more powerfully.

In the more rigid period of Protestant Christian dogma were many who so long contemplated the dark side of their religious experience that without good reason they concluded themselves to be beyond the reach of mercy, and manifested fanatical zeal in demonstrating themselves to be already doomed. Some such became insane, but there were many who did not.

To the foregoing discussion of predisposing causes must be added the statement of a portentous fact which cannot be elaborated here. It is that, in those having no unusual constitutional tendencies to

fanaticism, alterations of personality may take place which thereafter will predispose to it to a degree rarely surpassed by hereditary susceptibility.

DETERMINING CAUSES OF FANATICISM

THE determining causes of fanaticism are as numerous as objects of thought or action. Granted the predisposition, if there be no sufficient counteracting influence, any topic may develop it. But that which would excite it in one person might not affect another, and what might affect a man at one period might have little or no effect on him at a later time. In purely personal social relations there is more fanaticism than elsewhere; but usually it does not become epidemic, except in the case of large families or of races. At the stage which human nature has reached, the social relations furnish more exciting objects of desire than others. Love and infatuation may react into the wildest fanaticism; and frequently it may be distinguished from simple hatred, envy, or jealousy. In certain parts of Kentucky the fatal feuds which from time to time shock the nation are a compound of fanaticism and other elements. Everywhere only exceptional persons are free from the possibility of being unreasonably agitated at the mention of some name or act. Hence those who arrange a banquet or reception have always to consider what subjects must be tabooed and what guests placed near one another.

The crop of religious fanatics is perennial, and, "unless a perpetual miracle should interrupt the operation of common causes, may be expected to appear so long as human nature remains what it is." Next in frequency, and for similar causes, government and its machinery—civil, military, or naval—form centers of fanaticism. In religion and politics it is always liable to become epidemic.

A "hobby" is often, but not always, a cause of fanaticism; it may be merely a relief avocation.

THE EFFECTS OF FANATICISM

THE consequences of fanaticism are perceptible in every region of thought, sensibility, and action. When fully developed, it invariably leads its subject to neglect all

objects and pursuits other than the exciting cause. In the last century, men of the highest culture in this country, in their intense opposition to slavery, forgot the existence of other evils and their own liability to some of them. Many clergymen resigned their pastorates and devoted themselves wholly to agitation in behalf of antislavery, and, indignant with the prevailing apathy, were borne along by fanatic heat until they branded the entire church as a brotherhood of thieves and liars. In fanatic impatience, some of the more prominent of these renounced Christianity.

In Music Hall, Boston, I saw an illustration of the monopolizing power of fanaticism. Before an audience of three thousand, Wendell Phillips, with his ever-wonderful felicity of language and classic repose, had been portraying certain cruelties inflicted upon a fugitive from slavery who had sought refuge in Massachusetts, when suddenly he uttered words to this effect: "As a native and citizen of this State, I am asked to say, 'God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts!'" Then lifting up his hands to heaven, he exclaimed: "In view of the complicity of Massachusetts with deeds like this, I say, God damn the commonwealth of Massachusetts!" These startling words were not said flippantly, but with evident sincerity. Because of this and of his character, the audience heard the malediction in solemn silence. The action which he denounced had been taken under the authority of the federal government.

Mr. Phillips, for the time, lost sight of the glorious history of Massachusetts, and forgot that in all the elements which constitute the worth of a State she was in the van of the world's progress. It was a spirit which would destroy the sun because of its spots. At that very time widespread fanaticism in the interest of slavery was hurrying those who cherished it toward the brink of a measureless abyss.

The fanaticism of invention or discovery leads to a similar result. Inventors conceive ideas new to themselves, but, inflated by an exaggerated opinion of their importance, the fame the invention will bring to them, or the probable extent of the product, they invest in its manufacture all they possess or can borrow. The Patent Office records afford confirmation of an old saying that "many a man has found

the Patent Office a half-way house on the road to the insane asylum."

In literature there is no element which will render its votaries immune to fanaticism. He is a fanatic who is so closely wedded to literature as to ruin his health or permanently impair his mental force. Evils greater than ruined health and shortened lives sometimes follow. The charge that many authors and professional men in their devotion to literature have "annihilated all sympathy with the common objects of life and have rendered themselves phantoms, except in the particular circle of their favorite pursuits," has found support in the fact that some of the brightest stars in the intellectual firmament have covered their names with lasting opprobrium because they neglected to provide for their families, or withdrew from them the sympathy and society due to them.

RELATION OF MALICE TO FANATICISM

THE relation of fanaticism to malice has elicited differences of opinion. Isaac Taylor, who treated separately enthusiasm and fanaticism, using the first of these words in the old sense, defines fanaticism as "enthusiasm inflamed by hatred." Yet there may be fanaticism without malice, and considerable enthusiasm with personal hatred. Some most unreasonable and dangerous fanatics have been markedly void of personal malice.

If the fanatic encounters no opposition, there may be no agitation of the malign passions. But should individuals, corporations, or systems impede his progress, thwart his purposes, or even distract his attention, the torrent of zeal which his opponents would dam up is turned upon them, and the natural result is an amount of malice in proportion to the intensity of fanatic heat already evolved. Usually the restraints of conventionalism, education, and religion are inadequate to prevent its violent expression. Righteous indignation and natural warmth, not necessarily incompatible with love, sometimes harden into malice. Thus some who in the beginning had in view only disinterested efforts for the relief of the oppressed, have come to cherish a feeling toward those whom they count opponents as malignant as that which prompted the outrages against which they cry out. No natural temperament is

a certain safeguard against the encroachments of this spirit. When fanaticism encounters troublesome and persistent opposition, malice is almost certain to result.

This accounts for the rise of religious bigotry in honest minds. The martyrdoms perpetrated in past ages by the Roman Catholic Church, and many of the more appalling persecutions and individual acts chargeable to the dominant organizations of Christianity, arose from this cause, and by it the memories of most of the founders of Protestantism are sadly blackened. The letters of Luther to Erasmus and his discussion with Zwingli are pervaded by a spirit which the most solicitous charity cannot exculpate from the charge of fanaticism and malice. The dealings of Calvin with Servetus reveal a similar state of feeling.

The lives of many representatives of Christianity, who have been in general governed by reason and religion, have been blurred by bigotry. Their sincerity should not lead either contemporaries or successors to close the eyes to the lessons afforded when "pillars of the church" for a time make shipwreck of judgment and allow the Christian spirit to be submerged beneath the waves of fanaticism.

Party spirit in politics often becomes malicious. Men who can declare that they have always sustained the measures proposed by the party, however unwise or unjust they may have been, and have denounced the measures put forth by their opponents, however good they may have been, may fancy themselves consistent. Partizans who vehemently applaud when they malign without proportion and without reason the representatives of the opposing party may think that they are cheering the virtue of adherence to principle, but it is the vice of fanaticism which they eulogize.

JOHN BROWN

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN is a case in point. His temperament was peculiarly excitable. It was not of the quality which renders a man wild and powerless, for he was capable of an intense and steadily burning zeal and of perfect self-command. His whole being might be on fire, yet his eye be steady and his voice without tremor. His sensibilities were acute, and at the bare mention

of the wrongs of the black man his blood would boil. His imagination was vivid, and his faith tinged with superstition; he was more remarkable for tenacity of will than for any other quality. I was present when he made the address in Boston the sympathetic hearing of which was afterward held to involve in a guilty complicity with his plots, as revealed by his raid, certain prominent members of the Republican party and of the Garrisonian school of abolitionists. While he was speaking it seemed to me that something was passing through his mind which was not expressed in his speech. Afterward at the hotel I had a long conversation with him. I was not an abolitionist in the Garrisonian sense, but did accept the Republican tenet that the Constitution did not legalize slavery in the Territories. I had read, as they occurred, the accounts of John Brown's deeds in Kansas and the reports of his conversations, and desired to hear him in public and to converse with him, as any young man imbued with the spirit of the times would have done.

But Brown's mind was not on these things. It was so obvious that he intended to do something out of the common course that a venerable member of the Society of Friends interposed and said, "Friend John, I think thee means to do violence on thine own account." The Friend then spoke of the impropriety of such an act, and the conversation drifted into a discussion of the doctrine of non-resistance.

The manner of Brown in defending the emancipation of the slaves by violence was the perfection of calmness; the fires aglow within were covered up; his poise and motions were those of a tiger about to spring—the whole nature held in check, but ready for the effort when the supreme moment should arrive.

The news of Brown's raid, capture, trial, and execution kept New England, from October 16, 1859, when he captured Harper's Ferry with the arsenal and armory, until December 2 of the same year, when he was hanged, and long after, in a chronic excitement, ready to become acute at any instant. Various antislavery societies were almost constantly in session; meetings, which were attended by all classes, were held on Sunday as well as on other evenings. Less than a week after Brown's raid I was present at one of these. After sev-

eral speakers had commended him as a hero, a patriot, and a philanthropist, and one or two had approved the raid and more than intimated that, "Constitution or no Constitution," "slavery should be swept from the land by the besom of destruction," I expressed the conviction that such an act could only be attributed to fanaticism, and that he would probably be tried and condemned to death. These sentiments, I supposed, would be met with a chorus of dissent. But United States Senator John P. Hale, then in the zenith of his fame, took part in the discussion and said: "Whatever may be Brown's motive, an act so contrary to the laws of the State of Virginia and the Constitution of the United States should not be condoned; it will be used to create a prejudice against all who are opposed to the extension of slavery to the Territories and desire to promote its abolition in the States by peaceable means. This invasion of a State is to be deplored."

When the facts became known, the fanatical state of Captain Brown's mind was apparent to all who reflected upon them and had not committed themselves beyond recall to another view. He had conceived the idea that he was to be to the enslaved a deliverer and a savior, and expected that when he raised the standard the effect upon the system of slavery would be similar to that produced upon the Red Sea when Moses struck it with his rod. Brown regarded the mountains surrounding Harper's Ferry as having been designed by the Almighty from all eternity as a refuge for fugitive slaves. He changed his plans frequently, and from time to time his different schemes bore marks of an overexcited condition of mind. One of his favorite expressions was: "I believe that it is better that a whole generation should pass off the face of the earth—men, women, and children—by a violent death than that one jot of either the Golden Rule or the Declaration of Independence should fail in this country." The subsequent result of his enterprise contributed much to public excitement, and hastened the crisis of the Civil War; so did the assault on Mr. Lovejoy, the attack on Charles Sumner, the struggle in Kansas, every antislavery speech in the North, and every outrage on slaves or antislavery men in the South. An enterprise, however, is not to be judged

by its indirect results, but by the wisdom of the particular thing attempted.

It has been said that "had he succeeded he would have been counted a hero unparalleled in the history of mankind." His failure should not obscure the fact that he was a hero, but it was the heroism of a fanatic. Neither success nor failure determines whether one is a hero. An undertaking without the least rational prospect of success is fanatical, though it may be heroically prosecuted, and though an incidental result of the enterprise may have far-reaching effects.

FANATICISM IN THE CIVIL WAR

ON neither side can the Civil War be explained without the recognition of a large element of fanaticism, ever active, in the years preceding the outbreak. When that dread event occurred, there were in the North many idealists who had no reverence for the Constitution and would welcome war, and many others who, for various reasons, wished for war, who were so blinded as to believe that if the South did attempt to secede it would be a short and easy task to subdue it. Even such an astute mind as that of William H. Seward was deluded into the belief that the war would be over in three months.

Meanwhile the majority of the Southern people were excited to a degree incompatible with sound reason. Long accustomed to participation in political affairs, they had developed able men, an unusual proportion of whom were perfervid orators, endowed with the most vivid imaginations. Their eloquence stirred up the people, many of whom had no personal knowledge of any other part of the country, its people, or its resources. They fancied that one of them could overmatch a score of the citizens of the North, and seemed to think that the Confederacy which they proposed to establish would become one of the greatest nations. Accordingly, they began the struggle without a doubt of ultimate success. The resistance which they met was a genuine surprise. They were unable to see that the social and political principles which they announced were impracticable. Whoever reads the prophecies which under the influence of a heated imagination were uttered on both sides, culminating in the

South with the declaration that the chief corner-stone of the new Confederacy would be slavery, must perceive that the great war illustrated in almost every phase the possibility of a wide-spread epidemic of fanaticism.

This condition of mind also tends to obscure moral distinctions, and explains how, in the name of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," the horrors of the first French Revolution were perpetrated. It was under the sacred name of religion that the Jews crucified Christ. The great mass of religious bigots—pagan, Catholic, Greek, Protestant—in all ages have been no worse than the average of mankind: fanaticism accounts for the atrocities.

The fanaticism of free-thinkers is often more bitter than that of the most superstitious devotees of true or false religion. Never did legislators enact laws or make declarations of principles more absurd and impracticable than those which were adopted by the French Convention, the members of which acted under the hallucination that by law they could eradicate belief in God and a future state. Such are the fanatic atheists, anarchists, and nihilists who revel in bitter sayings against a God whose existence they deny, and against the foundations of a social order to which their turbulent natures are unwilling to conform.

The fanatic is usually blind concerning his own condition, and herein is a point of similarity between this condition and insanity. The lunatic seldom admits to himself or to others that he is insane; if his attention is called to it at all, he imagines others to be so. When a fanatic perceives that he is in danger of fanaticism it has already begun to diminish.

INCARNATION OF FANATICISM IN LEADERS

A DOMINANT personality, representing a new or an old idea in politics, religion, or science, exerting its force at the head of an army, in legislatures, pulpits, on the rostrum, or in the press, possesses a power of creating and intensifying the spirit of fanaticism far exceeding that of abstract meditation. The necessity of a certain degree of self-command for the maintenance of authority, and adherence to such methods as may be devised for the accomplishment of the object in view, may ap-

parently transform such a fanatic into a philosopher. Deceived by this, many who would have turned with disgust from the excesses of the followers of such a personality are attracted and become his aides and executive officers.

Some of these the leader may permanently deceive. Others, preserving self-control and penetration, discover the irrationality or immorality of his proceedings, and withdraw. But since fanatics so often become indifferent to moral distinctions or delude themselves into the belief that the end sanctifies the means, a large proportion become infected with the spirit of that error, and, like their leader, oscillate between sincere fanaticism and outright hypocrisy.

No one can measure the possibilities of a fanaticism led by a courageous and indefatigable mind; it may run on unchecked, or that mind, horrified by its own excesses, may react and crystallize its ideas and followers into a compact and useful organization. Edmund Burke wrote: "When men are furiously and *fanatically* fond of an object, they will prefer it, as is well known, to their own peace, to their own property, and to their own lives; and can there be a doubt in such a case that they would prefer it to the peace of their country?" To this there are few exceptions.

Fanaticism exists in absolute monarchies, especially religious fanaticism, and is almost epidemic in countries where church and state are closely united, often assuming the most extravagant forms.

AMERICA EXPOSED TO FANATICISM

THIS country appears to be exposed to fanaticism for reasons peculiar to the American people. It is the most conglomerate large nation on the globe. The freedom allowed and exercised, the incessant experimenting, the extraordinary genius of the people for free and full speech, the immense proportion of half-educated persons, the publication of all sorts of truths, half-truths, errors, and chimeras, the importation of all sects in religion by immigrants from all lands, the method of carrying on political campaigns—municipal, State, and federal—by the press and the mails, by a house-to-house canvass, and by countless speeches under exciting circumstances, by alarming

prophecies, attacks on personal and political character, and the scattering of distorted statements far and wide, might naturally be expected to generate fanaticism.

Here scores of communities of fanatics have been formed and have long prospered, several of them based upon ideas incompatible with morality. A conspicuous example is the Oneida Community, with its branches in Vermont and Connecticut. This system, involving strange and unnatural relations between the sexes, was founded on a perverted view of the Scriptures and the doctrine of perfection by John H. Noyes, an alumnus of Yale and a Congregational minister.

Here modern Spiritualism arose, and spread as in no other part of the world. Other forms of superstition have monopolized many of the class which furnished its believers, and the present generation cannot realize how that wave, with its exorcism of free love, spread through the States, as rapidly in cultivated Massachusetts as in the scattered and partly educated communities on the frontier.

Here Mormonism originated; and, controlled, concentrated, and stimulated by the powerful personality of Brigham Young, has become a religion which, after the lapse of sixty years, in spite of the opposition it has encountered, shows elements of permanence, and sends out missionaries to all parts of the world.

Here the spectacular Dowie exercises a despotism over his adherents which becomes grotesque when at his call they rise by the hundreds and furnish the testimony he needs, whether to the soundness of his views on the eating of pork, his financial ability, his miraculous healings, or his being the special messenger who was to come in the spirit and power of Elijah. His votaries, undismayed by his many failures to heal, and not undeceived even by the complete contrast between his methods, manners, utterances, and spirit, and those of the Founder of Christianity, do his bidding as they might had he visibly descended from heaven in their presence. Fortunately, unlike some other religious fanatics, Dowie warns against vice and inculcates a rigid morality. His present claims and inconsistent spirit are the natural evolution of a career marred in

every stage by evidences of intense fanaticism.

Here Mrs. Eddy succeeds in fascinating large numbers by a copyrighted system in which she claims to destroy disease without depending in the least on hygiene or medical treatment, and to eradicate sin and disease by steadfastly denying their reality. In the beginning the chief elements of her control were her dominating personality, her calm contradiction of natural science, and the equally calm substituting of a half-truth for the whole. Ever a wholesale denial of common beliefs has more potency over many minds than a properly limited and reasoned attempt to modify them. Her organization being perfected, she now rules by Delphic oracles and Sibylline leaves issued by a secluded personality, inaccessible to the many, though at rare intervals exhibited at State fairs as a passing show, to demonstrate her actuality. Her head is already surrounded by halos of mist and myth, and the exalted few who mediate between her and the world increase the effect by the under-breath reverence with which they speak or write of her. Hence, although she has been compelled by her failures and those of her followers to surrender the treatment of physical injuries to the surgeons and to cease from treating contagious diseases; and though through the whole land many of her devotees, having thrown away the learning and experience of mankind in treating diseases, are dying or making pitiful denials of their obvious debility, disease, or the natural effects of age, such of them as are in good health, and some who are not (many of them highly intelligent on themes and things outside this subacute fanaticism), smile and prattle on concerning the "errors of mortal mind" as respects Bright's disease, the "claims" of consumption, the "false belief" in bile, and the "delusions" of dropsy and dyspepsia.

At all times wide-spread and intense excitement upon religion, in individual cases and sometimes in whole communities, has been liable to become fanatical. The truths adapted to arouse men to consider their spiritual interests have been carried to a dangerous and almost insanity-producing extreme. This was usually born of too absorbing concentration and neglect of the necessary care of the body, lack of

sleep, and a sincere desire to do good on the part of the orators. In former times many of these considered epidemic excitement an absolute demonstration of the presence and power of God, and its absence a proof of spiritual blindness.

Almost all the attempts of reformers to uproot evils have been rendered more or less abortive by fanaticism. Some have imagined that great political parties can be totally broken up by a new party committed to only one issue. These, in their haste, failing to perceive the fundamental principle that in a republic any party, to endure, must stand for principles in which a majority of the people will be permanently interested, have systematically set out to destroy one party, intending afterward to destroy the other.

In this country originated the Native American movement, commonly known as "Know-Nothing," as plainly fanatical as any movement that ever occurred in a republic, ancient or modern. In general it was pursued by peaceful methods, but in various places was disgraced by fanatical excesses. Here, too, anti-freemason parties arose, virtually denying the natural and constitutional right of men to associate for personal pleasure and mutual support and keep their own secrets.

The sound sense of a business community often fails it when over the land a wave of fanaticism sweeps. A trust fanaticism now exists in the United States, antagonized by an anti-trust fanaticism. Out of this has grown a situation so complex that each party bids for the fanatical elements, seeming to believe fanatics to hold the balance of power.

Most of the excesses of labor organizations are the fruits of fanaticism. Their claims are often such as would be incompatible with free governments. The violence which attends them—the resort to dynamite and every form of outrage—originates in fanaticism; and the whimsical character of many strikes results from the folly of the leaders and a diffused fanaticism among the led. The latter is often so strong that leaders are compelled unwillingly to connive at proceedings which they do not approve. Sympathetic strikes by the hundred show how far those who established them have drifted into fanaticism. The latest development is the as yet abortive attempt to prohibit the mem-

bers of labor unions from serving in the militia, and to expel from the unions such members thereof as would not resign from the militia. Labor-unionism has the right to exist, and has done great service. It would have accomplished much more had the fanatics among the members been held in check.

During the recent anthracite-coal strike every organization of a political nature appeared to lose its head. The elections were approaching. One great party inserted a plank in its platform calling on the President to seize and operate the mines. Another, in the State where the coal was mined, seemed to lack courage and consistency. Before the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission the representative of the coal-operators, smarting under public criticism,—though contributing much light and showing a mastery of all the facts and principles,—accentuated the undesirable features of the situation by the display of undue heat.

In the United States "fiat money" had the greatest number of advocates. For some years hundreds of thousands believed that money could be made by the printing of notes, and that their circulation alone would be sufficient to remedy financial stringency, whatever its causes. Here, too, the free coinage of silver at "sixteen to one" was believed by many to have similar potency, though half the assumed value of the silver was dependent on the behest of the government. Here, also, Populism, a collection of vagaries,—mingled now and then with sound ideas, and including for a time many of the ablest men,—aimed at political ascendancy, and for a while bade fair to realize its hopes. The most recent instance of how personalities, families, and sections, war, politics, and religion, may be involved in the origin and progress of a fanaticism is the Sampson-Schley controversy. It is easy to imagine a situation in which a government could be in danger of civil war over a matter of that kind.

If fanatics have done much evil, they have also accomplished much good. Most leaders in church and state have at various times been heated to the danger-point. I have sought to classify as fanatics only those who have been dominated by fanaticism for long periods, or have plunged into great excesses if only for a short time.

THE REPUBLIC AND ITS DANGERS

THE fate predicted by Carlyle is long delayed; the prediction of the statesman has not yet been fulfilled. Each generation must learn by experience. The United States contains many developed fanatics, many in the embryo. Of these some, to decide whether to support a proposal, need only to know that it is not old; and others abhor whatever is new. These by their extreme positions intensify one another.

The country has been preserved thus far, not by fanatics of change, or by fanatics of conservatism, but by those who, avoiding such extremes, never adhere to what has descended from the fathers merely because it is old, and never adopt the untried merely because it is new. Change in men and nations is not always progress. Travelers who see only good in foreign countries and revile their native land, if not mere snobs, are but fanatics; but they are not more fanatical than those who see nothing to be improved in their own government and people, and nothing to be admired in others.

The United States is a hotbed of fanaticism, but it is much more: its institutions and traditions develop men of sense, self-control, and patriotism. It has had narrow escapes. Before, during, and after the Civil War it was in great danger. Fanatical elements were then in the ascendancy. But common sense and national patriotism were never wholly submerged, and speedily reasserted themselves.

The trinity of dangers which the republic has to fear are immorality, indifferentism, and fanaticism. Immorality produces one or the other, according to temperament. Unfortunately, in the body politic, indifferentism and fanaticism do not antidote each other. The one is dry-rot; the other, combustion and swift destruction. Men who love their country enough to be glad to serve it, and are wise enough to steady it; who honor the law, and therefore are careful what laws they enact; men who can hasten ultraconservatives without losing their hold upon them, and are able to check fanatics without driving them to riotous extremes; men who discern where reform ends and destruction begins, who wish to possess only what they can assimilate and beneficently govern,—these in each generation can save the State, and these only.



JACK O' THE ROAD

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

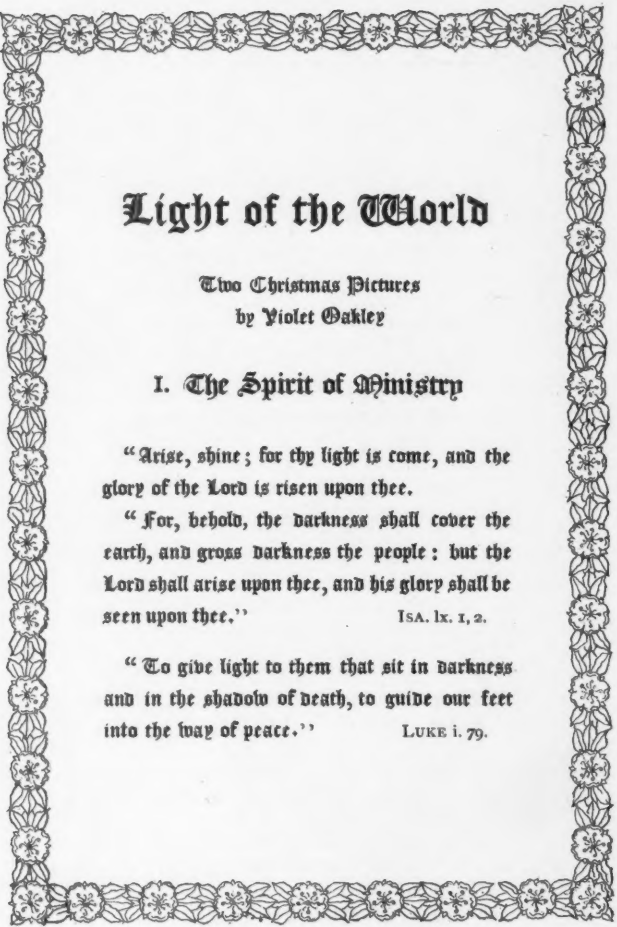
"JACK O' THE ROAD, where would
you go,
With never a pistol or sword to show?
Glove to your hand, rose to your hair,
Ruffles of lace and ribbons rare?
Kisses to steal, or gold to take?
Purses to cut, or hearts to break?
O my tall English lover!"

"Sword and pistols left at the Crown;
Ribbons and roses for London town;
Kisses to steal from you alone;
Purses to cut, never a one.
Bid me God-speed, and love me still,
For I am going to Tyburn Hill,
O my small, dark-eyed lady!"

"Why would ye go to Tyburn Hill,
Jack o' the Road? For the daffodil,
All for a wreath to make me fair
Around my waist and about my hair?"
"On Tyburn grows no daffodil.
There grows one tree on Tyburn Hill,
O my small, dark-eyed lady!"

"What is it that ye call this tree,
Jack o' the Road, come tell to me!"
"It is the tree that grew in Eden,
The knowledge tree, to man forbidden!
Gather thy flowers by lane and lea;
But I pluck wisdom on Tyburn Tree,
O my sweet, dark-eyed lady!"





Light of the World

Two Christmas Pictures
by Violet Oakley

I. The Spirit of Ministry

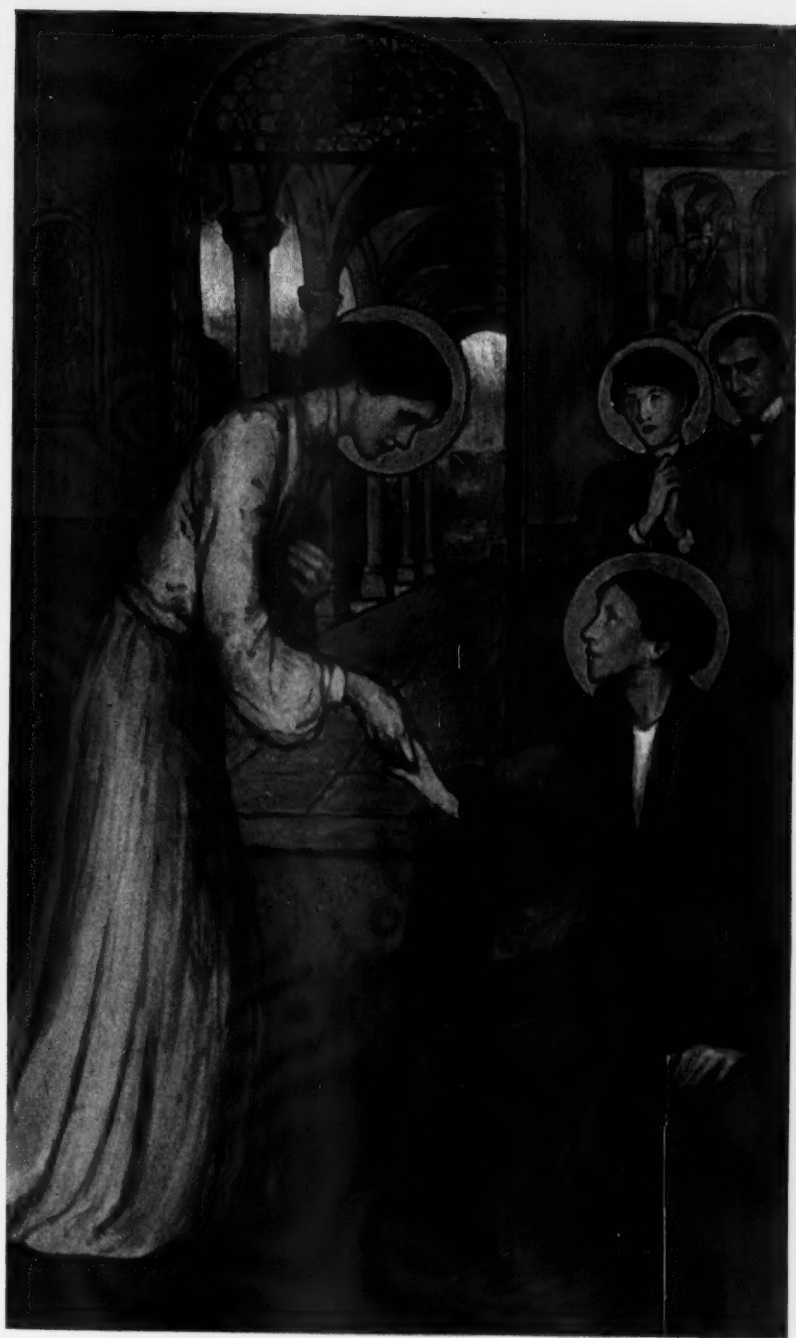
"Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

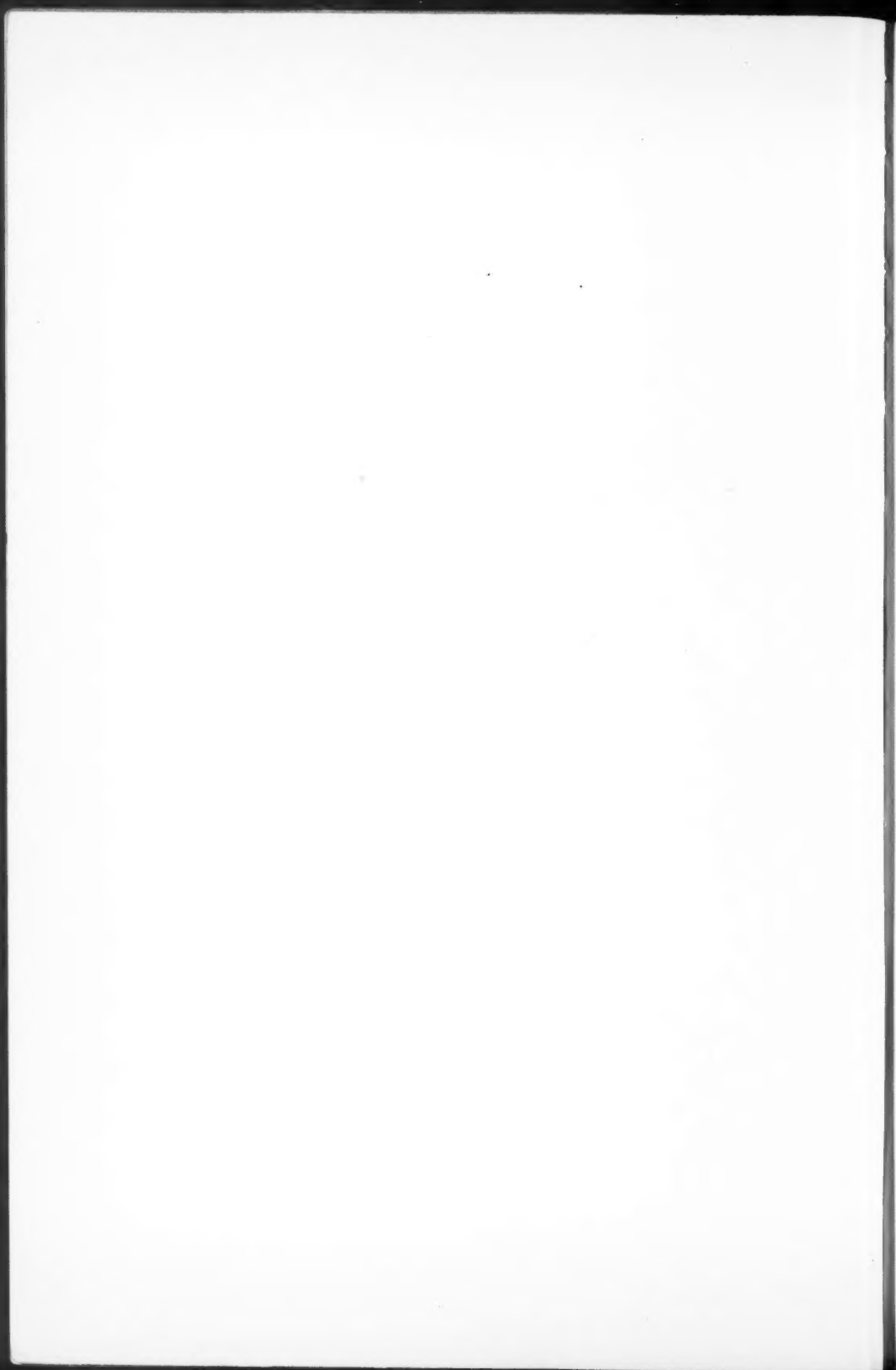
"For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people : but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee."

ISA. LX. 1, 2.

"To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

LUKE i. 79.





THE POET OF A DAY

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON



MARK STERN, the broker's clerk, was a poet once. I was younger then, it is true, but even then I had a practical soul. A school-boy, I led my class in arithmetic. A graduate, I chose for my valedictory theme "Self-made Men." A broker's clerk, I earned the praise of my employer, a hard-headed, hard-fisted brute of a man.

"Mark," said he, "you will be worth a million one of these days."

"Do you think so, sir?" said I.

"Yes," he replied. "You are a born money-maker. There is imagination, yes, but no sentiment, about you—none whatever."

"Thank you, sir," said I.

Yet I was once a poet, as I have said. I no longer laugh at them, those poor, long-haired, hungry fellows you see pictures of in the funny papers—no, no. Theirs is a trade I do not understand, but I do not laugh at it as I used to do. You see, I know how it is myself. Not that I ever wore my hair as they do—no. Nor was I ever hungry in a garret. But for one day, one lovely day in the springtime, I was a poet, and I know the feeling. Even now, doubtless, I could be a poet, if I chose. But I do not choose. There is no money in it.

It was this way: I was young that year, and the spring came on suddenly and made a fool of me. So I became a poet. All winter I had been imprisoned in the office, and I was glad enough when Ernstein said to me—he was my employer, you know:

"You may take a holiday, Mark," said he.

"Thank you, sir," said I.

Oh, I was always just so with Ernstein. It pays to be polite, I tell you. Now, I did not like him. I despised, I hated him; but I was always careful to be polite with him, so that while he thought I was a little fool, a meek simpleton with whom he could do as he liked, because I was humble and courteous and knew my place, I was really gaining my own end. Aha! I was a little

too sharp for that Ernstein, with all his greed and his gold. I was his tool, yes, as you please, but I had my own purpose. What was that? Never mind. That is *my* secret. It is worth money, that secret is. It has paid me well.

Spring, I say, came on suddenly that year, and with it that holiday. I went into the country to see a friend. It was a fine morning, *grand*, and my friend and I went for a smoke in the garden. He smoked the very best, my friend did, always. I carried six cigars into the country. I carried six home again. You see, he would not let me smoke any but his own—and they were better than mine.

Well, we walked and talked and smoked in his garden. It was lovely there. The birds were singing all about us, and the peach- and pear-trees were all in blossom. He made a great deal of money, my friend did, out of those fruit-trees. They were very profitable. He made, he told me, something as high as one thousand dollars in one year.

Then, as we walked there talking of the fruit to come, my friend's daughter came out to join us. Bernice was her name. She had black eyes and dark-brown hair, and her cheeks were pink. She was well educated, I knew, for my friend had sent her to a fashionable school. He had spared no expense.

At a glance I saw what a fine woman she would be some day. It is a way of mine—to see ahead, to think always of the future. It pays, I tell you. That is the trouble with most men: they think only of to-day.

At a single glance I saw what a woman she would make—large, matronly—one who would look well in a carriage, at a dinner-table, in an opera-box. It helps a man's business to have a wife like that.

"She would be a wife to be proud of," I said to myself.

By and by my friend left us. We sat down together on a little bench. "How you have grown, Bernice!" I said to her. "I remember when you were just *so* high."



Drawn by S. Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"SHE WAS A STRANGE, COLD GIRL"

"Yes?" she said. She was rather cold, I could see that. "You are now old enough to be having sweethearts," said I. "I dare say you have ten."

"Only ten!" said Bernice.

"Eleven, then," said I, and laughed. It is my way to joke like that. It pays to be good-humored—good-humored and polite. You cannot tell when a good joke will come back to you—to your pocket-book.

"Eleven, then," I said to Bernice.

She was silent for a moment and looked away.* Then, "Hear the birds," she said.

"Yes," said I. "If they could only be trained to sing like that in the opera-house—sing little bird operas, you know, with solos and choruses! Ah, there would be money in it for the man who could make them do that."

"The peach-trees are like pink clouds," said Bernice.

"How many bushels will that tree bear?" asked I.

"I do not know," said she.

She was a strange, cold girl, that Bernice. She would not look at me. She kept her eyes on the peach-trees. She was very pretty, and full of warm young life despite that icy way of hers. It was assumed, I could see. Why, once, when I let my arm fall on the bench-back, she drew a little away from me, and her face flushed. Cold people do not flush, I tell you. So I saw beneath that mask of hers. It is a way I have. It is worth money to me.

The more I looked at Bernice, the more I thought of the future and what a fine wife she would make some day.

It was warm there in the garden, in spite of the little wind which kept running up to us—running up to the curls of Bernice and touching them, then running away again, like a naughty child. I took off my hat.

"Don't take it off on my account," said Bernice. Her voice was cold like her face.

"No," I said. "I was too warm, that was all."

I wiped my brow. It was all so different from the office, there in the garden. I felt, somehow, like a little boy. My blood tingled. My tongue ran like a brook. I could not keep it still. I talked, though, very well. It is a way I have. I have earned many a dollar because I knew what to say.

As the sun rose higher and warmer into the sky, I swear I could almost see those blossoms grow. I could smell flowers all

about me. Even that dress of Bernice had a scent of violets. It was, I could tell, perfume of the very best. Indeed, that dress cost a hundred dollars, if it cost a penny. My friend loved his daughter and spared no expense.

But, as I say, I felt strangely different, there in the garden. I had never felt so before. I was going out of my mind.

"It is worth a thousand dollars," I cried, "to be here this lovely day!"

"Indeed!" said Bernice. "Do things affect you so deeply?"

"They do," I replied. "It is beautiful—beautiful to be here in the fresh air and the sun. To-morrow I will go back to the office a new man. I will have more blood, more nerve—"

"Will you?" asked Bernice. How strangely she looked at me!

"Do you doubt it?" I cried. "I shall have the strength of ten. I shall work like a—like one of those red ants there digging in the path. Bernice, it is worth *money* to me—a day like this in this country air. I cannot tell you how I feel. Why is it I seem lifted up to the very sky? Why?"

Bernice looked at me long and earnestly.

"Why?" she repeated.

"Yes, why?"

"Because you are a poet," she said softly, then looked suddenly the other way.

"I a poet!" I cried. The idea was new to me.

"Why not?" asked Bernice. She put the end of her handkerchief into her mouth and bit it, like a little child.

"A poet!" I said again.

"Why not?" she repeated. "You are a broker during the week, that is true. But out here you put aside all that. You forget money. Your mind is on higher—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted her. "That is true. Here I forget money. As I said before, it is worth a thousand dollars, perhaps more, to forget it."

"Here, in this old garden," said Bernice, still softly, "you have forgotten sordid things. It is all so bright, so sweet, so new to you. Now, as for me, alas! I can sit here every day. To me, then, it is an old story. But to you, coming for a day from a dingy office and a jingling money-drawer, from banks and bonds, and all that sort of thing—ah, it makes a poet of you!"

"But do you mean to say," I cried, "that it really makes me a poet? That if

I took paper and pen, here, now, in this garden, I could—"

"And why not?" she asked me, gravely, still biting her handkerchief in that foolish, childish way. "Why not, pray? Listen! You came this dreamy morning in spring."

"Yes."

"You sat beside me, here, on this garden bench."

"Yes, yes."

"And as you did so, of what did you think? Was it of money that you thought? No; it was not money. You thought only of those pink blossoms—those pink sprays bending in the soft breeze."

"Yes, yes," I cried. I began to see. I began to understand.

"You thought of the blue sky with its white clouds hovering like giant butterflies."

"Yes."

"You thought of the bees humming."

"Yes."

"Of the birds—"

"Yes, the birds!" I cried.

She had dropped her handkerchief to her lap. She had quite ruined it. Now she was twisting it nervously between her fingers. She was leaning forward, looking me straight in the eyes. Her eyes were gorgeous. I have seen diamonds worth hundreds of dollars that were not so sparkling as those two brown eyes.

"You thought of the birds," she said. "You thought, as you sat here in the garden, of how the song-sparrows mated in yonder hedge. You mused of those love-scenes—of those little brown-feathered Romeos piping to their dears—"

"You mean the birds singing," I cried.

"Yes, the birds singing," she repeated.

"The birds singing—that is what I mean. That is what you thought about; now did n't you?"

"I did," said I.

"Well, then," said Bernice, with a little wave of her handkerchief, "all these beautiful things you have been thinking of, here in my father's garden, they are the things poets think of. *You* think them—"

"Yes, I think them."

"So you, too, are a—"

"Poet!" cried I.

"Exactly," said she.

For a moment I stared dumbly at Bernice, at the peach-trees, at a little brown-colored bird looking down at us from a bough. Then I recovered myself. It is a

way I have. It has saved me many a dollar, that presence of mind.

"You are right, Bernice," I said.

"To be sure," said she. "For a day—for a day only, perhaps, yet nevertheless for a day—you are a poet, in mood, in soul. Tomorrow, a broker—yes. But to-day—"

She waved her hand gracefully toward the peach-trees.

"It is as plain as day, Bernice," I said, "though I never thought of it before. I knew I felt different. I did not know why. So that is it, Bernice. That is how poets feel—all the time—every day. Well, well, it is worth something to know that. And I may call myself a real poet—"

"For to-day," murmured Bernice. She was quite cold again. She was looking at the peach-trees.

"A poet for a day," I repeated. It was delightful.

"Bernice," I said. "Miss Bernice—"

"Yes."

"Are you—are you engaged?"

"Betrothed, do you mean?"

"Betrothed."

"I am," was her reply.

"That is too bad," I said.

"Oh, I hope not," she mused cheerfully.

"Is he—is *he* a poet, too?" I asked.

She looked away dreamily.

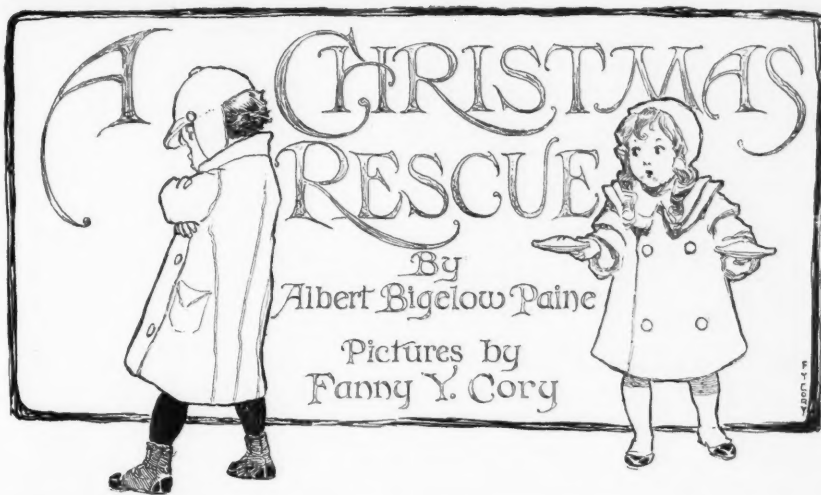
"All the time," she said.

They called us to dinner then. My friend set a fine table—wines, and all that sort of thing, you know. It was a feast that day. There was a delicious salad, I remember. But I was much disappointed over Bernice. She would have made a fine wife—a fine wife, I tell you; and you have heard for yourself how she understood me so well.

For that whole day, then, I was a poet. That is how I know what it means, how it feels. Any man—you yourself—can be one if you wish: if you will find a beautiful garden in the springtime, and a lovely girl, and sit there by her side. Then you have only to forget money, to look at the peach-trees, to see the little brown-colored—what did she call them?—*song-sparrows*, and listen to them sing.

Still, I would not advise any man to be a poet. Oh, as to myself, I did very well that week at the office. I bought at 90; I sold at 104. So once in a while, you see, it is all right to be a poet—say for a day. But for all time, never! No, no. It is a poor business.





HE had never really left home before, though he had threatened to do so many times. But on the day before Christmas he felt just obliged to go. This was the way of it.

Sister Alice, who was a great deal older than he was, being sixteen and graduated from a cooking-class, was making a lot of things in the kitchen. She had n't learned in cooking-school how to have little boys around when she was making things, so when he wanted to dig out the cake-leavings, just as he did when his mother baked, sister Alice, who of course felt very grown up, said "No!" quite severely. And when he wanted a piece of pie-crust to wad up and hammer out flat and bake on the corner of the cook-stove, she said "No!" again, not remembering that she was ever little herself, and then got quite cross, perhaps because her cake looked as if it might "fall," and told him to go out of the kitchen, and stay out until she was all through!

He *did* go out of the kitchen, and went to the nursery to play "Indians" with little Dot. But when he swooped down on little Dot's best doll, the only one that had lasted through from last Christmas, and was going to scalp her, and torture her, and burn her at the stake, little Dot screamed almost as loudly as if it were she who was to have all these things done to her, and ran to tell her mother, who was ironing in the laundry and very busy, and who sent back word that he was to put that doll down *instantly*,

or he would be put to bed for two days and there would be no Christmas in *that* house for *anybody*!

It was then he said that he would go. There was no place for him in that house, anyway. So he put on his thick overcoat and arctic shoes, and his cap that pulled down over his ears. Then he took his pistol, that did n't have any caps left, and his best agate taw, and told little Dot that he was going to Africa to fight tigers, and that on Christmas morning they would find him lying all dead, and that they would be *very sorry*!

Little Dot was already sorry, and began to whimper, but was afraid to tell her mother again, for fear he would go even farther than Africa, and that they would find him even deader and sooner than he had said. So she watched him through the window until she saw him go into the barn. Then she slipped out to get sister Alice to help her on with her coat and overshoes. Then she hurried after Dick, and pulled open the big slatted barn door, and found him bravely snapping his pistol at the mules.

"I 'm killing tigers!" he said fiercely. "I am Dick Daring, the king of the jungle! I shall be found here dead and eaten up alive on Christmas morning!"

The mules did n't know they were being killed, or that they were to have a live boy for breakfast. They kept on pulling wisps of hay from their mangers.

"Oh, Dick, is n't it *cold* in Africa!"



Drawn by Fanny Y. Cory. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

“‘OH, DOT,’ HE SAID, ‘LET ’S PLAY THAT YOU ’RE A RELIEF EXPEDITION’”

Little Dot shivered and doubled her mittened hands into her sleeves.

"No; Africa is a hot climate, where tigers, elephants, and poisonous serpents abound!"

"But it *is* cold here, Dick. I'm 'mos' froze! Dick, Alice is making cookies!"

Dick let at least two tigers get away. Then he said sadly:

"I won't need any cookies. I shall be dead on the Russian steppes on Christmas morning. If Africa is n't cold enough, I guess Russia *is*!"

He had rushed over to the little cutter in the corner, and leaping up in the seat, began shooting wildly from the back end.

"The wolves! The wolves!" he shouted. "They are close behind, and I can't slay them all!"

"Dick! Oh, Dick!"

"They will eat me! They will eat me *all up*! There will be only a red stain on the snow on Christmas morning."

"Dick, Alice is making two little cakes! I *saw* them!"

The wolf-killing stopped for at least five seconds. Perhaps the wolves were all dead. Then the killer said tragically, and with a tremble in his voice:

"It's too late. I'm going to the north pole. You can have the cake, Dot, and I forgive you about the doll."

Little Dot was already whimpering from the cold and from being rather scared, but she did want to see what Dick would do next. He jumped out of the cutter and ran over to a heavy post at the farther end of the barn.

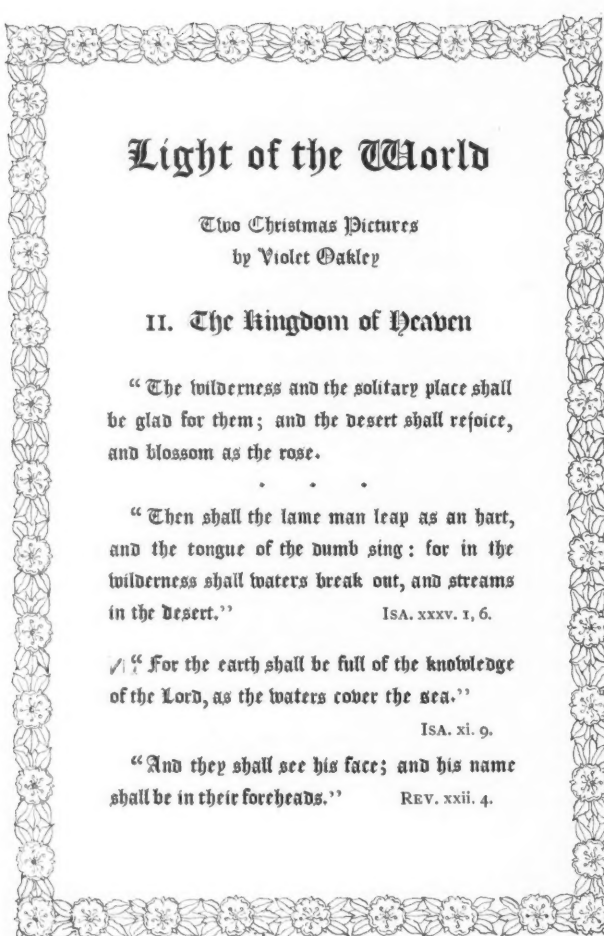
"This is the north pole," he said, as he dragged bunches of hay about him. "I am in my winter hut. I shall be found dead and starved on Chr—in the spring, I mean. It will be too late then for cakes and cookies. Dick Daring, the great explorer, will be dead!"

"*Dick!*" Little Dot had made her way tearfully to the north pole, and was looking at the great explorer buried in the hay. "Oh, Dick, Alice has made two little mince-pies, and they're—they're done, and she said we might *have 'em now*!"

Dick Daring, the explorer, crouched in his hut a moment longer. Then he sat straight up.

"Oh, Dot," he said, "let's play that you're a relief expedition, and that you came *just in time* to save me on Christmas morning!"



A decorative border of repeating floral motifs, possibly roses, surrounds the central text area.

Light of the World

Two Christmas Pictures
by Violet Oakley

II. The Kingdom of Heaven

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall
be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice,
and blossom as the rose.

. . .

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart,
and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the
wilderness shall waters break out, and streams
in the desert."

ISA. xxxv. 1, 6.

"For the earth shall be full of the knowledge
of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

ISA. xi. 9.

"And they shall see his face; and his name
shall be in their foreheads."

REV. xxii. 4.

"THE HEAVY MISTS TRAIL LOW UPON THE SEA"

BY M. J. SAVAGE

THE heavy mists trail low upon the sea,
And equally the sky and ocean hide,
As two world-wandering ships close side by side
A moment loom and part; out o'er the lee
One leans, and calls, "What ho!" Then fitfully
A gust the voice confuses, and the tone
Dies out upon the waters faint and lone,
And each ship all the wide world seems to be.

So meet we and so part we on the land:
A glimpse, a touch, a cry, and on we go
As lonely as one single star in space.
Driven by a destiny none understand,
We cross the track of one 't were life to know,
Then all is but the memory of a face.



THE VALET OF THE PASTOR

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

LEWIS MAGINNIS, coming in from Bracton with a great basket of washed linen for the priests at the cathedral, rode in the same trolley-car with the bishop. His red head blazed above a paper-covered novel. The bishop read the title. It was "Lady Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

"Good day, Maginnis," said the bishop, affably. "How are things in Bracton?"

Maginnis raised his head, and his face blazed under its three days' growth of sandy hair. He tried to cram "Lady Violet" beneath the linen in the basket.

"I beg your lordship's pardon—was it to me you were speakin'? Sure, things at Bracton are bad enough entirely. What with the Dagos and the Tips, the Kerry people have no lives at all," said Maginnis, plaintively.

"They led the old priest a hard life."

"He was a Connaught man, sure, and—"

"I get off here, Maginnis," interrupted the bishop. "Good afternoon, Maginnis."

THE bishop's secretary, Father Dudley, a tall, alert, black-eyed priest, raised his anxious face from a pile of papers on the desk as the bishop entered the big front room in the second story of the rectory. The bishop took off his frock-coat and with evident relief incased himself in a somewhat worn violet-colored cassock.

"I've been paying a dinner-call that I could n't escape," he said, "and I tried my best to look the part of a cultivated prelate in good society. Do you know, I rather think that our separated brethren are pleased to see a glimpse of the purple at an afternoon tea. The wife of the Bap-

tist minister called me 'your lordship' twice; and a remarkably clever young woman asked me whether I liked novels with a 'heart interest' or not. Stephen Blodgett was there, too—like myself, a slave of duty; he looked like a young catechumen whose principles had forced him to attend one of Nero's saturnalias. It's all very nice, but the next time I agree to dine out, I'll see that there is no afternoon tea attachment."

"It's not for me to be making suggestions," said the secretary, who had spent his time in making suggestions ever since he had been in the seminary with the bishop, "but I think society is no place for a priest, let alone a bishop."

"Just hand me that breviary—I'm a little behindhand with my office," answered the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye. "I think Bracton might suit Blodgett."

The secretary's face assumed a look as of a god who battles in vain against fate.

"Steve Blodgett's a convert, a clerical dude, though I don't deny that he's good; but he's not one of our own people. The Irish factions and the Italians at St. Kevin's will make short work of him. The Moldonovos and the O'Keefes and the rest will eat him up."

The bishop laughed. "I believe that you've only one fault to find with the church: it is not all Irish—and Kerry Irish at that."

The secretary sighed. The bishop's persiflage always pained him. "To be sure," the bishop added, "he has no sense of humor; but that makes him all the more effective."

"He's the kind of man that would stop to have his pants pressed before he'd make a sick-call!"

"Pants!" breathed the bishop, scornfully.

Father Dudley, exasperated beyond endurance, raised his hands in appeal to the ceiling behind the bishop's back.

"It's well enough for an Episcopal minister to part his hair in the middle," Father Dudley broke in, after a pause. "And what'll he do among plain people, when he's so easily shocked? He's only fit for St. Pancratius, where everybody wears kid gloves and you have to strain your eyes before you'll find one of the poor. I dropped into his room the other day, and I found him looking at Tissot's pictures with a view to his Good Friday sermon!

As if a rousing sermon ever came out of pictures! And he recommended one of Canon Liddon's books. As if there was n't enough good theology in honest Latin! So, to get the cobwebs out of his mind, I told him a story. 'T was that finished him. He's no more fit to be over practical people than a child."

"I trust," said the bishop, gravely opening his breviary, "that the story was a proper one."

"Proper?" Father Dudley was almost speechless. "It was about my own cousin, Brian Cahill, who was frightfully jealous of the good fortune of his sister-in-law, Mary Lawlor. And when she got rich,—through her praying to St. Joseph, she always said,—Brian was as mad as if he himself had lost all he had in the world. She had bought a fine house, and she was showing Brian through it. When they came to the grand staircase that led up from the hall, she pointed out a fine stained-glass window. 'There was a heathen god there,' she said, 'but I had him taken out and St. Joseph put there, for 't was St. Joseph gave me the house.' Now Brian was boiling over with jealousy," said Father Dudley, warming with the story, "and he had his chance. 'Faith, Mary Lawlor,' he said, 't was more than he ever did for his own family.' And, when I expected him to laugh, Steve Blodgett's eyes bulged out as if I'd committed a mortal sin."

"A sense of humor sometimes causes us to be irreverent," said the bishop, demurely.

Again Father Dudley made a gesture of despair at the ceiling. The frivolity of his superior was more than he could bear.

"Bracton will suit him," the bishop continued, when he had carefully marked a place in the breviary. "The factory hands will keep his sense of duty busy, and there's the monastery—that will console him."

"It will," said Father Dudley, grimly. "Like all converts, he's half a monk. He'll introduce all the new foreign devotions before we know it. Not but what there are sensible people at Bracton that can be a help to him. There is Maginnis, who was worth his weight in gold to me as sexton when I was at St. Pancratius. He married Mary Ann Magee, the daughter of the widow that was such a pet of the sisters. Mrs. Magee has a laundry there, and is getting on well, with a big boarding-house full of factory hands."

"Ah, yes, I remember." The twinkle came back into the bishop's eyes. "And how is Mary Ann? Sister Margaret always predicted a bad end for her."

"A bad end!" exclaimed Father Dudley, who was famous as a champion of every member of all the flocks he had shepherded in his time. "She's the mother of four children and a model housewife. What do nuns know about the world? If Steve Blodgett goes to Bracton,—and the plain people can stand him,—Mrs. Magee and Sexton Maginnis will be as towers of strength to him among the factions. Maginnis is a good-natured soul, but it's the mother-in-law that has the brains of the family. You ought," he broke off suddenly, "to let the assistants go tramping out at night because an old woman has a toothache, instead of going out yourself, as you did last night. I don't want to suggest, but a bishop ought to know his place."

"By all means I'll put Father Blodgett in the care of your Kerry people," said the bishop, evading the last remark. "He's a saint and a gentleman,—which are, in my experience, two different things,—and as he finds his stay in a parish made up of good society a martyrdom, I'll give him a contrast."

As Maginnis was about to leave the kitchen with his empty clothes-basket, he was called to Father Dudley's office for a little friendly but dignified conversation.

"I'll do my best," Maginnis said, as he stood reverentially, hat in hand. "I hear, father,—or, at least, herself says she hears,—that Father Blodgett is as soft as a lamb. Herself says—not that Mary Ann has n't sense, too, but the childer take all her time—often that she do be pityin' them converts: it takes them a long time to get on to the ways of us."

"Well," said Father Dudley, looking bored, "the bishop never makes mistakes, but you and your worthy mother-in-law must see that Father Blodgett is not placed in a false position by those factions at Bracton. Mind that!"

THE Rev. Stephen Wetherill Blodgett was pleased when he received the bishop's amiable letter appointing him to Bracton. His soul panted, as the thirsty hart panted, for work among the lowly. The only son of exceedingly rich and affectionate

parents, he had never seen, except during his limited training in the seminary, what Father Dudley called the "virile" side of life. At the seminary he had been much liked and respected for his honesty and simplicity, though he had been set down as a mystic. And there were those who predicted that his rising inflection, his fondness for all the refinements of devotion, and his extremely serious way of taking life unfitted him for the rude shocks of a priestly career in what may reasonably be called a "missionary" country.

Erect, well groomed, with kind, steady brown eyes, and of a height that even overtopped Father Dudley's, he was too slender and ascetic in appearance to be, as the rotund Father Dudley was, "a fine figure of a man," yet he was very attractive. Even Father Dudley admitted this, with the comment, "but with his new Italian saints and his French fringes of devotion, you'd think he was a superstitious ritualist."

So far Father Blodgett had been a great success. The bishop made him do all the social duties which the older priests declined. He had been in great demand for fashionable marriages when the bishop was away on his tours of confirmation. As the Countess de Madrino, née Crowe, had remarked, he "composed so well with white orchids, orange-blossoms, and that sort of thing." The bishop, who hated secular functions, worked him hard; but so great was his respect for authority that whenever he was tempted to rebel he quoted St. Theresa. Father Dudley treated him as a fragile but amazing flower, and never lost his temper with him but once, and that was when he referred to the eminently respectable red-brick episcopal house as "his lordship's palace." Father Blodgett looked on Father Dudley as one of his earthly crosses. The old man with his red bandana, sprinkled with snuff, was particularly hard to bear.

Bracton is not a pretty place. The factories have destroyed its horizon and the coal-barges have spoiled its river. It is one of those "aggregations" that have grown up under new industrial conditions in the South. It is most unlike any of the typical Southern towns. There are no old families, there is very little poverty,—and none of it "gentle,"—there is not a single bed in which Lafayette slept, and there are only

two evening coats in the place; they belong to the imported waiters at the Bracton hotel.

At the time when Father Blodgett assumed the cure of souls in Bracton, Messrs. Joseph O'Keefe and Giuseppe Moldonovo were the leading capitalists, and they described themselves as New Yorkers. A monastery of German monks, for whom Bismarck had made their native land disagreeable, had been for ten years established near the town, on land which they had made to bloom as the proverbial rose.

Father Blodgett, in his humility, trembled for his own unworthiness when he entered the parish house of St. Kevin's. There was no housekeeper to welcome him, the lady in charge having retired when she heard that the new pastor was "particular." Mrs. Magee, capable, buxom, and smiling, was on hand, with a hot supper and her son-in-law, to assist in making the way smooth.

"It 's me that 's neglectin' my work, Maginnis, and I know it," said Mrs. Magee, emphatically, "but it 's not only in Christian charity that the poor man should have a bit and a sup: it 's of them Dagos I 'm thinkin'. If that Maria Moldonovo gets in here first, with her spaghetis and macaronis and her outlandish ways, there 'll be an Eye-talian housekeeper here, sure as fate. We 've got to crowd the creatures out, Maginnis. I 'm not one for keepin' up factions, or for nationality in religion; but I 'd hate to see that bold Isabella Moldonovo singin' soprano in the choir and the O'Keefe girl bossin' the Holy Angels' Sodality. The Dagos and the Tips ought to keep in their place—or *be* kept; not that Moldonovo ain't rich enough to buy us all out," she added, with a sigh.

Father Blodgett made no comments on his half-furnished house; his mind was intent upon the unpacking of a few treasures, books and pictures.

There was a pleasant patch of very young Bermuda grass in front of his house; his front window looked out on a stunted fig-tree and a crape-myrtle. All the air seemed of a tender green shot with red-gold, so fine were the reflections of the budding trees and soft shrub-sprays after the rain. The river, just beginning to be contaminated by the factories, shone, in the late afternoon, with all the tints of a fireopal.

Father Blodgett hung his principal trea-

sure—a big Braun photograph of Murillo's St. Antony and the Divine Child—on the east wall of his whitewashed chamber. The great arm-chair—a luxury he endured because his mother sent it—was placed near the west window; his prie-dieu stood at the foot of the enameled iron bedstead; and plumes of early white lilacs in a thick white china pitcher, on a small table, waved and wafted perfume in the breeze from the window.

"It 's God's room, safe and simple," thought the new pastor, as he stood on the one square of rag carpet near the bed and carefully watched the languid motions of Sexton Maginnis as he unpacked the books. "This is to be my world"; and he added, as the six-o'clock whistle blew, and groups of men, women, and children of all nationalities began to pour down the narrow mountain street, "these people shall be my people!"

His heart was full of devout gratitude. Here was peace; and he was part of the uncomplicated lives of the poor. How different it all was from the artificial atmosphere of the rich or the half-rich! Here there could be no social ambitions, no climbing for power, no rivalries. This spot and these honest folk would have delighted the heart of St. Francis. To guard these sheep, to guide them, to be part of the simple annals of the poor—this were happiness enough!

"And who sent the flowers?" he asked, smiling.

Maginnis laid down his hammer. He was deep in the last chapter of "Lady Violet," which was running through his mind. A blush made its way under the growth of hair on his cheeks. He had put the lilacs there, but he was ashamed to confess to a bit of sentiment. "Herself" had rebuked him for bringing in "them weeds." But he had to answer.

"'T was Lady—'t was Miss Violet Kingswood," he said, blushing until his eyes seemed doubly brown by contrast with the pink.

"Ah," said Father Blodgett, "it was most kind. Where does she live?"

"Up there," said Maginnis, with a vague wave of his hand.

"Most kind," murmured Father Blodgett; and indeed the sight of the delicate plumes was as stimulating as a grate fire in winter. "Is she one of my flock?"

"She's an old maid," said Maginnis, taking the crooked and the wide path on the impulse of the moment, "and I'm sorry to say she's not wan of our own people."

"She may see the light yet—perhaps she'll come to church. How came she to think of a stranger like me?"

"She do be takin' a great interest in everything," said Maginnis, putting a volume of Burton's "Anatomy" next to the "Moral Theology" of the Stonyhurst series.

"Here's my 'Flying Mercury'—quite safe," said Father Blodgett, as the expressman brought a long box into the room. Mrs. Magee, full of curiosity, entered and helped to open it.

"Put it over the chimney-piece, Maginnis—there's a good man."

The "Mercury" of John of Bologna, aerial, seemed ready to float over the white lilacs, impelled by the motive of the Spring. Mrs. Magee turned her head away.

"A haythen god stone cut by the Eyetilians," she murmured. "It's this way the Dagos do be corruptin' the innocent public. And he's put it where Father Dooner used to have St. Patrick." Maginnis viewed these symptoms with alarm. "It won't do, Maginnis, it won't do," she whispered. "Of course his reverence will not be after listenin' to a simple man, but you can talk to one of the brothers at the monastery. They'd not countenance this, though they are Dutch."

It was after nine o'clock when a kind of comfort had made itself evident in Father Blodgett's house. Maginnis asked if there was anything else to do, and Father Blodgett was filled with compunction. He had walked through the unfinished church, marked with pleasure the possibilities of the long garden at its back, and forgotten Maginnis.

"I'm sorry, my good man," he said; "your people are probably waiting for you at home."

"They don't miss me much," said Maginnis. "Mary Ann's content enough, with the childer and a novel, and herself does n't leave me much to do."

"How would you like to look after me? When you were sexton for Father Dudley you used to be able to do everything, I hear. Father Dudley told me I'd find you useful because you could press trousers." Father Dudley had maliciously said "pants," but Father Blodgett could not

bring himself to that. "But I'm sure you could be useful in many other ways. I'll need you to serve my mass, and I'd rather have you about the house than a woman, for some women are such gossips."

"Herself could send in your breakfast, and I'm sure she'd be glad to see me doing the rest for your reverence," answered Maginnis.

"Very well. And," added Father Blodgett, with a certain timidity, "if you hear any criticisms of me that you can't help hearing,—that you *can't* help hearing, mind!—I wish you'd tell me. If people should say pleasant things, I don't want to hear them. That's mere gossip. And don't be afraid to tell me the truth, for I'm not likely to hear it any other way. The words of the honest and the simple are the best for a priest to hear. I am not likely to come in intimate contact with the folk here, beyond my sacred duties."

"T was herself said he was no mixer," thought Maginnis, respectfully nodding.

"There's that Miss Kingswood you spoke about," went on the priest. "She may be a close observer, and one very often discovers one's defects from our separated brethren. And if, without a breach of confidence, you could tell me if she should see any mistakes of mine, it might do good. Perhaps there's somebody else."

Father Blodgett paused expectantly.

"Sure, there's Brother Gamboribus, at the monastery," said Maginnis, discovering by inspiration another mask for the opinion of Mrs. Magee. "He's what they call a Passionate monk, I think."

"Thank you." And Maginnis, properly tipped, was left free to return to the bosom of his family.

"It's not the likes of me that would presume to give his reverence advice," remarked Mrs. Magee, "but I can see that he needs it—and I'm satisfied you'll soon find a way, Maginnis, of showin' him where the Dagos and them purse-proud O'Keefes belong."

Maginnis did not reply. He felt helpless. He knew that he had invented ways of conveying the opinions of "herself" to Father Blodgett. At the same time he threw the blame of these ways on circumstances. Miss Violet Kingswood and Brother Gamboribus had sprung full-armed from his mouth, as it were. When Mary Ann called

him to hold the youngest baby while she read aloud from "Lady Violet," he resolved to get out of the deception—if he could.

Maginnis made himself so useful that the priest understood now what Father Dudley meant when he had recommended the sexton as his "valet." Mrs. Magee sent in the meals regularly, and the pastor, having arranged matters among his flock with that mixture of shyness and dignity that characterized him, thought that things were going too well. Here was a man to emulate St. Laurence—but where was the gridiron? He tried to find it.

"You have n't heard any complaints, have you, Maginnis?"

Maginnis, reddening as usual, bent his whole attention on the hat he was brushing.

"Brother Gamboribus has just been after sayin' that if you 've got a pagan god on your mantelpiece, 't is a bad example for them that do be dependin' on you to lead them to serve the Creator in this world and be happy forever in the next."

"Did he say that?"

"Her—his very words, your reverence. —The Lord forgive herself for puttin' them in my head," he added, aside.

Father Blodgett hesitated.

"Perhaps your brother is right," he said at last, with a sigh. "He knows these folk better than I do. Put the Mercury in the closet, Maginnis,—that is it!—carefully, in the bottom of the closet."

Maginnis rather sheepishly obeyed him.

"And Miss Violet Kingswood do be after findin' great fault with your visits to the Eye-talians. She says it excites jealousy."

"But I must visit these people; they 've been neglected long enough," returned Father Blodgett, somewhat sharply.

Maginnis's eyes reproached him.

"Go on." He invited the thorn.

"She says she thinks it a shame that the people that are buildin' up the country and supportin' the church should be made to take back seats for the Dagos."

"She surely could n't have—"

"I could n't repeat her exact words, but them was her sentiments; she spoke more refined-like," replied Maginnis, throwing himself into the situation.

"It is strange for a non-Catholic to take such an interest in my people," said Father Blodgett, divided between gratitude and vexation. "I'm sure she could n't have

meant just what you say. I don't care to make acquaintances, but perhaps it is my duty to see her. Where does she live?"

"Oh," exclaimed Maginnis, thrown off his balance, "she does n't live in Bracton now; she comes down every day by the B. and O. She's a lady of wealth, and she likes railways and visitin' the nagurs."

Maginnis was excited. He shuddered for a moment, but he had to go on.

"And, as it's my duty, I'll have to say that Brother Gamboribus has been cut to the ha-art that there's so much drinkin' goin' on in this house." Maginnis did not raise his eyes, but went on counting Father Blodgett's collars. "And I, savin' his presence, I told him he was wrong. 'It's a small bottle of wine only his reverence has,' says I. 'No matter,' says the brother; 'it will be hard to keep up a temperance society with them doin's goin' on.'"

Father Blodgett frowned.

"It is the Chianti Mr. Moldonovo has been kind enough to send me. I think that it is only a proper thing to use it; but if—"

"Miss Violet Kingswood says that a little good whisky three or four times a day would n't be so bad; but for the likes of you to be destroyin' your insides with—"

"A lady say that!" exclaimed Father Blodgett, in amazement. "Maginnis, you 've made a mistake."

"Faith, I have," returned Maginnis, readily. "Now I come to think of it, 't was Brother Gamboribus said it. 'Maginnis,' says he, 'I'm anxious for the souls of the circular clergy and the poor people they govern, and it's my belief, at present speakin', that Father Blodgett is weakenin' his influence by drinkin' Eye-talian trash with his meals. Whisky,' he says, says he, 'is drink for a strong man, but red vinegar out of a wicker basket is drink for neither man nor beast.'"

Father Blodgett was silent for a moment.

"Total abstinence is best for a priest, after all. I suppose that is what Brother Gamboribus meant. I must break my rule and call at the monastery to make his acquaintance."

"You'll not see him," said Maginnis, promptly. "He's that humble that he spends all his time in the cupola carvin' wooden figures."

"A real medieval friar," said Father Blodgett, brightening. "It's a great privilege to hear from him. If I seem some-

what abrupt, don't imagine, Maginnis, that I'm ungrateful to you or those good people; but I trust that they don't speak in this way to others."

"They speak only to me, your reverence, and they'd give a good tongue-lashin' to anybody that would say a word against you," asserted Maginnis, emphatically. "Indeed, it's me that would n't stand it."

"You're a good, simple man," Father Blodgett said, much moved; "and," he added, "if during all our lives we could get kind people to tell us exactly what criticisms our well-intentioned friends were making of us, we'd keep more bravely toward the road to perfection."

"Your reverence never said a truer wurud," said Maginnis, scrubbing a soap-dish with energy.

FATHER BLODGETT was exact in his duties; he spoke little with his grown-up parishioners, but all the children loved him. He seemed to have no sense of humor when with older people, but with children his sense of fun was great. He understood them, he never laughed at them, and their joys and sorrows were as open pages to him. Strange to say, as yet Miss Violet Kingswood and the pious Brother Gamboribus had no fault to find with his conduct to the children. And when Father Dudley, surprised by the unusual quiet that reigned at Bracton,—the Bractonians having by their racial quarrels almost driven their old pastor into the monastic life,—asked Maginnis about the new pastor, the answer was evasive:

"He's not bad for a man born in this country, and a convert at that; but he do be needin' a deal of lookin' after."

Father Dudley smiled. In spite of the bishop's belief in Father Blodgett's success, a kid-glove man would never do there.

Father Blodgett's course, however, was not entirely pleasing to Miss Kingswood or Brother Gamboribus, though they were silent for fear that the pastor might insist on hunting them up. But when the Society of St. Rita—formerly the Revolutionary Association of Garibaldi—announced a banquet in the room over the post-office, and Father Blodgett had agreed to address the members in his best Tuscan, they spoke. It was only after a week's nagging from "herself" that Maginnis was forced to quote them.

"It's not for the likes of me to do much talkin'," he said as he brought in the priest's coffee on the morning before the banquet, "but Miss Violet is much hurt at the way you're actin' toward the Dagos."

"Please speak more respectfully; I will not have any of my people misnamed, Maginnis."

"Holy Moses!" muttered Maginnis, under his breath, "he'll begin by taking up the nagurs next. Miss Violet," he went on aloud, "says, says she, 'If he goes on as he does with the furrigners, he'll be encouragin' the nagurs next, and we'll have missy-genation among us. Is n't,' she says, with tears in her eyes, 'is n't there enough Christian saints but that Father Blodgett should be puttin' up a big figure of a Da—Eye-talian saint, that nobody ever heard of, on a side altar? It will be the ruin of the church,' says she; 'I can see with my mind's eye mobs of Eye-talians prayin' to the queer saints and not one payin', says she.'"

"Does she know," asked Father Blodgett, severely, "that these poor Italians love St. Rita as the servant of the Lord, and that on the very day that statue went up, their hideous, atheistical Garibaldian banners went down? Does she know that?"

"I did n't think your reverence would be angry with a poor boy that's only doin' what you asked him to do. It's little I like to be gossipin'."

"Perhaps I have done wrong to bother you about this matter. I need more humility or I should n't find fault with your simplicity. What does this Miss Kingswood look like?"

"She's a short lady, with a pink parasol and a blue fan."

"I think I saw her yesterday at the post-office; and if I meet her again I'll speak to her."

"Did she wear men's high boots?" demanded Maginnis, in alarm, "and did she carry a cane?"

"No; certainly not."

"T was not Miss Violet, then," cried Maginnis, relieved. "Miss Violet's con-centric-like."

"Eccentric? I should think so. She is unreasonable, too. The Italians are doing their best."

"They're no good," exclaimed Maginnis, unguardedly. "They're no more to be

trusted than the Dutch. At least, they were the very words of Brother Gamboribus."

"I thought Brother Gamboribus was a German himself," said Father Blodgett, coldly.

There was a pause.

"It was the Dutch he mentioned. Not that he's all for his own people, like the Eye-Italians and the Tips."

Father Blodgett's brow clouded. He propped a catalogue of a stained-glass window factory against the sugar-bowl. Maginnis waited in trepidation. The quiet was ominous.

"I've been unreasonable, too. I asked you for these opinions, and yet I'm growing irritated because you give them to me in your own language. I believe I'm as illogical as some of the higher critics of the Bible," he added, laughing to himself. "You may take my winter overcoat."

"Thank you," answered Maginnis, humbly. "I'll never say a word again."

"But you must; and I shall get accustomed to unpleasant things. I can't be angry with an honest man."

Maginnis winced, but the grasp of "herself" was strong upon him.

"Brother Gamboribus says that he wonders why your reverence went to the party the other night at the O'Keefes', with their fine silver and china and a pianny, and Rosalia O'Keefe with her dress half off her shoulders. 'It's the ha-ard-workin' poor,' he says, says he, 'that his reverence ought to be visitin'.'"

"Brother Gamboribus?"

"Sure, I've mixed 'em up. 'T was Miss Violet that said it."

"Miss Violet had better—" Father Blodgett compressed his lips. "But go on."

"'T is not good for the clergy to be visitin' the rich,' says she, 'and I vow to Heaven that I hope the people won't be noticin' the partiality that his reverence shows to the O'Keefe twins.'"

Father Blodgett's frown made Maginnis stop. The priest's eyes were fixed in the space outside the east window.

"There is a woman with a pink parasol going into the B. and O. station. It is doubtless your Miss Kingswood. Give me my hat; I'll go and speak with her."

"Holy Moses!" breathed Maginnis, "his reverence will think I'm a liar if he does. No, no. Miss Kingswood left for New York for good last night. She's married a nagur."

"And Brother Gamboribus?" said Father Blodgett, slowly. "I must see him at once, then."

"You can't!" shrieked Maginnis, losing his presence of mind. "He died this mornin' with dropsy of the ha-art—and, besides, he can't speak English."

Father Blodgett gazed long at Maginnis, whose red hair paled in contrast with his face.

"You may go home and tell Mrs. Magee, with my compliments, to keep you there."

"I only hope," spoke Maginnis, putting his head in at the door, "that your reverence won't think I'm a liar."

"Bad cess to herself for leadin' me into it," he muttered on his way to the laundry. "If I get the whole of the stations for it as a penance 't will be little enough; but what will herself say? Sure the Dagos and the O'Keefes are on top."

"I SEE with pleasure," said the bishop, re-reading a letter, "that Father Blodgett has united the factions at Bracton. Messrs. Moldonovo and O'Keefe have subscribed each a thousand dollars for the completion of the church, and the societies of St. Patrick and St. Rita are to have a joint banquet on the Fourth of July."

"It's a strange world," responded Father Dudley, sadly; "and nobody's gladder than I that you were right *this* time, bishop."





Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"YOU MAY GO HOME AND TELL MRS. MAGEE, WITH MY COMPLIMENTS,
TO KEEP YOU THERE"



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A PARTY OF CITY CHILDREN ARRIVING AT A FARM

CHILDREN OF THE PEOPLE

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "The Battle with the Slums," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON



"BOSH!" said my friend, jabbing impatiently with his stick at a gaunt cat in the gutter, "all bosh! A city has no heart. It's incorporated selfishness; has to be. Slopping over is not business. City is all business. A poet's dream, my good fellow; pretty but moonshine!"

We turned the corner of the tenement street as he spoke. The placid river lay before us, with the moonlight upon it. Far as the eye reached, up and down the stream, the shores lay outlined by rows of electric lamps, like strings of shining pearls; red lights and green lights moved upon the water. From a roofed-over pier near by came the joyous shouts of troops of children, and the rhythmic tramp of many feet to the strains of "Could you be true to eyes of blue if you looked into eyes of brown?" A "play-pier" in evening session.

I looked at my friend. He stood gazing out over the river, hat in hand, the gentle sea-breeze caressing the lock at his temple that is turning gray. Something he started to say had died on his lips. He was listening to the laughter of the children. What thoughts of days long gone, before the office and the market reports shut youth and sunshine out of his life, came to soften the hard lines in his face, I do not know. But as I watched, the music on the pier died away in a great hush. The river with its lights was gone; my friend was gone. The years were gone with their burden. The world was young once more.

I was in a court-room full of men with pale, stern looks. I saw a child brought

in, carried in a horse-blanket, at the sight of which men wept aloud. I saw it laid at the feet of the judge, who turned his face away, and in the stillness of that court-room I heard a voice raised claiming for the human child the protection men had denied it, in the name of the homeless cur of the street. And I heard the story of little Mary Ellen told again, that stirred the soul of a city and roused the conscience of a world that had forgotten. The sweet-faced missionary who found Mary Ellen was there, wife of a newspaper man—happy augury: where the gospel of faith and the gospel of facts join hands the world moves. She told how the poor consumptive in the dark slum tenement, at whose bedside she daily read the Bible, could not die in peace while "the child they called Mary Ellen" was beaten and tortured in the next flat; and how on weary feet she went from door to door of the powerful, vainly begging mercy for it and peace for her dying friend. The police told her to furnish evidence, prove crime, or they could not move; the societies said, "Bring the child to us legally, and we will see; till then we can do nothing"; the charitable said, "It is dangerous to interfere between parent and child; better let it alone"; and the judges said that it was even so: it was for them to see that men walked in the way laid down, not to find it—until her woman's heart rebelled in anger against it all, and she sought the great friend of the dumb brute, who made a way.

"The child is an animal," he said. "If there is no justice for it as a human being, it shall at least have the rights of the cur in the street. It shall not be abused."

And as I looked I knew that I was where the first charter of the children's

rights was written under warrant of that made for the dog; for from that dingy court-room, whence a wicked woman went to jail, thirty years ago came forth the Children's Aid Society, with all it has meant to the world's life. It is quickening its pulse to this day in lands and among peoples who never spoke the name of my city and Mary Ellen's. For her—her life has run since like an even summer stream between flowery shores. When last I had news of her, she was the happy wife of a prosperous farmer up-State.

The lights on the river shone out once more. From the pier came a chorus of children's voices singing "Sunday Afternoon" as only East Side children can. My friend was listening intently. Aye, well did I remember the wail that came to the Police Board, in the days that are gone, from a pastor over there. "The children disturb our worship," he wrote; "they gather in the street at my church and sing and play while we would pray"; and the bitter retort of the police captain of the precinct: "They have no other place to play; better pray for sense to help them get one." I saw him the other day—the preacher—singing to the children in the tenement street and giving them flowers; and I knew that the day of sense and of charity had swept him with it.

The present is swallowed up again, and there rises before me the wraith of a village church in the far-off mountains of Pennsylvania. It is Sunday morning at midsummer. In the pulpit a young clergyman is preaching from the text: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto me." The sun peeps through the windows, where climbing roses nod. In the tall maples a dove is cooing; the drowsy hum of the honey-bee is on the air. But he reckons not of these, nor of the peaceful day. His soul has seen a vision of hot and stony streets, of squalid homes, of hard-visaged, unlovely childhood, of mankind made in His image twisted by want and ignorance into monstrous deformity: and the message he speaks goes straight to the heart of the plain farmers on the benches; His brethren these, and steeped in the slum! They gather round him after the service, their hearts burning within them.

I see him speeding the next day toward

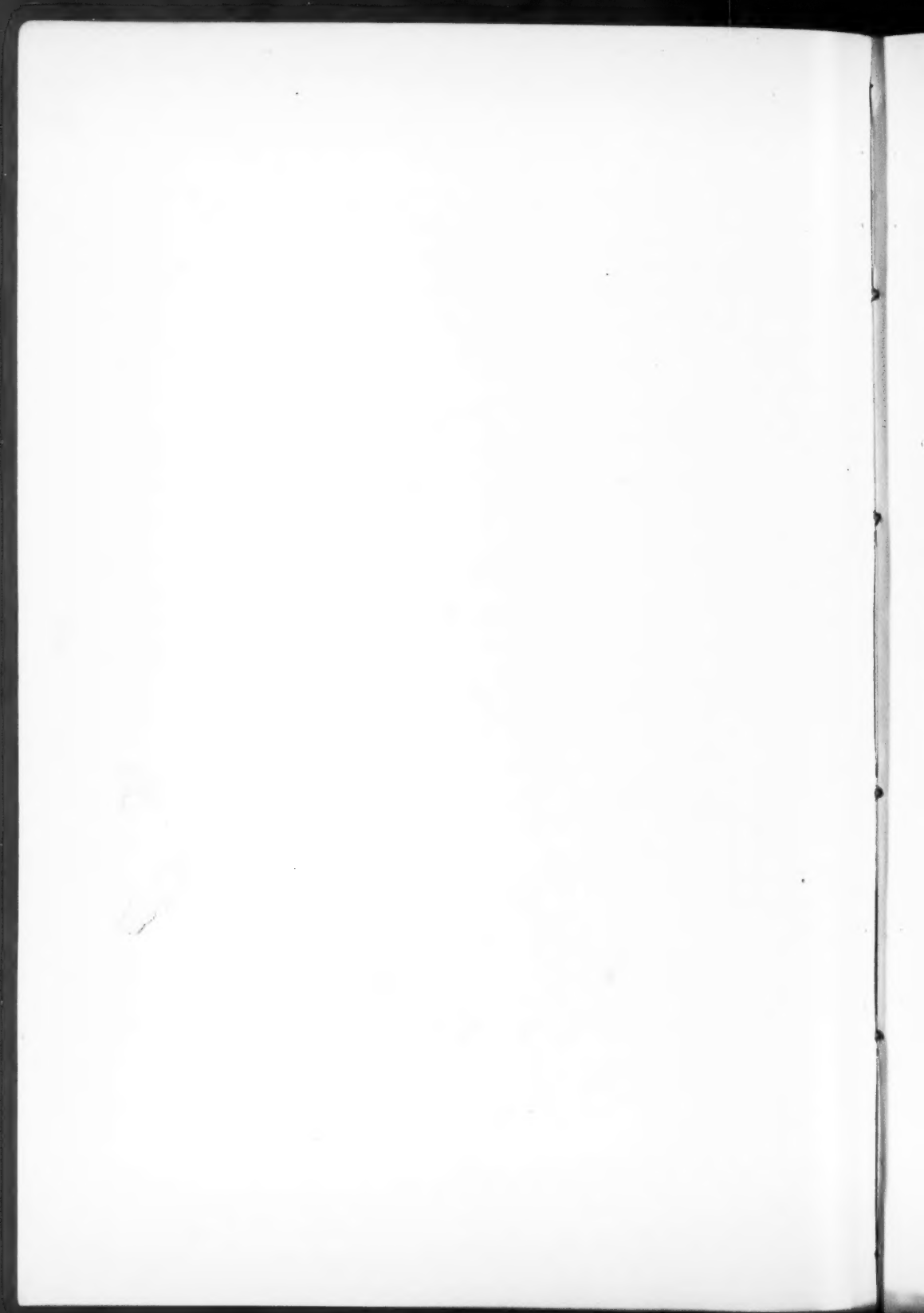
the great city, a messenger of love and pity and help. I see him return before the week's end, nine starved urchins clinging to his hands and the skirts of his coat, the first Fresh Air party that went out of New York, twenty-seven years ago next summer. I see the big-hearted farmers take them into their homes and hearts. I see the sun and the summer wind put back color in the wan cheek, and life in the shrunken and starved frame. I hear the message of one of the little ones to her chums left behind in the tenement: "I can have two pieces of pie to eat, and nobody says nothing if I take three pieces of cake"; and I know what it means to them. Laugh? Yes! laugh and be glad. The world has sorrow enough. Let in the sunshine where you can, and know that it means life to these, life now and a glimpse of the hereafter. I can hear it yet, the sigh of the tired mother under the trees on Twin Island, our Henry-street children's summer home: "If heaven is like this, I don't care how soon I go."

For the sermon had wings; and whither-soever it went blessings sprang in its track. Love and justice grew; men read the brotherhood into the sunlight and the fields and the woods, and the brotherhood became real. I see to-day Willard Parsons, the minister, no longer so young, sitting in his office in the "Tribune" building, still planning Fresh Air holidays for the children of the hot, stony city. But he seeks them himself no more. A thousand churches, charities, kindergartens, settlements, a thousand preachers and doers of the brotherhood, gather them in. A thousand trains of many crowded cars carry them to the homes that are waiting for them wherever men and women with warm hearts live. The message has traveled to the farthest shores, and nowhere in the Christian world is there a place where it has not been heard and heeded. Wherever it has, there you have seen the heart of man laid bare; and the sight is good.

"Way — down — yonder — in — the — corn-field," brayed the band, and the shrill chorus took up the words. At last they meant something to them. It was worth living in the day that taught that lesson to the children of the tenements. Other visions, new scenes, came trooping by on the refrain: the farm-homes far and near where they found, as the years passed and

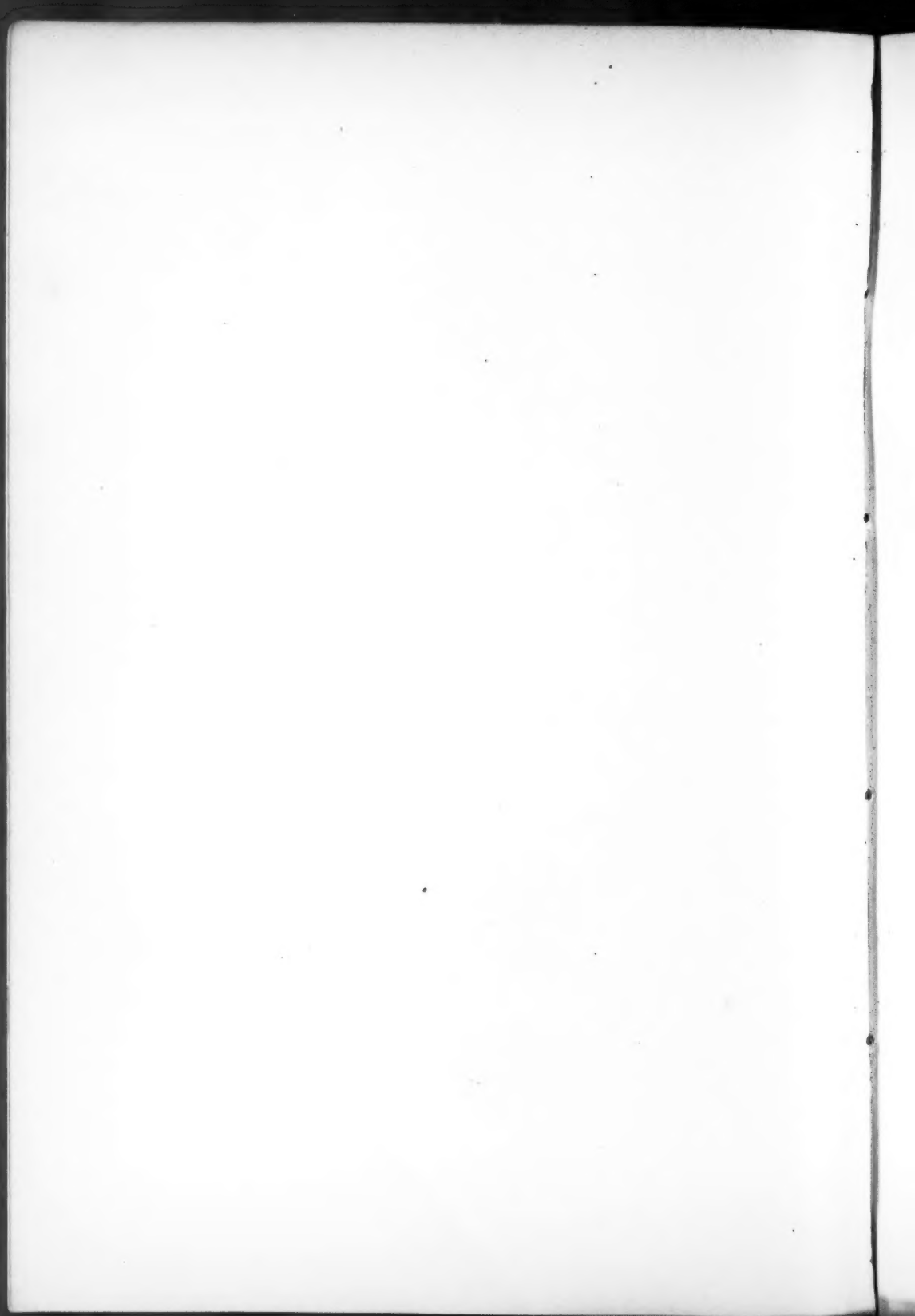


AMONG THE MARSH-MALLOWS





CHILDREN OF THE PRESS



the new love grew and warmed the hearts, that they had entertained angels unawares; the host of boys and girls, greater than would people a city, that have gone out to take with the old folks the place of the lads who would not stay on the land, and have grown up sturdy men and women, good citizens, governors of States some of them, cheating the slum of its due; the floating hospitals that carry their cargoes of white and helpless little sufferers down the bay in the hot summer days, and bring them back at night sitting bolt upright at the supper-table and hammering it with their spoons, shouting for more; the new day that shines through the windows of our school-houses, dispelling the nightmare of dry-as-dust pedagogy, and plants brass-bands upon the roof of the school, where the children dance and are happy under the stars; that builds play-piers and neighborhood parks in which never a sign "Keep off the Grass" shall stand to their undoing; that grows school-gardens in the steps of the kindergarten, makes truck-farmers on city lots of the toughs they

would have bred, lying waste; that strikes the fetters of slavery from childhood in home and workshop, and breaks the way for a better to-morrow. Happy vision of a happy day that came in with the tears of little Mary Ellen. Truly they were not shed in vain.

There was a pause in the play on the pier. Then the strains of "America" floated down to us where we stood.

"Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light,"

came loud and clear in the childish voices. They knew it by heart, and no wonder. To their fathers, freedom was but an empty name, a mockery. My friend stood bare-headed till the last line was sung:

"Great God, our King!"

then he put on his hat and nodded to me to come. We walked away in silence. To him, too, there had come in that hour the vision of the heart of the great city; and before it he was dumb.



HOW "SANDY CLAWS" TREATED POP BAKER

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ



T is certain that Pop Baker never heard of Santa Claus in the days of his early youth. He was over seventy years old, although no one would ever have guessed it. When he was a yellow-haired urchin he was as far away from civilization as are the inhabitants of Central Africa nowadays. Louisville was a prosperous community in the early thirties of the nineteenth century,—one where the brother of the poet Keats and other scholars found polished and congenial society,—and it was only twelve miles away; but the way to it from the highlands far south of the city was over swampy morasses and through vast stretches of the "Wet Woods," forests so dense that even the Indians turned aside from them. There grew numerous ash-trees and the larger forest monarchs, and all were so thickly set together that the white man did not force his way through them for a century. Beyond them lay the hills, huge shoulders and boulders; and here Pop Baker was born, and here he lived in 1902.

Over seventy years old was he, very tall and very straight and broad-shouldered, and slightly silvered of hair and chin-beard. Also he was rosy-faced and merry-eyed. Fate had found him a hard nut to crack, and left him at the end of the span of man's life unscathed and wholesome. He had been married twice at least. He had several children, of whom "Doc" and "Jimpsey" remained on this mundane sphere, shiftless hill billies, with none of the old man's grit or philosophy. Another, a daughter, Mahale by name, had achieved notoriety by the accumulation of nine children in a dozen years. She departed this life "thout doin' no more dammidge,"

Pop said, "than ter leave seven livin'." The "seven livin'" proved for half a dozen years the old man's burden. He mothered them, and he allowed the father, Pete Mason, to live under his own roof. But when "leetle Pop" was six years old, his grandsire decided on a course of action, and was prompt indeed about it. He caught Pete at the rail fence one morning when the latter was mounting a mule to ride off to Pausch's Corners for an early bracer-up.

"Petey, I hear ye air goin' reg'lar-like up ter Kuykendall's. Thet air all right, but ye mought ez well be narratin', over yan, thet ye 've the seven livin' ter pervide fer yit. I 'm a-gittin' ter thet time o' life when I wanter hev a leetle freedom 'n' enj'ym't. Ye mought ez well let on ter whichever one of them gels ye 're shinin' up ter thet, ef she air bent on marryin', she must tek the hull bunch 'long wid ye."

Peter narrowed his eyes.

"Ye mought mek a sheer-up," he debated; "thar 's a hull lot o' 'em."

Pop Baker shook his head decidedly.

"I 'm too old ter be raisin' famblies," he said, "an' ye 'll hev ter rustle a leetle more yerself from this hyah time on, Petey. They air all on their feetses now, an' rale fat an' sassy. Ef one of them Kuykendall gels hain't willin', consort elsewhar. I calkilate ter give ye a mule, a bar'l o' sorghum, an' three feather beds fer the childern. Ye must do fer yerself with yer settin' out from wharever ye marry any one."

As Peter Mason was still a strapping, swaggering fellow, he had little difficulty in persuading Georgella Kuykendall to assume the position of stepmother to the "seven livin'" and wife to himself. The

family removed themselves in the spring-time clear over Mitchell's Hill, and, under Georgella's thrifty and energetic reign, got on fairly well.

For the first time in his life Pop Baker enjoyed the sweets of entire freedom. He fought off Jimsey's vehement offers to "keep house" and Doc's inclination to make his home a half-way tavern between his own cabin and Pausch's Corners. He had thirty acres to farm, two mules, and a cow. His house was part stone and part log, with a noble chimney of rough stone. He had wood and water and a garden.

All summer he reveled. He worked when he chose, he hitched up and rode around in a buckboard behind his best mule, whose name was Bully Boy. All his meat came from the woods—birds, rabbits, squirrels, racoons, and even a fat opossum now and then.

"Look at thet muscle, wull ye?" he would say to the young men pitching quoits at the picnics. "Thet thar muscle hev been made tough on work an' wild meat. Tame meat never made a man like I be."

He had his own ideas of sport.

"D' ye s'pose I 'd ever kill fer the pleasure o' hearin' a noise an' seein' a creatur' die?" he said. "I live like the birds an' the varmints. I kill ter eat—the Almighty's way."

In front of him, across the rough road and over a half-cleared and enchanting woodland of old trees, rose the wildest of hills to the west; and behind him, half a mile to the east and south, were other cones and shoulders, strangely formed and freakishly upheaved, with narrow hollows between them and meandering streams tearing down, and falling down, and laughing over jagged rocks. Over the rarely trodden forests and on these hills tramped Pop Baker at will. He gave his whole soul to the delight of solitude, of falling in with nature's moods. His heart grew more tender as the days went by. He gathered a great hoard of nuts for the children. He halved the crop from his patch of pop-corn, and he traded corn for a barrel of red apples. Something was working in him that, in earlier years, had never bothered him. The "seven livin'" had brought in Christmas and "Sandy Claws" to the cabin with them, and the idea would not be swept out with their going.

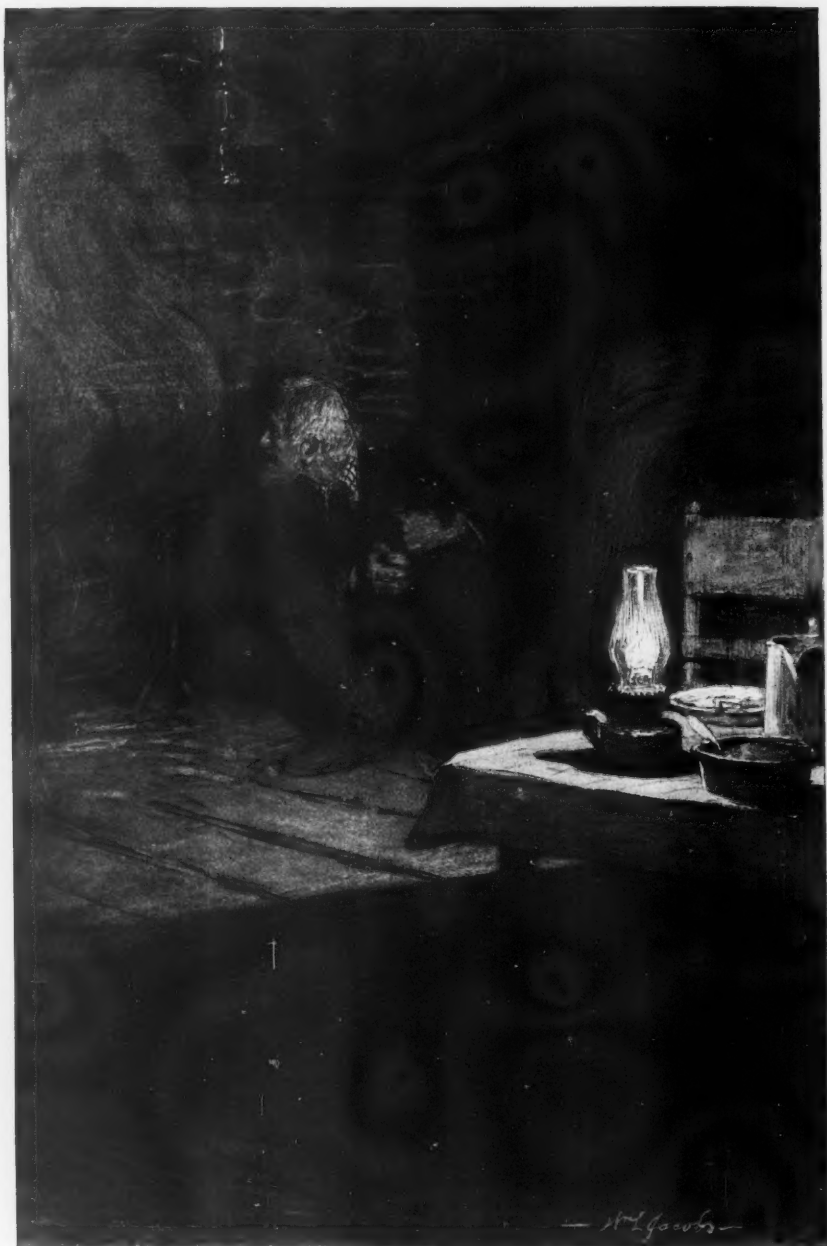
All along through the fall Pop Baker was the maddest of merrymakers at the dances, the weddings, infares, and quiltings. He never heard of any social event, far or near, but he greased up his boots, tied his red comforter round his neck, and racked Bully Boy over the hills to it. He never waited for an invitation, and he was always expected. There was sure to be some congenial spirit there, either a young widow or a mischievous girl willing to spite a bashful swain, or, at the worst, one or two uproarious young blades to slap him on the shoulder.

Nothing daunted him, nothing stayed him. The cold only made his cheeks rosier; his eyes sparkled. They called him "Old Christmas hisself"; they applauded him, and egged him on to dance and flip speech. So the days and nights passed, and Christmas was at hand.

Bully Boy and The Other—for Pop Baker disdained, in his partiality, to name his less intelligent mule—pulled up over Jefferson Hill and down into Bullitt County with Pop's Christmas for Mahale's young ones in the wagon. There were the apples and the nuts, the molasses, and a big green ham. Mrs. Peter gave him a welcome, a good meal, and started him home early. To her he was only an old man who ought to be in his chimney-corner at night. The seven swarmed lovingly over him as he mounted the seat. "Leetle Pop" smeared him with molasses as he murmured:

"Wanter buss ye one, gran'dad. Ye 're so dern goody, ye air!"

Then came a splendid ride homeward under the frosty starlight. Pop Baker sat on an old skin robe and rode with a bed-comfort and a horse-blanket around his legs. Straw heaped the wagon-bed in front of the empty barrel. The wagon wheels creaked over the road, broke into the forming ice on Knob Creek, and rattled down the steep slope of Mitchell's Hill. Then along the deep shadowy ways he passed through interminable woods, where sometimes there were hollows hundreds of feet below him, and sometimes there was a narrow cut under a rocky cliff where dry branches broke and crackled down. Sometimes there appeared below him, like fire-flies or sparkling human eyes, half-frozen streams that ran and crossed, and reflected back the stars. Bully Boy had his master's own spirit, and literally dragged The Other



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THIS AIR IS SHORELY JIMPSEY'S DOIN'S"

up and down hill right sturdily. Pop Baker did not have to drive. Bully Boy would have resented any imputation of being driven. He knew every step of the way, and he pulled—that was his duty, Christmas or Fourth of July—without shirking. Pop took it easy, and watched the processional of the stars across the cathedral of the heavens. Now he was on the highest point of the county, on Jefferson Hill. Far, far away in the wide valley he saw glows of light. He knew that there lay the distant city, with its hundreds of shop-windows lighted up and Christmas-gay, draped with tinsels and bright colors, and full of what in his sterner moments he called "trash," in his softer moods "purties." The thick carpet of fallen leaves on the road deadened the sound of the wheels and the mules' feet. Pop Baker looked at the stars with a new awe and joy.

"Might' fine, them! Sorter hail a man ter notice. Seen 'em walkin' over thet big space many a night, but, dern it all! they never war so bright. Might' good comp'ny—the bestes' o' comp'ny fer an ol' man. Merry 'n' cheerful, 'n' deliverin' the message thet thar hain't no doin' erway with whutever air made 'n' placed—anywhar. Thet's whut I hev figgered out. I been put right here, 'n' I hev figgered out I 'm in the percession, an' boun' ter stay,—out o' sight er in sight,—perceedin' on an' never stoppin', 'ca'se I oncet war made an' do be."

No human being had ever seen the rapt face Pop Baker turned to the stars—no one but his Maker.

"Folkses thinks ez how I 'd git lonesome; but when a man gits ter some age, he air got suthin' er nothin' in 'im—Dern yer buttons, Bully Boy! whut air ye stoppin' fer?"

There was a halloo, clear and high, from the bottom of the hill.

"An' ye heared thet when I did n't, Boy? Waal, consarn ye! whut else hev I got sech a smart mule fer? Halloo, yer-self, down thar!"

"Come on down!" came up a stentorian sound. Then a hound barked long and loud.

"Tobey shore we wull, Bully Boy," commented Pop Baker; "fer I 'll bet ye yer feed it's some un thet hev been ter town an' got plumb full o' Sandy Claws, wagon-

bed an' all. We air comin' down!" he hallooed merrily; then he began singing one of his own improvised songs on cider—the one that was always the chief delight of the hill folk's revels and routs:

"Ol' Unkie Doc an' the cider-pot!
He liked um col' an' he liked um hot;
Stick in the poker, an' make um sizz,
Hi! d' ye know how good thet is?"

"Teety-ti, tooty-too!
You likes me, an' I likes you;
Stick in the poker, an' make um sizz,
Hi! d' ye know how good thet is?"

He had rollicking company in the chorus long before he got to the bottom of the hill. If you had seen that hill you would have said that Bully Boy tumbled down it. As for The Other, it was his place in the order of things to fall after.

"Hi! d' ye know how good thet is?"

And there the two wagons stood side by side at a slightly widened curve in the steep road.

"Now, would ye think it!" said a sarcastic voice. "Ef it hain't Pop Baker, an' not some young rake a-trapesin' after a sweetheart on a Christmas eve. But I orter 'a' knowed thet mule. Not another un in the county 'd run down Jefferson thet erway."

"He air gittin' thar, Dink Smith," retorted Pop Baker; "'sides, Bully Boy air allers cavortin' arter nightfall, goin' er comin'. The Other has plumb los' his wind, I swanny! Waal, how 's Christmas?"

"Burnin' me up," replied Dink, facetiously. "I sold a hawg, an' some sorghum, an' some eggs, an' some butter, an' dried peaches. Got groceries in thet box, closes in thar, 'n' small tricks fer the kids in thet thar chip basket. Stop yer howlin', ye Dan'el Webster!"

The hound in the wagon whined and subsided.

"Wonder yer ol' woman hain't erlong with ye," observed Pop Baker.

"I guess ye hain't heared thet we got a boy yistidday," returned the young hill man. "Yes, by the great horn spoon, we got 'im, Pop! An' looky here whut I bought fer 'im—now! Jes ye wait—I 'll strike a match. Ye shorely must see them thar purties—jes must."

By the light of several matches a small

pair of red-top boots were exhibited, handled, and commented upon. Pop Baker's face was a study.

"Waal, waal!" he said, much impressed, "thar 's a thing ter grow up ter fit! Um-m-m! Dink, I 'd 'a' got ye ter hev fotched me a pair o' them ef ever I 'd 'a' known sech things war. Whar did ye git 'em?"

"Seen um in a winder," said Dink, solemnly. "Hones' Injun, Pop, I war so 'feard they 'd be sold afore I got back a-sellin' my hawg, I jes went in regardless, an' ast the storekeep' ter wrop 'em up 'n' let Dan'el Webster hyah guard 'em. He gimme jes half an hour. Dawg my buttons ef the houn' would let a pusson in the store! But I got them small boots, Pop! Ain't them beaut's, heh?"

"Them shorely air," asserted Pop Baker, solemnly. "Ye air too lucky fer it ter last, Dink—a boy, 'n' strikin' them boots. Waal, I wisht ye merry Christmas! It air gittin' cold, hain't it?"

"Whut ye expectin' yerself?" quoth Dink, whose heart had opened under Pop's generous praise. "Ye orter hev suthin' fine yerself, shorely."

Pop tried to pass it off airily.

"I dunno whut Sandy Claws 'll do fer me," he said slowly. "I did mention ter Jimpey thet I 'd feel peart ter middlin' ef the ol' chap 'd drap me a real visible houn' pup down the chimbley. Thet larst houn' I hed ouden Ase Blivin's breed war thet triflin' an' cross thet the neighbors pizened him. He clumb right up inter passin' wagons. I wanter own a pup thet hev got some nateral understandin', an' ef he bites when he 's growed up, he wull bite with reason."

"Dawgs air truly gittin' might' triflin' these days," commented Dink, leaning back. "But, Pop, I 'm goin' ter give ye suthin' I got right off a rale peart Sandy Claws pack up in town. An' don't ye open it tell ye git it home, an' ye gits yer fire a-goin' good, an' air settin' roun' thar. Then ye puts yer box on a cheer 'n' ye turns on the leetle wire. Dern it all, but I wisht I war thar when ye does it! Ye 're sech a sport yerself thet I hates ter miss it."

"Hain't I robbin' o' ye?" asked Pop Baker, politely, although he was leaning far over and reaching out his hand in the wildest curiosity.

"Naw, naw; the feller threw thet thar

trick in—an' I got some other stuff. I 'll jes keep a-bustin' ter-morrer ter think o' ye an' thet box. Waal, here 's ter yer Christmas in the mornin', Pop! So long, ye!"

Pop Baker clasped the small, hard parcel ecstatically to his breast while mechanically holding the reins. Bully Boy seemed to realize the importance of haste as he fairly bounded on, dragging The Other without any mercy. They rattled over the stony creek road, and finally reached the low house. In twenty minutes Pop Baker had given the mules a big feed in the barn, and was stirring up his carefully covered wood fire on the hearth with a pine stick. It struck him that the room was very nice and warm.

The pine stick flared up high, and Pop Baker looked up at the high, rough mantel-board for the one small tin lamp that he possessed. A new glare struck his eye. On the shelf sat a shining glass lamp, with a clean chimney and full of oil.

"Don't thet beat anything in the hull world?" observed Pop Baker. "An' thet door hooked up ez keerful ez usual. Now I never kalkilated ter own sech a 'lumination ez thet wull shorely make. Hain't thet purty? Dern it! it air too fine ter dirty up. It jes does me good ter see it settin' roun'. Whar 's my old one?"

He turned about, with his pine stick still blazing high. On his bed was a new patchwork quilt. In his arm-chair was a patchwork cushion. The table on which he had that morning left some very dirty dishes was spread with a new red oil-cloth, and on it were sundry parcels and covered pans.

"Sandy Claws hev gone inter the feedin' business, hit 'pears like. Waal, I 'm seventy-odd, 'n' he never lit in on me afore. Shorely we live ter l'arn these hyah dayes."

Delighted, he uncovered fresh bread and pies and cakes and a cold roasted rabbit. He lighted his tin lamp, and stirred up a heartsome fire of great logs. The cabin glowed and grew gloriously warm. A friendly cricket chirped upon the hearth as he ate heartily and finally set out a large stone pitcher of hard cider. He poured in some molasses and then thrust an iron poker through the red embers. On Pop Baker's face was a beautiful and tender light, in his blue eyes great love and faith in his fellow-men. The Christmas

glow was in his heart, the Christmas peace brooding over him.

Then, and only then, he carefully pulled up a chair and unwrapped the little box Dink Smith had given him. It perched saucily upon the edge of the chair, and Pop sat down before it. He cut a long pine sliver carefully, and solemnly and breathlessly he touched the frail little wire fastening. *Zip!* it was open! There jumped up a rosy-faced, smiling jack-in-the-box with a fringe of gray hair and a perky chin-beard. It stared right saucily at Pop Baker, and with the utmost indifference to his opinion. As for Pop, he was so amazed that he had no words. He stared and he retreated and he advanced, wholly fascinated. Then he put his hands down on his knees and he roared with laughter.

"Waal, I 'm jes jee-whizzled ef hit ain't my pictur' ter a T! Sandy Claws must hev spotted me. An' I got on a blue night-gownd with posies on it. Hain't yer ol' Pop Baker dyked out fer Christmas? Waal, I never would hev b'lieved it, not ef ye 'd told me fer years an' years; but thar I am, an' whut am I goin' ter do but b'lieve it? Waal, whut next? Do I shet up any more in thet box, er do I sleep a-standin'?"

He examined the toy with cautious fingers, but soon discovered the workings of the spring. At last he gently closed the box and deposited the precious thing beside the precious cheap glass lamp on the mantel-shelf.

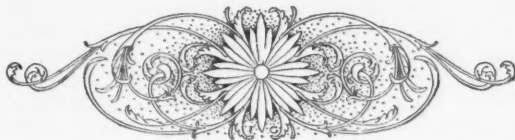
"I could n't stan' Sandy Claws a-doin' of much more," he said reverently, "er the Almighty thet air marchin' erlong them stars. I kalkilate them two pussons air erbout the same, me not bein' up much in religion. Whut in the dickens air up? Air my house on fire? Woo-o-o!"

For a bucket or two of water was suddenly poured down his big chimney, raising a thick white steam. As this died

away, a long pole let down an old basket, and, with a violent lurch from above, the contents tumbled far out on the bare floor. It was a shrieking, howling black puppy, a beautiful curly little creature that trembled like a leaf when Pop Baker jumped to its rescue and folded it in his arms.

"Dern yer buttons up yan! would ye bake the dawg a-playin' of yer Sandy Claws? This air is shorely Jimpsey's doin's. Waal, they need n't 'a' put my fire out, need they, leetle Christmas? By gum, hain't he a beauty? Sech thick ha'r! I never hev seen sech a pup. I bet he 's got sense; I bet he 's pure breed out o' suthin' 'sides them sneakin' ol' hill houn's. Thar, ye jes lie on my bed while I sees who air playin' Sandy Claws on ter my roof. Oh, I hears ye goin' rattlin' down my clapboards, I does! Ye means well, ye means well. Ef this here hain't a Christmas ter be marked with a stone! The Lord bless 'em all! I 'm gittin' ter be ol', but ol' age air the bestes' time, the merries', free time. Sandy Claws never come a-nigh me tell now, an' I 'preciates hit. I likes the lamp, an' I likes thet pictur' of me; but this hyah leetle pup—it 's a livin', breathin' thing, an' it comes right nigh ter my heart. Seems like I got 'most everything thar war in the hull world ter git, Mr. Sandy Claws er the Almighty, which air might' nigh the same thing. I thanks ye, whatever ye air."

The Christmas midnight, still solemn and holy, was on the hills. The old man slept calmly in the red light of smoldering embers. The jack-in-the-box had jumped out to see the commotion of the night before, and kept its stiff wooden arms extended toward him in benediction. Close, very close to the old man, one of whose work-worn hands lay on the thick curly fur, slept the fat little puppy that was to be his constant and faithful companion in the days to come.





FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

Author of "Sir Christopher," "White Aprons," "Flint," "The Head of a Hundred," etc.

IV

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

"The beginning of wisdom is the desire of discipline."

WHEN Blair Fleming came home from his office late in the afternoon, he found awaiting him a note from Mrs. Blythe, asking if he would come to see her in the evening on important business.

He and Mrs. Blythe had been left co-executors and trustees, and in consequence of this summons he pondered a good deal on matters connected with the Blythe estate as he assimilated a brace of chops and absorbed a modest pint of claret in the grill-room of the club.

Ordinarily he looked upon business thoughts at meal-times as nails in a man's coffin. He made a point of dining with the dullest of his fellow-clubmen rather than run the risk of slipping into the mulling habit which neither relaxes nor achieves.

To-night, however, he took a vacation from his resolutions. He deliberately abandoned the dining-room and its companionship for the solitude which he found himself able to secure in the grill-room. Why had Mrs. Blythe sent for him? was his first questioning thought. Not that he objected to the summons—in fact, he had intended calling this evening or to-morrow; but he knew of nothing demanding such immediate attention, unless, as seemed not improbable, she wished to announce her coming marriage and to seek his advice

as to her rights under the will. Fleming suspected that she had some cause to fear friction, as Yates had the reputation downtown of being a difficult man to deal with. Indeed, this reputation of his as a hard business man had led Fleming to anticipate some suggestion of protest against the will, and he often wondered if Yates and his sister were planning anything of the kind. Perhaps Yates had in mind the possibility of marrying Mrs. Blythe himself. Ah, that had not occurred to Fleming's mind before; but, once admitted, it offered many possibilities. The question of most interest then would become, What were Mrs. Blythe's views? He hoped that this evening would carry some enlightenment on the subject, and he looked forward with interest and a good deal of amused curiosity to the coming interview.

It was nine o'clock when he reached the house. He found Mrs. Blythe waiting for him in the library. A twisted dragon in Japanese bronze held up a softly shaded electric lamp on the study table, and a low fire flamed on the hearth, sputtering now and then as if in anger at the damp chill of the evening outside.

Fleming noticed as he entered that Mrs. Blythe was looking pale and worn and worried in spite of the forced smile with which she rose to greet him. There was no suggestion of bridal happiness, no blushes; rather a preoccupation so deep as to be scarcely broken by Fleming's entrance. It was with an evident effort that she compelled herself to the opening civilities of greeting.

"I am sorry to trouble you with business in your evening hours—"

"Not at all; I had meant to come before I had your note. You have read the will I sent you?"

"Thank you. Yes, I have read the will."

"It is an unusual will—in fact, confidentially, let me say it is a beastly will. I tried my best to induce Mr. Blythe to draw it differently, but he was not easy to influence, as you perhaps know."

Anne shrugged her shoulders. Alas! did she not know it only too well?

"That clause in regard to your marrying—"

"Never mind," said Anne, wearily; "I have no intention of marrying, so it all makes very little difference to me."

"Ah," thought Fleming, "so the Yates marriage is not a live hypothesis."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Blythe," he said aloud, "but this is a matter about which I feel that I must speak freely, though I realize how distasteful it may be to you. You have done me the honor to make me your counsel, and I should not be doing my duty if I did not point out to you all the possibilities that lie before you. It is entirely natural that you should not at present think of marriage as one of these possibilities; but you are a young woman, and the future may hold many things—"

"Not that."

"Perhaps not; but the question is whether it would not be wise to put yourself in a position where you are wholly free to decide the matter, if it came up, with no hampering restrictions."

Anne drew her delicate finger-tips wearily across her forehead.

"I suppose I am very dull, but I don't see what you mean."

"I mean just this, and please understand that it is not my advice, but only the opening of the question whether you would prefer a compromise by which you agree to an even division with Mr. Yates and his sister, and they agree to make no further claim."

Anne sat up very straight. The impetuous color rose in her cheeks, and the climbing firelight, touching, made it brighter still.

"I see no reason why I should give two thirds of my property to the Yateses. As for marrying, I have no such intention. I have seen enough of it."

Fleming, finding speech difficult, took refuge in silence, looking down at the seal

on his fob and withdrawing himself from the situation.

Mrs. Blythe began again, with a little less emphasis: "Perhaps if I should change my mind later, why, then—"

Fleming shook his head.

"Yates is an obstinate man," he said, "obstinate and shrewd. He will watch you closely, and he will not hesitate to put on the screws if he gets the chance."

Anne colored faintly.

"I don't think I have anything to fear from Tom. Now Eunice—do you know Eunice Yates at all?"

"I have met her, I think, though all I remember is a Madonna face and a manner that matched it."

"Oh, yes, Eunice would never wear a manner that did n't match; but somehow I prefer Tom with all his—his—oh, well, you know what I mean."

Fleming was good at drawing inferences, and rapidly made his deductions now.

"Yates is in love with her; his sister objects. Mrs. Blythe may marry him, but she's not in love." Naturally he did not put these thoughts into words. He only looked his comprehension. His conversation usually had an interest quite apart from the thing said, in the sense of relations established. Anne felt it now, and yet was conscious of no desire to burst into confidences as she had done with Walford. There was a certain restraint in his sympathy, as if it said: "Tell me everything that I need to know, but nothing for which you will be sorry afterward."

"Thank you for calling my attention to this question," Anne went on in a moment. "I shall take it up later. Of course, too, I should not act in such a matter without your advice; but there is plenty of time to go over all that later. Just now there is something more pressing, something which I feel I must consult you about at once. That is my excuse for sending for you to-night."

Anne hesitated; but Fleming could not help her, and kept silence. At length she went on: "A woman came to see me this afternoon. She had a child with her. She said it was my husband's."

A deep, painful flush swept up to Anne's hair. Fleming turned away his eyes, and finally rose and took a turn or two up and down the room. When he came back he stood with his elbow on the mantel.

"Insolent!" he murmured; then aloud: "Surely you did not waste a thought over one of those impostors who make a regular business of following up the funerals of rich men with demands and accusations?"

"Her story is true—at least, I think so. The child is like him, and she has letters—"

It was spoken impassively and in one key, like a lesson got by rote.

"Well, if it is true," Fleming's calm voice struck in, "what then? We will not believe her story till it is proved to the utmost, and even then, what claim has she?"

Anne made a little gesture of dissent.

"I have said the same thing over and over to myself; but her story *is* true, and I shall *have* to do something."

"Of course you will wish to do your duty," Fleming began; but Anne interrupted him scornfully:

"Duty! I detest doing my duty. It means making myself unhappy in order to make some one else happy, and there's no philosophy in it, for really if only one can be happy, it might as well be I as the other one."

"That seems a sound proposition." As Fleming made this remark, he was conscious of resisting a temptation to smile.

"Oh, I know," Anne went on, "lots of women have to meet these things; but, you see, I do so want to be happy! I thought at last I was going to be. I was happy this very afternoon; but I came in from my drive to find this woman waiting for me, and ever since I've been miserable." As she said this she leaned forward, clasping her hands in her eagerness, her lips apart, like a child seeking sympathy.

Fleming realized that a complication had arisen. Hitherto Mrs. Blythe had been to him simply a client, to be advised on the legal aspect of her affairs; now he felt suddenly that he was called to deal with an eager human soul, full of blind impulses and likely to turn to him for light and guidance. On the whole he did not like it. His indomitable cheerfulness had survived the drawing of many blanks in the lottery of life; but he had reached a point where he felt that he needed all his courage for himself, and was less prodigal of sympathy than he might have been ten years before. "Bear ye your own burdens" was his rendering of Scripture.

In his desire to shake himself free from

all but professional relations to the situation he returned somewhat abruptly to the subject under discussion.

"What did this woman give as her name?"

"Jaudon—Renée Jaudon. Her father, she said, had been an officer in the French army, and she had worked to support him till—till she met my husband."

"A familiar story! We lawyers grow rather fatigued with hearing of the superhuman virtue which has always characterized the careers of these women up to the time of their 'misfortunes,' as they call them."

"Oh, I don't care anything about her, or whether her story is true or false, except so far as it concerns the child. I have no sympathy whatever with her. No matter what her troubles have been, they were of her own making."

So spoke Anne the Pharisee, quite forgetful of the tears which had bedewed her handkerchief and the sympathy which she had demanded of Walford this afternoon for woes equally of her own making.

"She asked for money, of course," said Fleming.

"Yes; she said it seemed hard that with a great fortune like this, the grandson, the *only* grandson,"—Anne laid bitter stress on the word,—"*should* have none of it—that people might say—"

"Ah," Fleming repeated, "'people might say.' She said that, did she? That looks as if blackmail were her game. Have you made up your mind what you wish to do? Have you any plan?"

"No—not really. There seem to be so many objections to everything. My first thought was to give the woman ten thousand dollars, on condition that I never saw her face again."

"Give a woman like that ten thousand dollars, and you may be very sure that you would see her face again as soon as the money was gone."

"Yes, and then it would n't do the child any good," said Anne; "and if I have a responsibility, it is to the child."

"As for the child," Fleming said, deliberating, "I think we must get that away at once. It is a powerful weapon in her hands and always to be feared. The mother might be made to sign papers renouncing all claim to the child; but what then?"

"Yes," said Anne, "that's just the question: what then?"

"I think, Mrs. Blythe," said Fleming, gravely, "that this is a matter in which there is great danger in haste. Naturally you are overwrought from this afternoon and in no condition to come to any important decision, least of all such a far-reaching one as this."

Anne found a curious comfort in studying Fleming as he stood there before her. In his careful evening dress, with his tranquil manner and his unstressed speech, he seemed a solid reminder that the world was moving along in the old accustomed grooves, while this afternoon she had felt as if she were the victim of a cataclysm which had shaken life to its foundations.

Her nerves calmed themselves and her voice returned to its normal key, as she motioned Fleming to a chair, saying:

"What would you advise me to do?"

Fleming kept silence for some time, his head bent and his forehead in a meditative pucker. At last he spoke:

"I cannot answer at once. I shall have to think it over. Here we have been talking as if everything were proved; but it is easy to be cheated in such a matter. You have seen the woman only once. She may have taken advantage of a chance resemblance. No? Well, at least we will investigate, have her story thoroughly sifted; and if, in the end, all is as she says, we may arrange some system of periodical payments dependent on her silence. But two things we must get from her before you give her a dollar—the child and the bundle of letters."

"The letters? I don't care about them," she said.

"That again you cannot judge about to-night. The time may come when you will care, and she will surely use them to annoy you; but I will see to that."

"Thank you. You are very good."

"Good? Not at all. Remember one thing, my dear Mrs. Blythe: I am here to meet all the disagreeable things which may need to be said or done. That is what you have me for. As for this—this person, it is not decent that you should have to talk with her, and you need n't; I am sure you need n't, except for some necessary signing of papers, perhaps, at the end. Send her to me, and don't worry."

Anne held out her hand cordially as

Fleming rose to take leave, and there was a distinctly personal note in her voice as she bade him good night.

Fleming, on his part, had an equally keen consciousness of new relations established, and he was by no means wholly pleased. Why had he told her not to worry? he asked himself. Why should n't she worry? And why should she, a grown woman, put in this ridiculous claim against Fate for happiness? Probably the thing she needed most was a taste of unhappiness, a sharp experience to show her what life really was to nine tenths of humanity. Some great sorrow might stir the depths; but, poor thing, no one likes muddy waters any better because it is an angel who has troubled them, and one could see that Mrs. Blythe would make a hard fight before she submitted to any discipline involving unhappiness. Perhaps a great affection—now if this child had been hers—

Here Fleming's thoughts drifted off to the legal aspects of the situation, on which he pondered as he strolled toward his club through the fine drizzle of rain which had taken the place of the balmy weather of the daytime.

They would be very lucky, he decided, if this woman, this Renée Jaudon, were satisfied to proclaim herself Blythe's mistress. Of course the scandal would be unpleasant for Mrs. Blythe, particularly if she had social aspirations; but if the woman undertook to claim a common-law marriage and set it previous to Mrs. Blythe's, then there would be an awkwardness.

So intent was he on his thoughts that he found himself under the nose of a cab-horse at the crossing, and saved himself only by reaching up and jerking violently at the bridle. The cabman swore at his inattention; but he paid little heed, and fell again into considering the question of Mrs. Blythe's marriage. Her denial of any such intention counted for very little in his mind. She was charming, therefore sure to have lovers; she was sympathetic and impressionable, therefore sure to respond to the love of some one of them. The question was, Who would it be—Yates?

At present that looked impossible. But Fleming was accustomed to seeing impossible marriages take place; moreover, the bluff and burly bearing of a man like Yates

might in time impress a high-strung, nervous organization like Mrs. Blythe's by the mere law of opposite attractions. Of course such a marriage would be the end of any development for her.

Never did a philosopher speak truer word than that a woman's life is made by the love she accepts. If Mrs. Blythe accepted Yates's, it was easy to fancy her, at middle age, one of those women who find the provincial successes of social New York soul-satisfying. It would be a pity, Fleming thought, for that quick flash of intelligence in her eye told of limitless capacity of response to influence. If it could only be the right influence!

Then he ran over in his mind the men of his acquaintance, searching who might be the one for Anne Blythe's husband. As rapidly as suggested, they were rejected, and he found himself driven back upon an ideal. This man of his imagination, he decided, should have youth and buoyancy and temperament, but under all a firm substratum of common sense and balance. That was what Mrs. Blythe needed more than anything else—balance. But what would she do about the child? Here his speculation ended as he furled his umbrella at the steps of the club.

V

OUTWARD BOUND

"The past is clean forgot,
The present is and is not,
The future 's a sealed seed-plot,
And what betwixt them are we?"

THE weather was hot and sultry, hinting of August, though it was only the middle of June. Clouds, piled lightly together like the whipped white of egg, promised showers later; but at noon the sun beat pitilessly on the pavements. Pedestrians walked slowly in the narrow patch of shade which lay along one sidewalk. A gentle breath of air from the river tempered the heat on the pier where the steamer on which Mrs. Blythe and her uncle had taken passage was making ready for her outward trip. The surface of the water was of mirror-like smoothness. It was hard to realize that the vexed Atlantic was tumbling outside the bar of Sandy Hook.

Everything was bustle and confusion at the dock and on the vessel, except among

the veteran travelers to whom an ocean steamer had come to seem only a ferry-boat plying between commonplace and commonplace. Bishop Alston was one of these; but to Mrs. Blythe the delight of travel had not yet been dulled by the commonizing touch of long experience. To her the steamer was like some live creature, a Europa's bull bearing her to enchanted shores where Spanish castles rose on every cliff.

Just now she was standing by the rail on the upper deck with Blair Fleming, who held a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Here are the letters," he said. "I secured them only this morning. I did not like to take the risk of sending them, so I brought them myself."

Mrs. Blythe made no motion to take them from Fleming's outstretched hand.

"I shall ask of you one more favor," she said.

"You have only to name it."

"Burn them for me."

Fleming looked down in some embarrassment.

"Pardon me, but as a measure of protection they should be read first. It is only common prudence."

"I cannot do it," Mrs. Blythe answered, with emphasis. "I simply cannot. Would it be asking too much—that you—that some one should do it for me?"

Fleming looked up gravely.

"I will do it, if it is your wish."

"I never can thank you enough! For me it would be like pouring vinegar into a wound. Oh, you don't know—you can't!"

Fleming felt that he would have been glad to follow Dick Blythe to Tartarus for the privilege of inflicting corporal punishment; but he could not put his feelings into words, so he said nothing.

Mrs. Blythe drew a long breath.

"I have one very unfortunate possession," she said.

"And that is?"

"An excellent memory." Then after a pause, "It is so easy to forgive when you have forgotten!"

"Perhaps," said Fleming, looking carefully away from Anne and fixing his eyes on the Jersey shore—"perhaps it is easier to forget when we have forgiven."

Anne heard him absently.

"Sometimes," she said, with a sigh, "the

past seems just as the dark used to when I was a small child. That is one reason why I am so glad to get away from America."

"But Europe is all past."

"Not *my* past!"

"No."

"And that makes all the difference."

"I suppose it does. I had n't thought of that."

Mrs. Blythe was silent for a while, watching the crowd thronging over the gangway. At last she said, as if going on with a subject which she could not dismiss from her mind:

"Was the girl's story true?"

"Substantially, so far as I can trace it. She supported her father by working in a book-bindingery supplied with leather by Mr. Blythe's firm."

"I can imagine the rest," said Anne, with a tremble in her voice. "And did she make any difficulties over the settlement?"

Fleming shook his head with cynical emphasis. "Two hundred dollars a month for three years seems to her a fortune, and she was more than willing, in consideration of it, to renounce all claims. As to parting with the child, it did not seem to trouble her. You see, that enables her to go back to her father, who fancies she has been in France all these years."

"And the child?"

"Everything is arranged as you desired. It is to be cared for by the Sisters of St. Clara for a year, and at the end of that time you are to decide what shall be done with it. They considered the terms you offered liberal; but they stipulated that they should have no responsibility after the end of the year."

"Well, well," exclaimed Anne, shaking her head like a thoroughbred horse teased beyond endurance by some pestilent insect, "let us forget about it! A year is a long time. Perhaps the child may die."

Fleming wished that she had not said it, and then wondered why he cared. Looking up, he saw Stuart Walford waiting his opportunity for a word with Mrs. Blythe, and at the same moment Bishop Alston approached from the opposite direction, holding by the arm a brother clergyman. Walford and Fleming withdrew.

"Here is Dr. Milner, Anne, come to see us off," the Bishop said, advancing.

"How very good in you! But you don't

look well enough to have come," Anne exclaimed, moving forward toward the aged rector.

Milner was a striking man still, and looked handsome even standing as he was in contrast to Mrs. Blythe's radiant youthfulness. The beauty of youth is an ivory type, all curves and coloring; the beauty of age is an etching bitten out by the acids of time and experience.

"Yes, Milner," the Bishop said, repeating Anne's words, "you don't look fit to stand the heat here. Why don't you run across the water yourself this summer? It will not do to neglect your health. A stitch in time, you know."

"But I have so many stitches loose and so little time left!" answered Milner, rather sadly. "My doctor does not speak encouragingly. But no matter. One more or less does not count except to himself. If I am not better by next summer, I shall give up my work permanently, and then it will be time to talk of rest and Europe."

"I don't like to hear you speak in that way," the Bishop answered gravely. "You are one of the important men. We can't do without you."

Milner smiled. "After all, flattery *can* 'soothe the dull, cold ear of death,'" he answered, "and I should like to think at the end I was being missed by a few. I believe, however, that I have found the man to take up my work when I leave it, and carry it further than I could ever do. He is very young, but he has the promise and potency of a career in him. By the way, I owe him to you, Bishop."

"Is it Stuart Walford?"

At her uncle's question, Anne looked up quickly and waited for Dr. Milner's reply.

"Yes, it is Stuart Walford. I have been pushing him forward in all directions, giving him a chance to show what he is good for, and he improves every opportunity. It seems incredible that a young, untried man could do what he has done, and in less than a year at that. In fact, I have no hesitation in predicting a brilliant future for him."

"Really?" said the Bishop.

"Yes, really. He is an eloquent preacher already, not on the curate order at all. He has force, magnetism, and the organizing power which we need more than anything else in the church to-day. He may accomplish great things if—"

"If what?" asked Mrs. Blythe, suddenly.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Blythe, when I say *if* the women will let him alone. He is young and handsome, and they find it easy to slide into a sympathetic, confidential relation with their spiritual adviser. I don't know that it does *them* any harm, but I am not sure whether his head is strong enough to stand it."

Anne had seen Mr. Walford several times since that first interview, and she realized that the conversation on each occasion had been distinctly sympathetic and confidential.

"Is Walford an ambitious man?" the Bishop asked.

"He has never spoken—at least not to me—of any definite ambition, but I can see that he craves influence,—perhaps all of us do,—and he said the other day that he thought the rector of a great New York church occupied the most desirable position in the world. He would be quite satisfied with that, he said."

"Oh, he did!" the Bishop began, when Milner said, "Here he is now." And turning, Anne saw Walford still standing near the head of the gangway. He hesitated for an instant before joining the group.

For some reason it embarrassed him to meet these three people together, perhaps because his temperament was sensitive and he was aware of a complex relation, somewhat incompatible and demanding differing treatment. Dr. Milner turned to talk with Anne, and left Walford to explain to the Bishop how surprised he had been to learn of his connection with Mrs. Blythe and how deeply he appreciated and always should appreciate the kindness the Bishop had shown him.

"And your resolution—does it still hold firm?" asked the Bishop, and suddenly remembered that he had desired Walford to say nothing on the subject to him till the eighteen months had expired.

"There is my man," he exclaimed, glad of an escape from the subject. "He is mounting guard over my rug and steamer-chair. If you will excuse me, I'll go and show him where to place them."

As the Bishop moved away, Milner was making his adieu to Anne, and Walford took possession of the vacant place by her side.

"You are planning to be gone for a year?"

"Almost that, I fancy."

"A year is a long time."

"To look ahead, yes; but when we look back it seems a mere nothing—perhaps because all the unimportant things drop out."

"And the unimportant people, too?"

"Yes; but it is hard to tell who the unimportant people are. Importance is such a variable quantity."

"Can people make themselves important to you?" Walford spoke low and with a vibrant intensity.

"I must first of all feel that I am important to them."

"Then I need not ask you not to forget me."

"I shall remember you as long—well, certainly as long as the fragrance of these violets lasts."

It was a deft allusion, for the flowers which she wore had been sent by Walford.

"But in a year the fragrance will be gone, and the violets withered, and your friends perhaps forgotten."

"Yes," said Anne, with a smile of doubtful interpretation; "but then I shall come back, and I shall have a chance to find out your importance all over again. That is one of the delights of travel—to come home and rediscover one's friends."

Walford colored. He felt that he must open his heart to her; must tell her that when she came back she would find his place empty; that perhaps never again in all the world should they stand as they were standing now, face to face, eye to eye. Then there flashed before him that picture in the Blythe drawing-room, and he deeply comprehended the sensations of the young novice so soon to be dead to the world.

He gathered his courage and opened his lips to speak; but Anne had mistaken the motive of the silence he had allowed to fall between them. He thought her ungrateful for the sympathy he had shown her. She could not go away leaving him under that impression. She raised her eyes full to his, and said softly: "I have more than violets to thank you for: I assure you I can never forget all I have owed to you in these last few weeks. I shall never cease to be grateful."

"Don't talk of gratitude, please don't—not from you to me!"

Walford had moved closer to Mrs. Blythe as he spoke, and had taken her hand impulsively in his.

"Anne," broke in the Bishop's voice, "I want you to know Lady Hawtree Campbell. That is she talking with Mr. Fleming there by the railing. She and her husband are on board, with four of their daughters. They were very kind to me when I was in Derbyshire."

"How many daughters have they left at home?" asked Anne, petulantly.

"Hush! they will hear you. That is one of them with the dog in her arms and her hair tumbling down."

"Oh, is it? Well, why won't there be plenty of time for us to meet on our way across the ocean? However, if I must, I must. Will you come too, Mr. Walford?"

"No; I'd rather say good-by now, though I shall wait on the pier till you are fairly off." With this Walford touched her hand again, but more lightly, and was gone, Anne's eyes following him until he was quite out of sight and lost in the crowd.

"By the way," said the Bishop, "here's a note for you. A messenger just left it with me."

Anne took the note and had no difficulty in recognizing the large commercial hand.

DEAR ANNE [it ran]: It's a hustling day, and I may not get down to the ship, though I shall make a try for it. I send you a box of wine, with best wishes for a good voyage. May your boat never run her nose into the fog, or anything else except the dock on the other side!

Yours with as much love as you will accept,
T. R. Yates.

"Poor Tom!" said Anne, with a depreciating shrug, as she thrust the note into her chatelaine bag and moved across the deck to Lady Campbell. Despite her annoyance at the interruption of her talk with Walford, she took one of her sudden likings to this badly gowned, well-looking Englishwoman with the charming voice and the restful absence of emphasis. Lady Campbell, on her side, was so pleased with Fleming that it required quite a minute for Anne to secure her attention, which, curiously enough, raised them both in that inconsistent young woman's esteem. She turned to Fleming with her most cordial manner and asked if they might not hope to see him on the other side.

"I have no such agreeable expectations at present," Fleming answered, "but every one does turn up over there sooner or later, and the winter winds often drive me to seek shelter somewhere from this pitiless climate of ours."

"We shall hope to meet you, then," Anne went on, "let us say in Rome, or, better still, in Florence. We expect to take a villa there in the spring and shall welcome any of our friends who will come. I shall spend all my time this winter learning enough Italian to speak with my maids. What's that? The whistle?"

Fleming made hasty adieus and hurried along the gangway to the pier below, which had before been a scene of wild confusion and now had become all at once a section of pandemonium. Men and women threaded their way under the noses of the horses; boxes and barrels were thrown this way and that; ropes creaked, men shouted, tugs whistled. Then slowly the steamer moved out, the tugs hauled their lines taut, the huge stern swung round, and the voyage had begun.

Anne stood watching the mass of cheering, waving humanity on the wharf. "And all those," she thought, "are 'important people' to somebody." Her mood, however sentimental, was exultant. Was it not happiness she was going in search of, and had she not money in the bank to buy it? The revolving screw pounded into Mrs. Blythe's ears a happy tune. It was the music of the future.

Meanwhile, among the throng on the wharf who strained their eyes to catch the last glimpse of the vessel, were three men whose thoughts were fixed on the slender, black-gowned figure at the stern.

"Shall I never see her again?" thought Walford, with a sudden pang. "A year is a long time. I wonder if she will remember. And by the way, what did she mean by saying to Fleming there on the deck that she hoped some child would die?"

"A year is a long time," thought Fleming. "Perhaps she will forget."

"Infernal bad luck!" growled Tom Yates. "I made a run for it, but there was a block and I was too late. I hope she got my note. Did she say anything about it, Fleming?"

"Not to me; but then I forgot to ask her."

The sarcasm was thrown away on the panting, perspiring Yates.

"I say, Fleming, will you lunch with me at the Casino to-morrow and go for a run in my 'bubble'?"

"Thank you, yes. I'll go. I have nothing less dull on hand."

"Dull! I guess you've never been in my machine."

"No, but I have been in the machine of every other man I know, and on each occasion I have spent several hours in the road holding tools, while the owner or his chauffeur lay on his back under the car, and then we have joyously taken the trolley home. Still, I'll go. There, that's all."

The steamer was out of sight, lost in the mist which hung like a veil over the lower bay, and the watchers on shore returned to their workaday world.

Through the remainder of the day Fleming carried in his mind the picture of Anne Blythe standing there on the stern of the steamer flushed and smiling. It came between him and the brief on which he was working, and would not be brushed away. For the first time he could imagine Mrs. Blythe softly human. It was easy to think of her as a woman to be admired; might it be possible to fancy her a woman to be adored? Not by himself, of course, —he was past all that,—but by some other man—Stuart Walford, for instance. He recalled distinctly the look in Walford's eyes as he waited there for Mrs. Blythe to turn. There was no mistaking its unconscious self-revelation; but Mrs. Blythe's manner, that was less easily read. He wondered vaguely why women found it necessary to be so much less simple and direct than men in their love-affairs. Was it that they must always stand ready to deny their love even to themselves if it were not returned?

With Mrs. Blythe he fancied it was not any such reservation, but rather that, while willing to accept a devotion which would only add prestige to her present rôle of Queen of Fortune, she by no means desired to lay down her scepter for a shepherdess's crook, as a reciprocation of Walford's sentiment might necessitate.

The man who finds enjoyment in the incongruities of human nature has a vast fund of entertainment always at hand, and Fleming amused himself that evening by recalling all Mrs. Blythe's inconsistencies

and the contradictions of her moods. At last, about midnight, it occurred to him that Mrs. Blythe had employed him to look after her legal affairs, not to be responsible for her spiritual condition.

"After all," he said to himself, as he turned off the light, "the key to her character will lie in what she does about the child. That will tell the story."

VI

A TRUST

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

THE gayest place in New York of a summer Sunday morning is the little Casino, which sprawls like a turtle between the two Central Park driveways and refuses to be wholly hideous in spite of its Mansard roof of colored slate and its shapeless addition.

In the wistaria-covered pergola beyond, boisterous children climb the benches, to be pulled down at intervals by nurses neglectful enough until their little charges begin to enjoy themselves, when they interfere sharply and with the finality of brief authority.

In the court between the pergola and the Casino a line of motley vehicles is drawn up as if on dress-parade, so close together that the cabby on his hansom can talk with the footman on the box of the brougham. The incongruity of the equipages is no greater than that of their owners, who fill the asphalted space in front of the building and look at one another across infinite spaces of differing experiences. The out-of-door restaurant is studded with small tables, and sheltered under a gaily striped awning from the heat of the sun. Altogether the place has a distinctly foreign flavor; this gave it a charm for Fleming. Moreover, the food is excellent, if one can possess his soul in patience for the cooking; this gave it a charm for Yates. And the two men therefore sat down in great comfort at a small table cozily niched between the wall and railing and overlooking the tiny plaza.

Yates ordered the breakfasts—a plain one for Fleming, whose taste was fastidiously simple; for himself an elaborate one, and such as did credit to his gastronomic

imagination. When the waiter had gone, Fleming leaned back in his chair to take in the scene around him, the observation of his fellows being one of his cheap and constant amusements.

Yates looked up from the bulky folds of the morning paper. "Passengers outward bound may look for foggy weather till they reach the Banks," so the paper says. Hard luck for Anne! She was counting a lot on the voyage, but I'll bet she is wishing herself ashore by now."

"I am afraid so. How did the market close yesterday?"

"You can see for yourself," said Yates, pushing the paper toward Fleming's side of the table.

"Thanks; I never read the Sunday papers. I see no need of making a scrap-basket of my mind. But as you have been reading the stock lists for the last half-hour, I should be glad of your information, not to say your advice. Mrs. Blythe has asked me to keep her informed as to the values of certain stocks which are fluctuating just now, and I shall depend very much on what you think."

"Women have no business dabbling in stocks," observed Yates, with the easy generalizing of a narrow mind.

"Nevertheless, Mrs. Blythe, having several millions involved, seems obliged to 'dabble,' as you call it. What else can she do?"

"Marry," said Yates, shortly. "Anne ought to marry and let her husband manage her millions."

Fleming was irritated. He resented the tone of Yates's speech. He resented Yates's speaking of his cousin by marriage as "Anne" to a comparative stranger. His irritation lent a tinge to his manner as he answered:

"You seem to forget that if Mrs. Blythe marries she will have no millions to manage."

"I don't know," said Yates. "She might marry me!"

"She might, and then again she might marry some one else; but in that case it would be within your prerogative to refrain from enforcing the terms of the will."

"Now, see here, Fleming, that's going too far. I make no secret of the fact that I would like to marry Anne Blythe. She knows it well enough, and I don't care who else does. But if she won't have me, that

ends it; after that it's pure business. You can see *that*!"

Yates leaned his arm on the table as he went on. "I tell you the reason so many fellows don't get on is because they mix up sentiment and business. Sentiment's a good thing and business is a good thing, but they don't belong together."

"It seems not, certainly," Fleming answered nonchalantly.

At this point the long-delayed breakfast appeared and was set upon the table. As Yates took up his knife and fork he resumed his conversation:

"If a man wants to succeed he must keep his head clear for business and turn his life into cash. He must talk money, think money, dream money. And, after all, there's nothing like it."

"Nothing like it, perhaps," Fleming answered, "but a good many things better worth having."

"I don't think so."

"Well, I should be glad not to think so myself. It certainly has many advantages: in the first place, it's so easy to get."

"Is it, indeed?"

"Why, yes; you have only to make a lucky turn in Wall street or lose a maiden aunt, and there you are. You can step out next day and buy your racers, hire your servants, order your wines, and be as good as any millionaire in the country; but, after all, what of it?"

"Well," said Yates, leaning back in his chair and jingling the change in his pockets, "it may be as you say. Only, if it is, please tell me why the college presidents are all angling for money. Why are the churches tumbling over one another to secure a rich parishioner? Who is it that the dukes and princes want to see when they come over from the other side? I'll tell you: it's the men who have made their pile."

"Perhaps," said Fleming; "but there was a man named Abraham Lincoln who never made any pile except a pile of rails, and yet he seems to have amounted to something and to have found life worth while without money."

"Well, there was a man named Anatole Jaudon who shot himself yesterday morning because he did not find life worth while without money."

"What is that?" Fleming exclaimed, dropping the lazy manner in which he had

been conducting the conversation. "What was that name you used?"

"Anatole Jaudon. Did you know him?"

"I have heard of him. What do you say happened?"

"He killed himself. Here is the account in the paper. You can read it for yourself, unless you are afraid of turning your mind into a scrap-basket."

Fleming took the proffered paper and read hastily:

Anatole Jaudon, formerly a lieutenant of the French army, killed himself yesterday at his boarding-house in Christopher street. For several years he had lived on remittances sent him by his daughter in France. Recently these had failed; but a week ago he received a letter promising money on Saturday. He rose early yesterday morning to watch for the postman; but when the carrier passed the door without stopping, Jaudon drew a revolver and shot himself. The carrier turned back as the shot was fired. There was a letter, and it contained a double remittance. The body, unless claimed, will be sent to the morgue.

"Come," said Yates, impatiently, "stop reading about suicides! Finish your coffee and let us start. Shall it be Pelham or the Bronx?"

"What was that you were saying, Yates? Would I rather go to Pelham Park or the Bronx? I don't know. In fact, I think I must give up both. I know friends of this Jaudon, and I ought to notify them before the body is carried to the morgue. Perhaps you will be good enough to take me to the elevated road."

Yates looked at Fleming in surprise, then he sulkily ordered his automobile. He did not enjoy having his outing spoiled in this fashion. His annoyance found vent in the jerk with which he started his machine, and its headlong speed as he made the curve from the Casino to the main drive, and again where the drive intersects the cross-road below the Mall.

At this point he almost ran down a pedestrian, who saved himself by jumping backward. As he did so, both men recognized him, and Yates brought the automobile to a sudden halt.

"Well met, Mr. Walford!" he called out. "Fleming, here, promised to go with me on a drive, but he has changed his mind, and I am left all alone, like the girl in the song, unless you will take his place."

"Thank you," said Walford, who had not forgiven the indignity of his sudden jump, "but I have been called to see some one who is very ill at the Presbyterian Hospital. I am on my way there now."

"Sorry," said Yates, shortly, and started ahead again, at full speed.

Walford stood for a moment looking disapprovingly at the flying vehicle. He could not have explained why it struck him as more indecorous to travel fast than slowly on Sunday, and yet he felt that it was out of harmony with the tranquillity which should rule the Sabbath; and then to run people down like that was neither safe nor courteous. There was only one thing which tempted him to accept Yates's invitation: that was the chance of hearing some word of a person who had been much in his thoughts of late, almost to the exclusion of all other thoughts, in fact. It is needless to say that the name of the person was Anne Blythe.

Anne Blythe! The words sent the blood coursing faster through Walford's veins and set his pulses to beating. He seemed to see her again, standing on the deck of the steamer, his violets pinned at her breast, her eyes smiling into his.

Here a swift revulsion of feeling followed his elation. What right had he to be dallying with thoughts of love? No priest of the Roman Church could be more chained to celibacy than he. Could he for an instant imagine weighting himself with a wife in such a service of sorrow and death as lay before him? Even if, by a wild flight of fancy, he could imagine himself taking a wife, was there a woman in the wide world so absurdly unfitted to the situation as Anne Blythe?

He pictured himself telling her of his plans and asking her to share them. Memory showed him the deprecating gesture with which she had met his suggestion of mission work. He could fancy the delicately ironical smile with which she would greet the unfolding of his schemes for the future. He should make himself ridiculous in her eyes. At this thought the hot blood flamed over Walford's face. Up to this time he had seen his mission only in the light of exalted self-sacrifice and solemn consecration. Now, of a sudden, he comprehended that it might strike practical minds as quixotic and fanatical.

With such emotions surging in his mind

Walford took little account of distances, and it was almost of their own guidance that his feet stopped at the door of the hospital which rises big and bare above Park Avenue. Walford looked up at it incomprehendingly for a moment, and then, suddenly recalling his errand, he pulled the bell sharply and asked to see the nurse in charge. She came to him in the little reception-room, and he told her as briefly as he could the story of his coming. A message had been received at the rectory saying that a very sick woman wished to see the rector, and Dr. Milner being absent, he had come as a substitute.

"Yes, I know; it was I who sent the messenger. A young woman was brought here yesterday suffering from collapse—not likely to live beyond to-morrow, we think. The doctor called it a case of heat-prostration, and the sun was very hot, you remember, yesterday."

"Yes, I remember it well."

"Of course that may be all that's the matter with her; but I think she's had some shock to her mind. She's been moaning ever since they found her wandering in the streets yesterday evening, and all night she was talking French by fits and starts. This morning she could give her name and tell something about herself; but her heart is weaker. The doctor does n't want her excited, but she begged so hard to send for some one that he thought it would be better to let her have her own way. First she wanted to see a Mr. Blair Fleming, and she gave us his address, but they said at his house that he was gone for all day. We begged her then to wait and see him to-morrow, but she said she must see some one to-day, and after thinking awhile she asked, 'Is there a Church of St. Simeon?'"

"Yes," I said. "I was there once. I remember the candles."

"Then," said she, "I would like to see the rector"; and she would give us no peace till we sent."

"What is the young woman's name?" Walford asked.

"Renée Jaudon, and it's my belief that she is related somehow to the man who shot himself yesterday in Christopher street. But I must n't keep you waiting. Will you come right up with me now?"

Walford followed up the wide stairway to the open door of a ward where a line of white beds stood side by side in what

looked, at first, like an endless row. The nurse pointed to a bed which seemed quite alone, because its neighbors had no occupants. Walford approached softly, watching the white face with closed eyelids. As he drew near, the eyes slowly opened.

"Monsieur is the rector of St. Simeon's?"

The voice that spoke was weak, and Walford was obliged to lean over to catch the words.

"I am not the rector. He is away. I am his assistant. I thought I might be better than no one—at least, I could take a message. You will trust me?"

There was a note in Walford's voice which was neither to be repelled nor denied.

"Trust you, monsieur? Oh, but yes, I trust you! I am about to die—is it not?"

"You are very ill."

"Yes, I know; and I do not care if I die. I have been not good, and when the sun was so hot and I sank down in the street, I said, 'See, Renée, God is angry.' And then they lifted me up and brought me here, and at first they thought I would get well; but God was angry, and it was no use. Before I die there is something I must do. There is a letter. I kept it back when I sold the rest. You see, I might have needed the money, and this would have brought it; but now it is no use. God is angry. My father is dead. I saw it in the paper yesterday. Will you give back the letter for me?"

"Surely I will, if you tell me to whom."

The girl tried to sit up, but finding herself too weak, sank back on the pillow and gasped for breath; yet she laid a detaining hand on the sleeve of Walford's coat, fearing he would go if she slipped into unconsciousness.

Walford answered as if she had spoken. "I will not leave you till you have told me all. Take plenty of time."

At last she began again.

"I tried to see Monsieur Fleming."

"Yes," said Walford, striving to help her. "I know him. He is a lawyer. You wished to see him perhaps about some business you are interested in?"

"Yes, it was that. He was kind, Monsieur Fleming, yet I had fear of him. He was so right! When I heard that he was not at his house, I thought, 'Good; now he need never know.'"

"Whose letter is it that you have kept?"

"This is why I sent for you: because I knew Madame Blythe went to monsieur's church."

"Do you mean Mrs. Richard Blythe?"

"*Oui! Oui!* It is for her. She hates me—I do not mind. She fears me—I am glad. But I forget."

The weak hand moved upward to the pillow and drew out a folded sheet of paper, soiled along the edges and in the creases, as if with long carrying.

"For her!" the woman exclaimed, with the force of excitement in her tone. "Only for her! You will give it?"

"I will."

"Not send—give!"

"I promise."

"That is all. Thank you. *Au revoir*—at least, if I go to heaven."

The ghost of a smile trembled along the pale lips and was gone.

"The ten minutes are over," said the nurse, coming up.

Walford took the dying girl's hand in his. "You have my promise," he said. "Shall I come to see you again? When you are stronger, I might pray with you."

"No, no; I will have a priest of my own church. It is he who made me give back the letter. At the last confession he ask if I had done it; I dare not send for him till it is done. *Adieu, monsieur.*"

There were tears in Walford's eyes as he walked down the corridor and out into the street. The heavy door closed behind him. He looked up at the brick pile stretching from avenue to avenue, equipped with every life-saving apparatus, and then he thought how little it all availed, how powerless, after all, was every human aid when death must conquer in the end.

I say he thought all this. It would be truer to say he put himself through this course of thought, for all the time his subliminal consciousness was occupied with that letter in his pocket, against which his heart was beating heavily.

"Mrs. Blythe—what had this girl to do with her? 'Not good'—was not that what Renée Jaudon had said of herself? No; one could see that. The history of her past life was written in her face. How had this letter come into her hands, and what had it to do with Anne Blythe? Why had Mrs. Blythe bought the others? Was she afraid? Good heavens! Anne Blythe

afraid? Absurd on the very face of it; and yet—"

Walford walked rapidly in spite of the heat; but when he reached Fifth Avenue he crossed the street and sank down on the stone bench from over which the head of Hunt keeps watch upon his work across the way. Walford sat vacantly staring at the mass of gray masonry. He seemed to see nothing, yet afterward he remembered every detail—the curving driveway in front, the over-high doorway, the bald windows, and the heavy cornice. Yet all the time his mind was hammering at the old thought: "What is it to Anne Blythe? How does it concern her?"

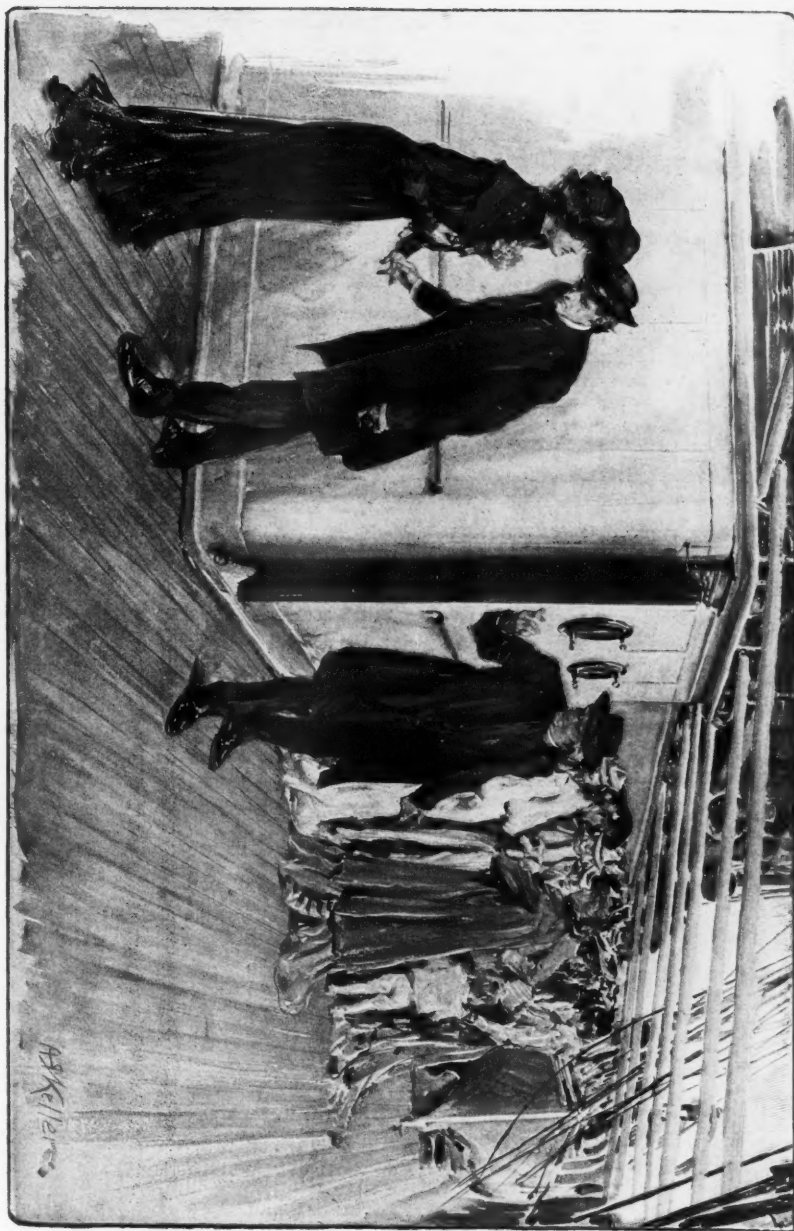
He was aware that his forehead was wet. He drew out his handkerchief to wipe off the drops of sweat. As he did so, the letter fell out of his pocket and lay half open on the flags at his feet. As he stooped to pick it up, his eye almost unconsciously took in these words: "Yates is in love with my wife, and she—" Here the writing ended at the foot of the page. Walford turned white. Who was "my wife"? Did that refer to Anne? It spoke only of Yates. That did not in itself cast any reflection on her; but that broken sentence—he must and would know how it ended. Then he seemed to hear again the dying girl's voice in his ear:

"Trust you, monsieur? Oh, but yes!"

Yet, he reasoned, this might be interpreted in another way. It might mean that she trusted him with full knowledge in the matter. How much more wisely he could carry himself toward Mrs. Blythe if he only knew—if he *only* knew! But no—he could not.

He rose, thrust the letter back into his pocket, and walked on faster than ever till he came to an opening in the stone wall which separated the street from the park. He entered and mechanically took a turn which brought him to a high rock topped by a summer-house under a spreading maple-tree. Here he sat down again, and again he resumed the mental struggle. This time he told himself that it would be wrong for him to go through life harboring a suspicion without foundation—a suspicion which might poison his whole life and blast his future; for he no longer attempted to deny that he held a personal stake in the character of Anne Blythe.

The riddle had been thrust into his hand;



Drawn by Arthur L. Keller. Halftone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
 "ANNE, BROKE IN THE BISHOP'S VOICE, 'I WANT YOU TO KNOW LADY HAWTREE CAMPBELL.'"

he had not sought it; but given the riddle, the answer must be read, or he should go mad. Indeed, he felt the veins of his forehead swelling in the heat, and he hastily loosened the tight collar which bound his neck.

The voice within urged constantly:

"Read! Read!"

He resisted; he set his teeth; he shut his eyes; but still the voice went on: "Read! Read! Just one word—*only one word!*" At length, with a gasp, he drew out the letter, swiftly turned the page, and read: "*is like the rest of you.*" At the foot of the page was the name of Richard Blythe.

"I have been not good," the girl in the hospital had said; "and she is like you," Anne's husband had written. What did it mean?

Walford's education stood him in poor stead at this crisis. His sympathies were alive to any appeal; his emotion responded like an æolian harp to every gust of feeling; but his reason had not been trained to sift evidence, to weigh probabilities, to test statements. He was liable to accept hastily and without due consideration any conclusion which he either supremely desired or dreaded.

He instinctively saw life in high lights and deep shadows. It was easier for him to believe the worst than to hold his judgment in suspense, to wait and question Time, the great revealer.

Yet, even for him, it was difficult to plunge so suddenly from devotion to doubt. Anne's image was still set in that shrine where a man places only the woman whom he both loves and honors. He could not all at once cast it out. But he asked himself how he should feel if this awful thing were true; how she would feel if she knew that he knew. It was too terrible to be considered, and yet he considered it. He began to picture her look when he handed her that letter. He framed the sentences which he would speak in answer to her self-exculpations. He half formed the prayers he would offer, the final absolution which his spiritual strivings should earn him the supreme privilege of extending. But oh for the perfect trust, the unconscious confidence of an hour ago!

"I—wish—I—had not looked," said Walford aloud. He rose and walked unsteadily away, but only for a short distance. His feet faltered, and at the next unoccupied

seat he sank down once more, and leaning his arm across the back of the bench, he bowed his head above it. Memory was busy with that first interview when Mrs. Blythe had poured out her confidences as a volcano pours out its lava-tide when it can no longer be held pent up. He wondered, in looking back, that his suspicions had not been aroused then. He ought to have seen how unnatural it was for a woman in her position to rush into such self-revelation; but if there were some guilty secret, not revealed, then he could understand how slight her confidences might seem to herself.

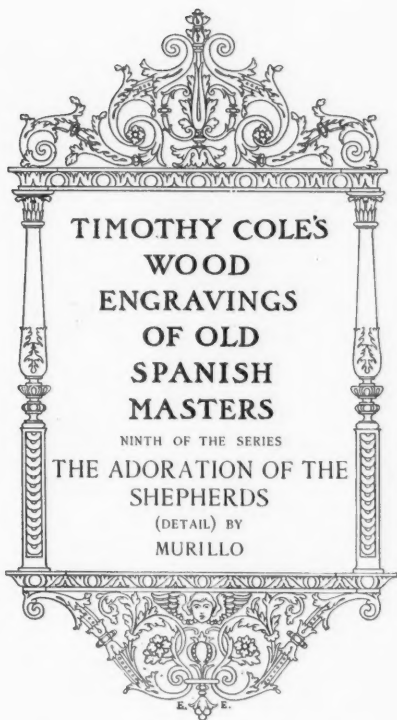
Was this the reason why her life with her husband was unhappy? Was this why it had been such torture to hear his father talk of him? Was this why Mr. Blythe had kept her so closely at home, forbidding visitors? This would explain everything. And yet, if Mr. Blythe knew of it, why did he not cut Yates in his will? No; clearly he could not have known who her lover was, but that there was one he did know.

The judicial attitude is lost when a man makes up his mind. After that he argues the case for his opinion, and has the same interest to prove his own wisdom that a lawyer has to prove his client's innocence.

Memory flashed more than one searchlight on the situation. Words, phrases, hints of remorse, to which he had paid slight attention at the time, rose before him now charged with a darker significance. Had there been an attempt on her part at a half confession, an appeal for sympathy without the humiliation of an avowal of her need? Alas! it looked only too probable. It fitted only too well with his reluctant suspicions. He should be a simpleton not to believe it. Yet he would hope against hope. He would give her every chance to explain it. He would place the letter in her hand and let her read it alone. Afterward he would question her gently, as one who knows nothing. If she were guiltless, God knew how he would rejoice; if, on the other hand, she broke down, if she confessed her guilt, he would stand her friend, though his ideal might be shattered. He might still influence her. Through him, she might yet be brought out of darkness into light.

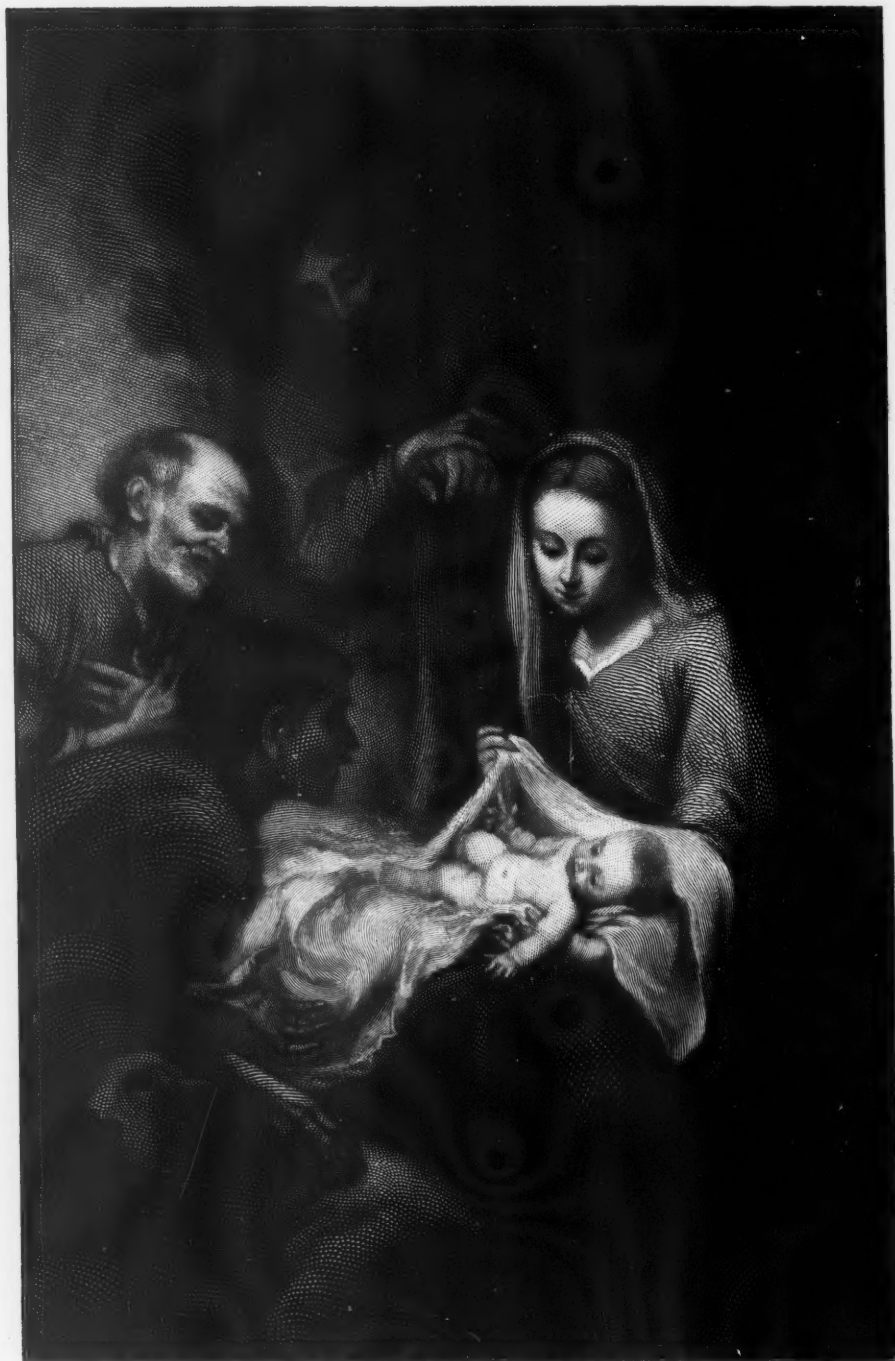
"God grant it!" Walford murmured aloud, and brokenly repeated: "*I wish I had not looked.*"

(To be continued)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS

NINTH OF THE SERIES
THE ADORATION OF THE
SHEPHERDS
(DETAIL) BY
MURILLO



From the original painting in the Seville Museum. See "Open Letters"



CHRISTMAS MANGERS

BY EMMA ERNESTINE PORTER

THE great charm of the new Bavarian National Museum at Munich perhaps lies in the fact that its collections were made first and its building afterward. This method has resulted in unusual harmony and surprises at every turn. The architect has planned arches to be borne by stone columns from early Roman Bavaria, and rooms to be ceiled by genuine panels from the Middle Ages; he has cut doorways to fit the worn doors at his command, and has built a vaulted chapel to hold the wealth of ecclesiastical treasures.

Among the many individual collections of the museum, by far the most original is the so-called "Krippensammlung," or collection of mangers. To the ears of Protestant America this expresses little or nothing, and seems to be a more appropriate department for a county fair than for an art museum. But the Roman Catholic Church, in its constant appeals to the eyes and ears of its followers, has, through long centuries, invented some very beautiful methods of teaching little children, as well as those children of an older growth, the unlettered and the untaught. Thus it is that the Holy Sepulcher is still built on Good Friday in many foreign churches, while on Christmas eve the story of Holy Night is represented to the eye by a group of little figures gathered about a manger.

Whoever has happened on such a scene

at Christmas-time in a Catholic church in our own country has doubtless been more impressed with the originality of the method than with any artistic merit in the figures; but in the land of artists across the sea, much skill and beauty have been wrought into the little Christmas mangers. These have been a part of the equipment of churches and monasteries for centuries, but in times of disestablishment and poverty many of them were scattered abroad. About a thousand have been gathered into this Schmeder Collection at Munich, which represents German, Austrian, Neapolitan, and Sicilian workmanship, and for variety and interest leaves nothing to be desired.

Imagine, if you can, hundreds of little figures—dolls if you choose, but rather miniature men and women, for most of them are carved with a skill which amounts to art. So full of life is every line and feature that one half expects to see them move. Some are of wax, but most of wood or bisque; a few are only two or three inches tall, but the majority are from eight to sixteen inches. The coloring of the features is lifelike, and the poses of the figures are natural; the costumes are elaborate, and would charm the doll-loving little girl, while the soldiers, clad in full armor, would delight her brother as well.

Many of these fascinating figures are displayed in cases which fill several rooms, but the most interesting part of the collec-

tion consists of scenes actually arranged as they were every Christmas in the churches and monasteries for which they were made. Great panes of glass are set in the walls of darkened passages, and behind these are constructed miniature landscapes, the extreme background formed by painted scenes which seem to carry the eye for miles. The only light comes from above, and is so cleverly arranged that it adds the last touch of reality to the whole. In such settings the little figures are so lifelike that one seems to be looking at human beings through reversed opera-glasses, or to be as near the land of Lilliput as the thickness of a pane of glass.

The first of these little panorama pictures, from a convent at Innsbruck, shows mountain scenery and Tyrolean houses as a background for the principal group—a ruined building sheltering the Holy Family, the Babe in a little basket, the shepherds worshipping. Down in the valley behind are other shepherds with their sheep, and all along the road in front of the houses in the distance are tiny figures hurrying to the sacred spot. One of the loveliest of all the scenes is also Austrian work. From the corridor we seem to look out into the darkness of a perfect Oriental night. Stars are shining in a clear sky, and one sees the dim outline of gigantic palms. Through a ruined archway at the left is a scene made bright by the light of heaven—the shepherds gathered about the Mother and Child, while angels float above them. One narrow shaft of light streams out across the dark meadow below, where other shepherds are lying with their flocks, and in this bar of light stands a beautiful boy angel to point them to the manger.

Perhaps the most impressive of all these Christmas scenes is the series which follows, filling the wall of one entire corridor. The first is small,—the glass front is hardly two feet square,—and we look directly into the stone ruin where the Child was born. He lies in the arms of the Madonna; behind her are the oxen; at her feet a shepherd boy is kneeling, with one hand balancing a basket on his head—mechanically, it would seem, for his eyes are fastened with absorbed attention on the little Child before him. The others gathered about the manger are equally impressed: mothers hold their children by the hand; one old shepherd has laid a lamb as his

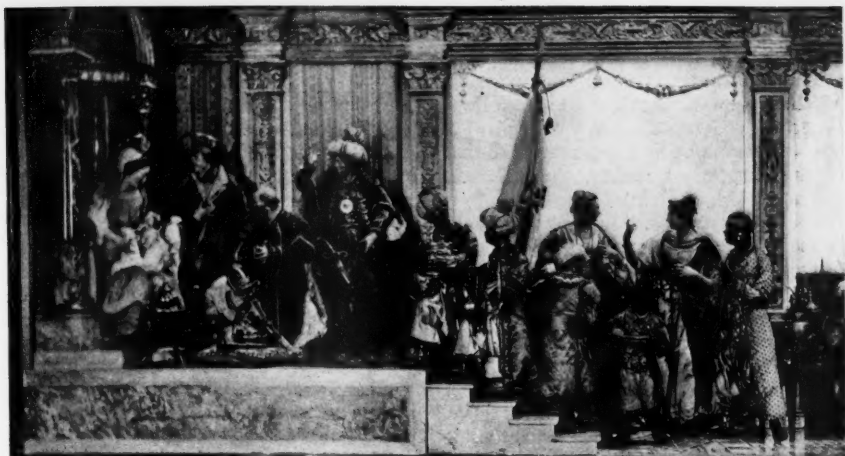
offering on the cushion at the Madonna's feet; farther back at the well a woman with a water-jar on her head turns to investigate the meaning of the earnest group; through one archway a shepherd hurries breathlessly toward the manger; at another a man tells his news with many gestures to a group of interested women. Everything points toward the central figure, the Christ-child in the Mother's arms.

The same is true of the second scene, although far larger and with many more actors. Behind the huge pane of glass an Oriental landscape is spread before us; it is bright day—that one on which the three wise men reached their goal, the little town of Bethlehem. On an elevation near the center is the ruin again, before it the Holy Family, and at the feet of the Child two of the kings presenting their offerings. The third and youngest approaches, followed by his slaves bearing rich gifts on cushions of velvet. The gorgeous costumes of the three kings, the half-naked slaves, the camels and prancing horses, add a new element to the scene. A little to one side, a horseman in full armor, accompanied by a group of soldiers, has paused to look at the unusual company. Is it Herod, whom the artist introduced into the picture to remind us of the first tragedy in the story? If so, it prepares us for the next picture, the Flight into Egypt.

Behind the few square feet of glass is the loneliest of scenes—the desert leading down to Egypt. On a rough wooden bridge, spanning a deep ravine, is the only bit of life—Joseph leading the ass on which the Mother sits with her Child. They are turned away from us, facing the barren hills and wadis, and the effect of the tiny figures alone in that wilderness of sand is remarkably powerful.

Oriental houses with domed roofs form a background for the next scene, which closes the series by picturing the home in Nazareth. Before the house door sits Mary in the blue and red in which the painters loved to dress her, at her side the boy Christ, a graceful little figure with a gold nimbus about his head. Joseph at work in the foreground, the litter of the carpenter's shop, the kitten on the thatched roof, add to the peacefulness of the whole and present a marked contrast to the action and haste in the other pictures.

After lingering long before these scenes



From a photograph by Meisenbach, Riffarth & Co., through the courtesy of Dr. George Hager

MANNER OF NEAPOLITAN WORKMANSHIP (SHOWN HERE IN THREE SECTIONS)

in which the earnest religious faith of the artist seems to have guided every touch, it is almost startling to come upon the groups of Italian workmanship which follow. Where the German scenes are full of a devotional simplicity and a unity like that of any masterly painting, these Italian works, though elaborate to the last degree, are yet an illustration of that lower thought in the phrase, "Art for art's sake." Every figure is perfect in itself, and the greater size—a foot or more for the adults—gives opportunity for facial expression and character study which are indeed wonderful. The Italian peasant in his every-day life is portrayed with remarkable skill, and almost any one of these bisque figures might be set up by itself for a parlor ornament. But when you had done this, no one would read in the face of your peasant woman or your fruit-vender the slightest spiritual longing for something which was not there—no one would imagine that those eyes had rested lovingly on the manger of the Child of Bethlehem. In fact, even in some of these very scenes of which they are supposed to form an integral part, many of the figures seem to have no real or necessary connection with the central group.

One of the mangers, for instance, is in a large glass case in the middle of the floor. A rocky cliff like a miniature mountain rises in the center of the case, and at one side is the Holy Family, with angels hovering above to beckon the shepherds onward. Some of these shepherds are hurrying round the cliff, their fat, stupid faces filled with wonder rather than devotion; but on the farther side the groups are so much occupied with other things that seeing them first one would never guess that they had any share in a Christmas scene. The ruddy-faced boy asleep on a wine-cask is excellently well done, while the group of dancers and the men and women eating their macaroni are character studies of the greatest merit; but they are far better by themselves than as a part of the whole. Their indifference to the event so near them, and the hardness on some of the faces, may perhaps be truer than the artist intended to the real scene at Bethlehem, but for a Christmas picture such absence of unity detracts from the spirit of the whole. It would hardly be fair to draw rigid comparisons between the German and the Italian *Krippen-*

makers in general, but the contrast between the examples of their work in this collection is very marked.

An exception to this criticism of the Italian mangers is found in one of the loveliest and most unique of them all—a scene of Neapolitan workmanship of the eighteenth century. The pane of glass is long but very narrow (perhaps six feet by one and a half), and the space behind it, which is only ten or twelve inches deep, represents a richly decorated corridor. At one end is the Holy Family, Mary and the Child on a throne-like altar, in the position which would be called by the painters "the Madonna enthroned." Two of the wise men are offering their gifts, while the third follows, surrounded by a retinue of servants bearing treasures. Each one of the thirty-four figures in this small space is full of life: the flag-bearers seem to wave their banners, the musicians playing their odd instruments are doing their best to let us hear their tune, while the servants press on eagerly with their burden of fruit and flowers, or lead camels loaded down with richer gifts. Most fascinating of all are the costumes of the three kings with their borders of seed-pearls and gold embroidery. For the space it fills, perhaps this little scene shows more wealth of detail than any other; but it is small indeed when compared with one of the larger mangers, which contains one hundred and sixty-two figures behind a single pane of glass.

After studying these many manger scenes, the detached groups in the cases along the walls take on new meaning, and instead of seeing figures without a story, we can imagine the exact position for which they were intended. This group of earnest-faced shepherds, lifting their hats, once stood before some little manger; that other company, lying in easy attitudes about their fire, have not yet seen the angels in the sky; the fine old man on his camel, his hands lifted in wonder and his face raised to the heavens, is surely still gazing at the star, though his companions and the star, too, are gone; that open-mouthed negro, these camels with their gay trappings, the servants with fans and banners, were without doubt a part of the retinue of the three kings, while those graceful little angels on their bits of clouds, hanging by wires from the shelf of one of the cabinets, were once the messengers of

good tidings to shepherds in the fields. The excellent beggar groups and the Italian women with ear-rings and market-baskets seemed at first to have no possible connection with a Christmas group; yet we can now imagine anything as playing a part in some disunited manger scene.

This method of teaching the gospel story by the eye was extended from the Christmas scenes to others in the life of Christ, as is hinted by the scattered objects in the cases—an altar, for instance, for a "Presentation in the Temple," and a long table for the "Wedding at Cana," which offered an opportunity for the display of food and fruit that the artist could not pass by. One entire case is full of the most fearful little groups in terra-cotta, picturing the massacre of the innocents. They are only a few inches in height, but there is an impetuosity and a frenzy in each little figure which makes one shudder at the horror of it all.

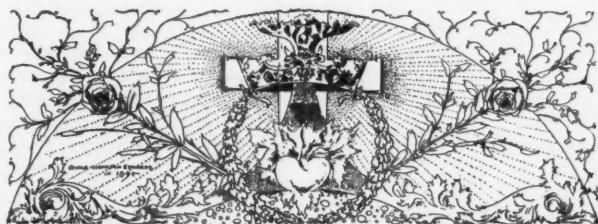
Apart from such subjects, there is in the Munich collection a very large scene representing a street in Italy, and here one may enjoy to the full those same carefully drawn types which seemed quite too worldly for the manger groups. This fascinating subject is worked out in every detail: here are the beggars on the church steps; here the market, with baskets and booths piled high with fruit and vegetables; farther on, the tavern, where a table is spread at the door; and again, the carnival revelers dancing through the streets. Carts and donkeys, chickens and dogs, crowd the street in true Italian fashion, while beggar boys jostle fine ladies on their way to church. It is so characteristic a scene, and so rich in detailed groups, that one is glad to have it included in this collection.

All through the manger scenes there is a continual repetition of some of those

traditions which have been handed down to us by religious paintings since the Renaissance. The scene of the Nativity, for instance, is always a ruin, sometimes elaborate, with Roman arches and statuary, but persistently ruined. The wise men, again, represent faithfully the three ages of man, and the three continents then known. The old man, with his long white beard, is Europe; the middle-aged king is Asia; while the young negro, in gorgeous semi-barbaric array, is the representative of Africa.

The size of the mangers varies as much as the treatment. There are those which contain over one hundred and fifty large figures, and again there is one only five inches in diameter, which has its perfect group under a tiny ruin worthy to be studied through a glass. In a few of these the drapery is of course carved with the figure, but most of the costumes are of rich materials and elaborate to the last detail. It is almost impossible to mention the dress without giving a false impression, for there is not the slightest resemblance between these figures and the gaily decked dolls of a toy-shop. It would seem as if the dress were a part of the artist's design, and that after he had carved or modeled each little face and attitude, he added the dress as a painter drapes his figures. However it was done, the costumes are now a part of the figures, and in no sense a hindrance to the artistic character of the whole.

Artistic the whole collection is without a doubt, and for that very reason all the more difficult to describe. As the most detailed account of a painting gives but little conception of its beauty, so mere words can give but a hint of the charm and vivacity, the life and action to be enjoyed and marveled at in this unique Krippensammlung at Munich.





PHILLIPS BROOKS AND THE GIRLS' CLUB

BY LUCY DERBY FULLER

THE Handbill is magnificent, and I wish I myself were "a girl under 25 years of all religious denominations." . . . I am coming Nov. 8th.

Ever Sincerely,

Phillips Brooks.

I do indeed approve of the printing of this circular and its circulation by the million.

THE little mission chapel from which the circular and handbill had been sent was stranded on the dump by the riverside, as if it had been washed ashore by the stream, and on the new-made land, in the midst of tin cans and oyster-shells and vagrant newspapers, with jail and hospital across the way, it presented a discouraged aspect. Even the land itself upon which it stood was soon to become a city pleasure-ground for the crowding population about it. It seemed a temporary and experimental and unpromising work, but within it was essentially cheerful. The sun poured in the west windows, and the reflected ripples from the river played upon the ceiling; the noise and stir of Boston were shut out. Here Mrs. Seth Low had organized a Girls' Club, and a year later, in 1881, I succeeded her as president, and for nearly nine years was brought into close association with Phillips Brooks. His buoyant spirit was ever an incentive to fresh effort, and his humor made every task bright.

He attended many of the meetings of the club, and came often to lecture to the

members and their friends upon his travels in Europe and the East. Mr. Deland's stereopticon was always at his service. With his cane as a pointer and a little clicking machine to indicate when to change the pictures, Mr. Brooks stood before the curtain, with his greatly magnified shadow falling upon its margin. We traveled with him through Switzerland and the Holy Land, Japan and India. India was his favorite lecture, and we became very familiar with Bombay and Jeypore and Delhi; with the Golden Temple at Amritsar and the Tajat Agra; with Benares and Calcutta and Kunchinjinga. The Taj Mahal he never wearied of showing us, and he delighted to linger in describing its pure and wonderful beauty. We always demanded his account of a morning ride he had taken from Jeypore, through fields in which peacocks came and looked at him, to the foot of the mountain, which he ascended on an elephant to an ancient city of palaces, now inhabited only by troops of monkeys, which scampered about the walls.

At these lectures a little Norwegian girl took great delight in the pictures and in the silver nose-rings and bangles and anklets which he brought with him. Pleased with her pretty foreign name of Nicolina, he adopted it as a sort of generic name for the whole club.

These lectures he called "the Shows," and they were preceded by two or three

rehearsals on Saturday evenings at Mr. Deland's house. The following letter indicates his quick appreciation of Margaret Deland's first poems, just written, and not yet shown to the publisher. I had given them to him without the author's permission.

*November 11, 1884.
233 Clarendon Street. Boston.*

DEAR MISS DERBY Any Tuesday between now and Christmas which suits you and Nicolina will suit me, and perhaps Saturday the 22nd of this month would be a good evening for a rehearsal and the selection of the slides. Pray let me know what you and she think about it and I will put a mark against the days.

I have not sent back the little poems and told you what I thought about them only because I wanted to read them over again. I read them with great delight just after I left you on Saturday evening and then I was too busy to touch them again until this afternoon. I do not think there could be anything daintier or more delicious than "The Clover" and "The Morning Glory." Those two are my favorites, but all the five are as fresh as a breeze across a spring field and as delightfully quaint and melodious as a wise child's laughing. There ought to be, there *must* be a little book of them with illustrations to match. Certainly the hand that can write these verses and draw the pictures for them too has a rare cunning. . . .

The Club is about opening at this moment. I should come down if I did not fear I should be in the way on the first night. But I am wishing you all good things.

Yours most sincerely
Phillips Brooks

On December 3, 1884, he writes:

I am nervous from time to time when I think of the 16th. But I think the pictures will see us safely through.

While in Florida, I received, in March, 1885, a note thanking me for some oranges, in which he says:

. . . I almost heard the click of the little thing with which we shift the pictures at the Shows as I cut open one of the golden fruit at dinner. . . . I do not wonder in the least at your feeling about your idle winter. It is harder to give up work than to give up leisure any day though the latter is the sacrifice of which people think and talk the most. But giving up work may be sometimes as true a duty as taking it up is at other times—, and then it has at its heart the strength and happiness which is somewhere at the heart of every duty.

That is my little sermon—a sermon which you have preached to yourself already. I think you ought to get all the delight out of your beautiful exile which you can while it lasts. . . .

And again on March 24, 1885:

How strange all this talk about Boston Ministers and Boston Theatres must sound to you among orange groves, with alligators basking at your door steps and parrots, for all I know, chattering over head. But Boston is still here as full of problem and wrong as it always was. . . . The Church goes on with many services and many people and I hope some good to some of them. Certainly the minister enjoys it very much, which is something, but hardly enough to carry on the Church for.

The first half of the above letter I have omitted, as it has appeared in the Rev. Mr. Allen's "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks." The reference to "Boston Ministers and Boston Theatres" follows his statement of his feeling in regard to attending the theater. I had asked him, as an indication of the esteem I knew he had for Mrs. J. R. Vincent's character, to be present at her fiftieth anniversary at the Boston Museum. While he did not feel that he could do this, yet the readiness with which he assented to the new hospital being made a memorial to her, and also his cordial words in the following letter, show the genuineness of his regard:

April 27, 1885

I send you the most hearty welcome home!

And I am rejoiced that good Mrs. Vincent's jubilee was so successful and triumphant! And I am miserable that next Friday I must be in Pomfret where I go to preach, and so I can have no chance at the Girls Club! I hope that you will let them know that I am neither careless nor forgetful of them and that nothing but necessity would have kept me away.

In behalf of a clergyman in the provinces who, with his family, was living on a pittance of a salary, I had asked his interest. His answer came to me from Italy, written during his summer holiday:

Bellagio July 30, 1885

I shall be very glad indeed if I can be of service to our excellent friend, the parson of —, for I liked him very much last winter and all that I saw of him confirmed and increased the high idea which you had given me of his conscientious faithfulness.

Such men are needed very much indeed. The only trouble is that in our part of the country, New England, there are few parishes which support their ministers and a good many ministers in want of parishes. Besides this the Englishman has not generally proved himself very adaptable and has often failed to get along very well in "The States" even when he has been exceedingly useful in England or the Provinces. But I have written to some friends who know much more than I do about the way in which Parishes are got and I will not fail to be upon the watch on my return. The cases are very few in which I have ever done anything in the way of bringing Parishes and Ministers together, but I keep on trying nevertheless, never knowing but I may succeed next time. . . .

Trinity Church in midsummer, when he had remained in his own pulpit, is thus described:

*233 Clarendon St.
Boston, July 4. 1886*

. . . But summer Sundays seem to be the very busiest days of all the year. All the accumulated questions of the week come pouring in and the hot hours are very full. But they are very good. The free-seated Church this morning was a pretty sight. Strangers sat with confident faces in the most sacred seats. The gallery folk came down and fearlessly filled the middle aisle. Everybody sang out of everybody else's Hymnal and all kept the Fourth of July with pious mirth. . . .

Ever faithfully yrs

Phillips Brooks

The public Sunday evening services which he held the following winter in Faneuil Hall he approached with apprehension and little confidence. They proved a great success, and a large and varied audience gathered. Notwithstanding his increased duties, he was again ready for "the Shows."

Dec. 24. 1886.

. . . Will Thursday evening the 13th of January do? If so, I will come and chatter a-while about Switzerland to the young people, and you and Mrs. Deland must pick out any other slides you like from Egypt or Yucatan or Timbuctoo,—and I will provide something to say about them all. Could anything be more compliant or reckless than that?

Faneuil Hall grows more and more formidable every day. How it will look by Saturday evening, January 22nd I do not dare to think. . . .

Most faithfully your friend

Phillips Brooks

In the midst of his busy Christmas season he found time to cross the city to be present at a Christmas tree given by a poor colored woman for colored children. Unfortunately, a wrong address had been given, and his long walk on a sharp, slippery afternoon was in vain.

Dec. 27. 1886.

Where then was Mrs Gorham's Christmas Tree? Did I not go to "— Poplar St." and ring the bell and meet with a superb rebuff from a large lady who evidently thought it most remarkable for any one to think that there should be a Christmas tree of colored children in her respectable home? I was helpless under her scorn and after looking at your note again to see that it was really "— Poplar St." that I had been bidden to, I went helplessly away.

You must not trouble yourself about it,—only I wanted you and Mrs Gorham to know that I really did go,—and I was truly sorry to miss the little darks.

It would be impossible to forget a visit with him to the studio of a disheartened sculptor whose excellent work was failing to receive recognition in Boston.

Feb 7. 1887

I shall be most happy to go to see — and his sculpture. . . . But I warn you that I am the worst person in the world to take to see things. I never like them. But I will like these.

I well recall his appreciation and commendation and his words of encouragement to the artist. "The way seems long," he said, "but one thing we *never* know, and that is the precise moment when Success comes to our side and gently takes us by the hand and leads us."

His interest in the club was untiring, and in the winter of 1887 he had a new lecture for us upon Palestine.

March 29. 1887

. . . And now do you really mean that I may come to the Girls' Club and lecture upon Palestine? That seems almost too good to be true. And may Mr Deland come and bring his slides? And may we come home and see you after it is over? And can it be on Tuesday evening, the 19th of April? How delightful it all is!

In 1888 I at last obtained the bronze cast of Lincoln's hand which I had long been endeavoring to get for him, and he wrote me as follows:

233 CLARENDON STREET.
Boston.

Oct 2, 1891

Dear Miss Derby,

You & Carrie shall have
the tickets, if I have to leave
you my own & stay at home
myself - Yours most sincerely
Phillips Brooks

FACSIMILE OF A POSTAL-CARD NOTE BY PHILLIPS BROOKS (SEE THE NEXT PAGE)

233 Clarendon Street, Boston.
July 2, 1888

DEAR MISS DERBY, The great man's hand has been now on my table for several days, and I am quite amazed to see and feel the power of inspiration which it has. How large and true it is! And, even if one did not know that it was Lincoln's, what a sense of trustiness it would convey. I shall treasure it most sacredly, and I think the sermons will be better for it. Certainly the preacher will be. . . . I want you to know that I am very grateful.

St Andrews goes on bravely. I really believe, as it comes nearer to completion, that it is going to be a very perfect place for the good uses for which it has been built. It will not be opened till the 29th of July. On that Day Mr. Kidner intends to enter with a processional in the morning and I hope to have the privilege of preaching at the evening service. Do come and be with us at those first worships if you can. . . .

Yours most sincerely
Phillips Brooks

The new chapel and parish building were completed; in October we furnished the room for the Girls' Club, and I received the following letters:

August 2, 1888

Yes, last Sunday was good! and many many more good Sundays and week-days must follow in the beautiful new Buildings. The Girls' Club will be such things next winter as it makes one's brain whirl now to think of.

October 21, 1888.

I saw your purchases yesterday and thought them delightful. The room will be beautiful. I am going to send a lot of Picture stuff tomorrow which you must overhaul and do with as you please.

Mr. Brooks had been the first to plan greater space in the new buildings for the Girls' Club. "There must be an open fireplace and a room for dancing" he insisted.

At their first Christmas festival he stood happily listening and watching as, preceded by the sound of their merry carols, a long procession of young girls came through the corridors and into the hall, drawing with ropes twined with green garlands a huge Yule log incrustured with snow, which was then rolled into the new fireplace, and the fire lighted.

Upon my expressing fear of some complication of dates in regard to the use of the new hall, he wrote:

233 Clarendon Street, Boston.
Nov. 9, 1888

DEAR MISS DERBY, I hasten to say "Never fear!" you shall have it all from the doorstep to the top of the Rooster Tuesdays and Thursdays and whenever else you want. I hope you will always tell me of anything I can do for the Club.

Sincerely yours,
Phillips Brooks.

Trinity Dispensary (at that time the only night dispensary in Boston) and the Vin-

cent Memorial Hospital were both outgrowths of this Girls' Club. Mr. Brooks took great interest in personally selecting the members of the committees to be responsible for these charities, and there seemed to him no unusual significance in the fact that a charity of Trinity Church should be a memorial to an actress. "Why not? She is a good woman," he said.

When I sent him the first thousand dollars for the hospital, which came from a dear friend of Mrs. Vincent, and the second thousand from Edwin Booth, and the third, an anonymous gift, all having reached me at very nearly the same moment, he wrote:

This is success indeed,—I fear that my only anxiety will come to be lest the Vincent Hospital grow so attractive that we shall be trying to get ourselves in as patients—and they for whom it really is intended will find themselves shut out. I rejoice with you.

And again from Switzerland, in 1890, he wrote:

Surely there will be no permanent hindrance to the good work and we shall find some one able and willing to administer the Charity which has been so beautifully provided for. I shall keep busily thinking about it and when the Pilot boards our steamer shall ask him for the latest news.

After his election as Bishop of Massachusetts he wrote:

September, 21. 1891

. . . And when you come back to town you must let me know, that I may come to see you and say how much I value all that you have said about these many years in which we have lived and worked together at the dear Church. I cannot say what those years have been to me or how I treasure them and rejoice that, whatever comes, nothing can take them away.

But let us not talk as if they were over. I am not leaving Trinity except in form. I expect to be very near to it as the Bishop still, and to keep the old friendships for many happy years to come. This forbids me to be sad though I am rather sober. . . .

In reference to tickets for his consecration service, he sent the following:

*233 Clarendon St. Boston.
October 2. 1891*

DEAR MISS DERBY, You & Carrie shall have the Tickets, if I have to send you my own & stay at home myself.

Yours most sincerely,
Phillips Brooks.

It was through the love of the members of the Girls' Club for their friend Phillips Brooks that a request was made, at the time of his death, for an outdoor funeral service in Copley Square.

This wish received the eager sympathy of the rector, the Rev. Dr. Donald, who himself conducted the services from the steps of Trinity, where a great multitude unable to enter joined in hymns and prayers while the congregation lingered within the church itself.



ELEVEN NEGRO SONGS

I

"De Quality is Gittin' Sca'ce"

DE quality is gittin' sca'ce,
De rusty-cats is few;
Hit don' no longer he'p yo' case
Ter know yo' blood is blue.
De bottom rail is got on top,
Fer scum is 'bleeged ter rise;
When de pot biles, hit ain' gwine stop
Ercount er our surprise.

I seen a man de other day
Dat I calls po' white trash,
But other folks don' think dat way,
'Ca'se he is got de cash.
He come down hyah an' bought a place
Yo' fambly use' ter own,
But it ain' b'long' ter none yo' race
Sence 'fo' yer gran'pa 's grown.

He 's run de house up at de side,
An' stretched hit out behin'.
He ain' gwine let nobody ride
Through dar; he "must decline,"
He say, ter 'low de public dar,
Trampoosin' through his groun's;
An' ef yo' even shoots a har',
He gwine tu'n loose his houn's.

He 's built a gre't big bankit-hall:
He likes ter entertain.
He 's waitin' now fer folks ter call;
I 'spec' he 'll wait in vain
Fer anythin' but po' white trash
Dat like hisself has riz,
An' low-down folks dat wants his cash
An' likes ter drink his fizz.

De house is hetted up wid steam
An' lighted up wid gas,
But, chile, hit don' no longer seem
Like hit was in de pas'.
Yes, honey, I is mighty ol',
An' I is glad hit 's so,
An' when dey calls me on de roll,
I shell be glad ter go.

De quality is gittin' sca'ce,
De rusty-cats is few,
An', honey, dere ain' no mo' place
Fer sech as me an' you.

Mary M. Lee.

II

De Namin' ob de Twins

WHAT I gwine name mah Ceely's twins?
I dunno, honey, yit,
But I is jes er-waitin' fer de fines' I kin git.
De names is putty nigh run out,
So many niggahs heah,
I 'clar' dey 's t'ick as cotton-bolls in pickin'-
time o' yeah.

But 't ain' no use to 'pose to me
Ole commonary names
Lak 'Lizabeth an' Josephine, or Cæsa, Torm,
an' James,
'Ca'se dese heah twinse ob mah gal's
Is sech a diff'ent kine,
Dey 's 'titled to de grandes' names dat ary
one kin fin';

Fer sho dese little shiny brats
Is got de fus'-cut look,
So mammy wants fine city names lak you gits
out a book.

I ax Marse Rob, an' he done say
Some 'rageous stuff lak dis:
He 'd call de bruddah Be'lzebub, de sistah
Genesis;

Or Alphy an' Omegy—de
Beginnin' an' de en'.
But den, ob co'se no man kin tell what mo'
de Lawd 'll sen';
Fer de pappy ob dese orphums—
You heah me?—I 'll be boun',
While dey 's er-crawlin' on de flo', he 'll be
er-lookin' roun';

'Ca'se I done seen dem Judas teahs
He drap at Ceely's grabe,
A-peepin' 'hin' his han'kercher at ol' Tim's
yaller Gabe,
A-mekin' out to moan an' groan
Lak he was gwine 'o bus'.
Lawd, honey, dem dat howls de mos' gits ober
it de fus'!

Annyrias an' Saphiry,
Sis Tab done say to me.
But he'p me, Lawd! what *do* she 'spec' dese
chillun gwine 'o be?
'Sides, dem names 's got er cur'us soun'.
You says I 's hard to please?
Well so 'ould any granny be, wid sech a pa'r
as dese.

Ole Pahson Bob he 'low dat I
Will suttinly be sinnin'
Unless I gibs 'em names dat starts 'em right
in de beginnin'.
"Iwilla" fer de gal, he say,
F'om de wo'ds "I will a-rise,"
An' dat 'ould show she 's startin' up todes
glory in de skies;

An' fer dis man chil' Aberham,—
De fardah ob 'em all,—
Or else Belshazzah, who done writ dat writin'
on de wall.

But Pahson Bob—axcuse me, Lawd!—
Hed bettah sabe his bref
To preach de gospel, an' jes keep his 'visin'
to hisse'f;

Fer nary pusson, white nor black,
Ain' gib no p'int to me
'Bout namin' dese heah Chris'mus gif's asleep
on granny's knee
(Now heshaby—don' squirm an' twis';
Be still, you varmint, do!
You ain' gwine hab no niggah names to tote
aroun' wid you I),

'Ca'se on de question ob dese names
I sho is hed mah min'
Perzactly an' percidedly done med up all de
time;

Fer mah po' Ceely Ann—yas, Lawd,
Jes nigh afo' she died,
She name' dis gal "Neu-ral-gia," her boy twin
"Hom-i-cide."¹

Mary Fairfax Childs.

III

De Ol' Stand-bys

WATERMILLIONS fresh f'om de vine—
Anybody will say dey 're fine;
An' Rabbit in hash is nice,
Stirred up wid a han'ful er rice;
An' down in dis neighborhood
Dey say Br'er Possum is good.

Yit 'millions, possums, rabbits,
Dey has der ways an' habits,
An' der seasons one an' all,—
Summer an' winter an' fall,—
An' dey all good 'nough in der place
Fer ter make a sinner say grace.

But den dar 's de long-come-shorts,
When you haf ter put up wid all sorts;
Den gimme de corn-bread pone,
An', please, 'm, make it full-grown;
An' a dish full er whipperwill peas
Biled up wid plenty er grease;

An' buttermilk fresh f'om de churn,
Er sour 'nough fer ter burn

An' tingle on yo' tongue an' creep
Twell it tas'e like yo' foot 's asleep.
De ol' stand-bys is here;
Dey 're wid us all de year.

You don't haf ter wait er hunt:
Dey 're right at han' eve'y mont';
Dey 're wid you rain er drouf,
Ef de win' blow norf er souf—
Shucks! I done 'gun ter dribble at de
mouf!

Joel Chandler Harris.

IV

Little Boy Black

LITTLE Boy Black, come call your hogs,
Pig-oo! Pig-ee!
Over the rice-fields, low and red,
The sun is putting himself to bed,
Pig-oo! Pig-ee!
Pig-ee!

Down in the bayou hear the frogs,
Pig-oo! Pig-ee!
The frogs have been mimicking you all day,
And now they are calling your hogs away,
Pig-oo! Pig-ee!
Pig-ee!

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

V

De Hoe-cake Walk

DE bull-frog jumps when he wants ter git
along;
De mockin'-bird hops 'fo' he learn ter sing er
song;
De ox is kinder willin', doh he gwine ter move
slow,
But it teks er heap er projic fer ter make er
mule go.
Dem critters ain' lackin' in de natchul parts,
Dey jes don' study 'fo' dey makes dey starts;
Chillun got ter think 'fo' dey knows how ter
talk,
An' it teks edgycashun fer de hoe-cake walk.
Hoe-cake walk, hoe-cake walk—
Git edgycashun fer de hoe-cake walk.

It gwine tek science, an' de way ter git de
swing
Is ter keep a-totin' water on yo' haid f'om de
spring;
An' when you done cotch it, you gwine meet
yo' match
Till you totes watermillions on yo' haid f'om
de patch.
Balancin' dem millions is mons'ous hard ter do,
But I kin tek an' tote 'em when I done eat
'em too.

¹ These two names are actually borne by negro children in Albemarle County, Virginia.—M. F. C.



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"AN' BUTTERMILK FRESH F'OM DE CHURN"

I jes steps spry, an' I don' never balk.
Oh, I is de king er de hoe-cake walk.
Hoe-cake walk, hoe-cake walk—
I is de king er de hoe-cake walk.

You w'ars er white ves' fer ter git de right tone,
You 'bleege' ter look proud like de earth was
yo' own,
You smiles at de gals an' you bows perlite,
Doh you 's counted mighty danjus when you
gits inter er fight.

I step so sof' an' I tread so true,
De folks never 'spicions 'bout de razor in my
shoe.

If a nigger sass me, he got ter walk chalk;
I protects de ladies in de hoe-cake walk.
Hoe-cake walk, hoe-cake walk—
Gran' promernade fer de hoe-cake walk.

De clo'es I w'ars is all bran-new
(I knows white folks whar is lookin' fer 'em,
too);

I gits my style f'om de quality folks;
I gits my fun out de almanac jokes;
I gits my strength out er eatin' hoe-cakes,
An' I gits my sperits out de sperits I takes;
But de possum I tackles wid de knife an' fork
Dat sooples up de j'int's fer de hoe-cake walk.
Hoe-cake walk, hoe-cake walk—
Ile up de j'int's fer de hoe-cake walk.

Fotch out dem gals, I wan' ter crown de queen;
Bring de likesomes' nigger whar ever wuz seen.
Her lily-white han' she 'll lay in mine,
An' de king an' de queen gwine march down
de line;

I 'll step ter de throne an' set her dyar,
Fix blood-red roses in her kinky hyar;
Ter de soun' er de fiddle an' de poppin' er
de cork

I 'll crown her de queen er de hoe-cake walk.
Hoe-cake walk, hoe-cake walk—
Crown her de queen er de hoe-cake walk.

Benjamin Batchelder Valentine.

VI

Isam's Disappointment

Whing-whang—oh, Sal is de gal fer me!
Oh, Sal is de gal—*whank-whank!*
We 'll jine de fust fair day we see—
Plunkity-plank, plank, plank!
Whing-whang—oh, Sal is de gal—

Who dat lammin' on dat ar do',
'S ef dey 'uz tryin' to bust hit down?
Who? Sheby? Sheby Stone, fer sho!
Dis ain' no place to be blunderin' eroun';
Fer all I keers, yuh kin sleep on de groun'!

Ain' I done tol' yuh to go 'long back?
Den quit yo' fuss! Yo' conju' root

Don' cut no figger in dis here shack.
My ol' gun ain' fergit to shoot,
En hit 's loaded wid lizzud toes, to boot!

'Sides dat, dis nigger ain' erfeard.
Marse Archie *he* say hit 's all stuff,
En none but fools is eber scared
O' conju' gals. Den blow en puff
En lam de do' twell yuh gits ernough!

*"De yaller corn, de yaller corn,
Oh, de yaller corn!
Yuh may dig yo' 'taters en bile yo' peas,
But gimme de yaller corn!"*

Sheby, 's I done yuh any harm?
Ain' I hoed yo' row w'ile yuh sot in de
shade?
Ain' I git yuh a job on Marse Joe's farm?
Ain' I buy yuh er drink o' red lemonade?
Den git erlong back whar yuh otter
stayed!

I seed how yuh fixed A'nt Hanner's Bill;
En yuh sho has ruind 'Cindy's Jim—
He ain' no mo' good 'en er whupperwill
Er-hollerin' f'om er black-jack limb.
S'pose I 's gwine be done up lak him?

Now go 'long, Sheby! Dat 's de gal!
Go 'long! I 's feared yuh 'll ketch de
col'.

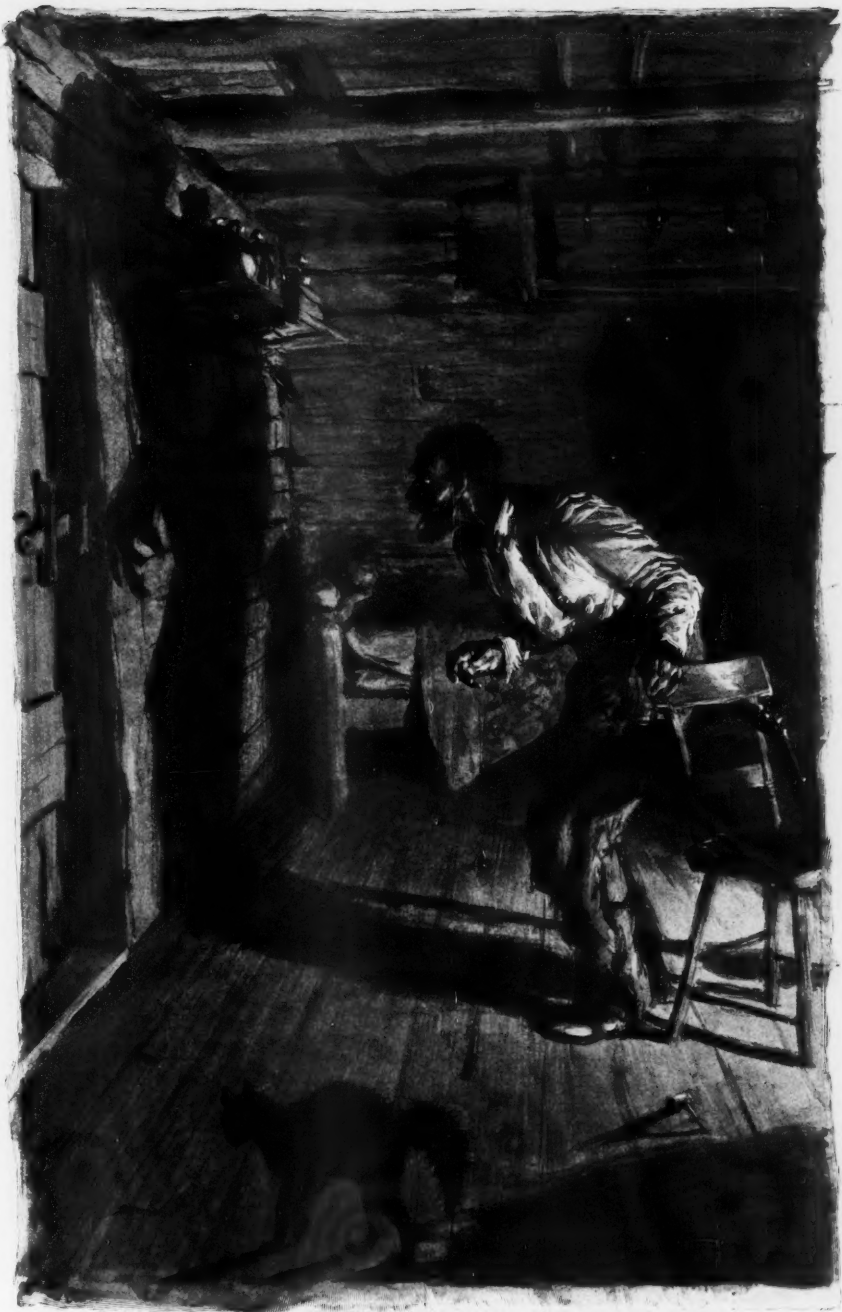
'F yuh go right now, jis hear me tell:
I 'll tie er 'tater to dis pole
En poke hit at yuh th'ough de hole.

Don' want hit? Well, I can't he'p dat.
Beat on! Lam all yo' brains erway!
I 's got ernough er yo' fuss en chat;
Yuh may holler en hit f'om now twell
day—
I pays no 'tention to w'ut yuh say.

*"Ham-bone is sweet, good kind er meat;
Possum is bery, bery fine;
But gimme, oh, gimme, oh, how I wish
yuh would,
Dat watermillion smilin' on de vine!"*

Oh, Law', I 's gone dis time fer sho!
Hol' on, Sheby! (I 's got to git out.
See dar at de cat-hole in de do',
Er-wigglin' en twistin' en tu'nin' erbout:
Gwine shoot me wid er houn'-dog's
snout!)

Hol' on, Sheby! I 'll lif' de latch.
(Oh, fer er winder in dis here shack!)
I 'll let yuh in; yuh need n' scratch.
(I 'll make er dive behin' 'er back!)
Now come right in en set on de sack.



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HOL' ON, SHEBY! I 'LL LIF' DE LATCH"

Law', look! Ain' I been er fool—
 But hit sho did soun' lak Sheby's jaw,
 Scratchin' en kickin' lak er mule;
 I 'uz thinkin' o' mole-teef en snake-maw
 En Sheby en conju' roots. Law', Law'!

Git outer dis house, yuh hongry houn'!
 Er-progin' my cat-hole wid yo' snout.
 Take dat, en dat, en kiver the groun',
 En de nex' time yuh scares my eye-balls
 out,
 Be somepin' wuth bein' scared erbout!

*"Ef yuh don' b'lieve dat train kin run,
 honey,
 Ef yuh don' b'lieve dat train kin run,
 Jis lemme tell yuh w'ut de train done done,
 honey:
 Hit lef' Seevanner at de settin' o' de sun,
 En fotch me home by half-pas' one, honey!"*

John Charles McNeill.

VII

Looking the Cat-hooks

Boys, is yuh all in dis here boat?
 Lay low, en don' be lookin' out.
 I 'se des gwine guide, en let 'er float.
 Ta' keer, er de vines 'll cut yo' th'oat,
 En yuh knows de snakes 'll be hangin'
 erbout.

Bill, snuff yo' torch! S'pose I kin see?
 Ain't yuh brung mo' lighterd long 'en dat?
 Lay down dar, Cephis! We soon 'll be
 Whar er catfish is er-waitin' fer me,
 En I 'll gi' 'm to yuh, 'f yuh lays down flat!

Hum! Hear him tuggin' at de pole?
Kerslow, kerslow, kerslim, slow slam!
 Gosh, he 's er-makin' de bubbles roll!
 Ain't he er fool to be vexin' 'is soul!
 I wish he would des take hit ca'm.

Zeb, grab dat limb er-swingin' low,
 En let my cend sorter ease erroun'
 To whar I kin rich 'im—slow, slow, slow!
 Law', ain't he vig'us, to be sho!
 He don't lak de folks w'ut stays on de groun'.

Keep quiet dar, ol' horny-snout!
 Big Ben is de man w'ut 's lookin' dese hooks.
 'F yuh 'd er knowed dat, yuh would n' er fou't,
 But said, "Hol' on, en lemme come out—
 I is read erbout yuh in de catfish books!"

Lay down dar, boys, w'ilst I drags him in!
 Bill, hol' yo' torch er leetle higher,
 Desso. Watch out fer his big back fin,
 'Ca'se hit 's sho es pizen es Sunday sin,
 En 'll burn yuh wussen fire.

Law', w'ut er splashin'! De bigges' cat
 Dat 's yit been fotch f'om Drowndin' Crick;

Hit 'll take us er week, I bet my hat,
 To eat 'im up, en we 'll git so fat
 We 'll hatter walk wid er walkin'-stick.

Now I jerks him in, lak dis, yuh see,
 En gi' 'm er minute er two to shake.
 But look how he 's wigglin' en slashin' at me,
 En twistin' en c'ilin' his tail—whoop-ee!
 Coons, look out! whoop! snake, snake,
 SNAKE!

*(Great consternation, capsized boat, Sodom
 darkness, and a season of silence.)*

Hee-poo-oo! whar is yuh rabbits hid?
 Zeb, crawl outer dat holler lawg!
 W'ut 's up dat tree? I sw'ar hit 's Gid!
 En listen at Bill, de scurry kid!
 Done out on de hill er-callin' de dawg.

Come on, le' 's bruisse out torge de fiel'.
 Dar may be snakes in dem 'ere weeds.
 Dis moss is slick es er slimy eel.
 Ugh! dat er snake-toof struck my heel?
 Woof! w'ut 's dat stirrin' in dem dry reeds?

John Charles McNeill.

VIII

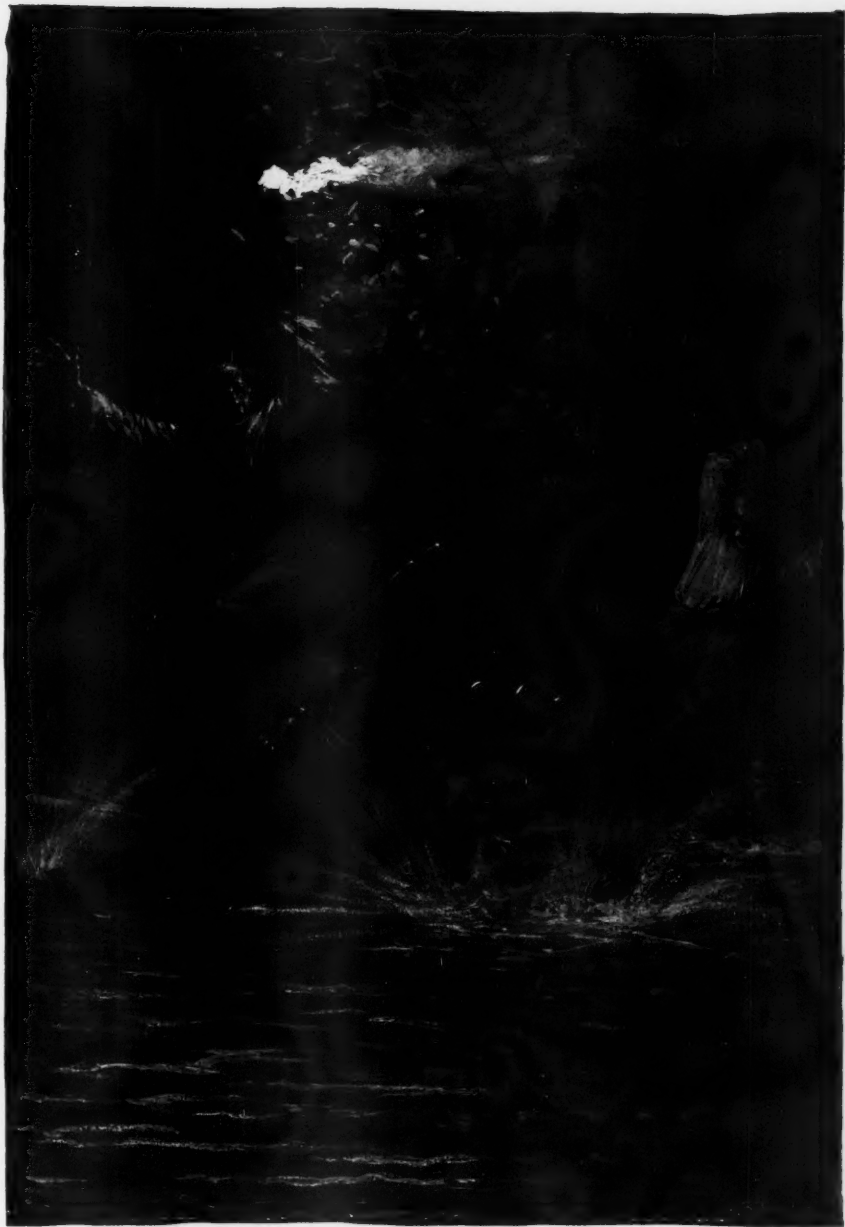
"Ha'nts"

CHIL', don' tell me dey ain't no ha'nts,
 'Ca'se I 's done 'n' seed 'em!
 'N' yo' father 'n' mother 'n' uncles 'n' a'nts
 Has all talked wid me some;
 'N' dey all b'liebed in ghoses, too—
 'N' wisah people 'at I 's knew.
 Young dahkies nevah wuz lak you
 Ontwel arter freedom.

Should n't b'liebe in ha'nts no mo'?
 Hab yo' l'arnin' spiled you?
 De Good Book speaks ob sich, I 'm sho,
 You po', ign'ant chil', you.
 Don' "a'nty" me! I ain't no a'nt
 To folks 'at tells me 'at dey can't
 Beliebe ma wo'd erbout a ha'nt.
Ol' Nick 's done beguiled you!

Ma chil', dey 's ha'nts uz sho 's you bo'n!
 Ast ol' Uncle Sid White,
 Ast Deacon Brown, er Fiddlah John.
 You ain't nevah did right.
 Jes go to some ol' house, er down
 To 'at dahk holler back o' town,
 Er to er ol' mill-pond, er roun'
 Some chu'ch-yahd, 'bout midnight.

Down whah 'Lige Smif shot Jim Gant
 At de celebration,
 Once I seed de wo'ses' ha'nt
 In de whole creation!



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"COONS, LOOK OUT! WHOOP! SNAKE, SNAKE, SNAKE!"

I wuz passin' dah at night,
'N' hyah come somepin' funny — white,
Floatin' in de dim moonlight!
Lawd! I 'lahmed de nation!

'Neaf 'at daid pine to de right
'S whah I seed it, sonny;
Would n't pass dah in de night
Foh *no* kin' o' money!
Whut you say? *You* 's been dah, son,
'N' hain't seed nothin', 'n' nevah run?
Well, ha'nts don' 'pear to evah one—
Min', I tell you, honey!

You 's got to hab de gif, er be
De sebeth son er daughter,
'R else *b'liebe* in ha'nts, to see
Things — lak people ougter.
Chil', go on 'way 'n' sabe yo' breaf!
Whut! you 's a "sebeth son" yo'se'f?
Cleah out! 'r I 'll scal' you plumb to deaf
Wid dis hyah pot o' wortah!

James D. Corrothers.

IX

Good-go-downs

DES chunk up de fire, an' fetch de kittle 'long—
Don't fill hit
Wid wateh,
But good pot-liquor, greazy an' strong,
Gittin' hot
An' hotter.
An' when dat fire burn good an' hot,
Des please putt my name in de pot.

Mix up yo' dough wid good yaller meal;
Roll 'em thin,
Drop 'em in.
Den putt in pork tell de ol' hog squeal.
Let her bile
Little while,
An' when she bile up good an' hot,
Des min' my name is in de pot.

Oh, putt dem good-go-downs on er plate
Wid ernough biled collards fer ter prop 'em
straight,
Den kiver 'em wid pork, an' I tell y' what—
I 's glad my name wuz in de pot!

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

X

Limitations

EF you 's only got de powah fe' to blow a
little whistle,
Keep ermong de people wid de whistles.
Ef you don't, you 'll fin' out sho'tly dat you 's
th'owed yo' fines' feelin'
In a place dat 's lak a bed o' thistles.
'T ain't no use a-goin' now, ez sho 's you bo'n,
A-squeakin' of yo' whistle 'g'inst a gread big
ho'n.

Ef you ain't got but a teenchy bit o' victuals
on de table,

Whut' de use a-claimin' hit 's a feas'?
Fe' de folks is mighty 'spicious, an' dey 's ap'
to come a-peerin',
Lookin' fe' de scraps you lef' at leas'.
W'en de meal 's a-hidin' f'om de meal-bin's
top,
You need n't talk to hide it: ef you sta'ts,
des stop.

Ef yo' min' kin only carry half a pint o'
common idees,
Don't go roun' a-sayin' hit 's a bar'l;
'Ca'se de people gwine to test you, an' dey 'll
fin' out you 's a-lyin',
Den dey 'll twis' yo' sayin's in a snarl.
Wuss t'ing in de country dat I evah hyahed—
A crow dat sot a-squawkin', "I 's a mockin'-
bird."

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

XI

Dreamin' Town

COME away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de skies don' nevah frown,
Mandy Lou;
Whaih de streets is paved wid gol',
Whaih de days is nevah col',
An' no sheep strays f'om de fol',
Mandy Lou.

Ain't you tiahed of every day,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou?
Tek my hand an' come away,
Mandy Lou,
To the place whaih dreams is King,
Whaih my heart hol's every'ting,
An' my soul can allus sing,
Mandy Lou.

Come away to dream wid me,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih our hands an' hea'ts are free,
Mandy Lou;
Whaih de sands is shinin' white,
Whaih de rivah glistens bright,
In dat dreamland of delight,
Mandy Lou.

Come away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de fruit is bendin' down
Des fe' you.
Smooth yo' brow of lovin' brown,
An' my love will be its crown;
Come away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

THE CONVALESCENCE OF MR. M'LERIE

BY J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee Macgregor," "Ethel," etc.



TELL ye, wumman, I 'm no' gaun to tak' it!" The old man waved away the glass which his wife had patiently held out to him for nearly five minutes.

"Aw, Rubbert, ye nicht try an' tak' it," she pleaded; "it's no' that ill to tak'. See, I 'll taste it masel'," she went on, and took a sip of the nauseous-looking dose. "Come, dearie, an' try an' swallow it."

"Awa' wi' 't! Awa' wi' 't!" he cried crossly. "I've never tiched medicine yet, an' I 'm no' gaun to begin noo."

"But it's fer yer ain guid. It 'll mak' ye better."

"The sicht o' 't has made me waur a'readies. Pit it doon the jaw-box an' be dune wi' 't. I wunner at ye, wumman, gashin' me wi' yer nesty mixture—feech!—an' ma heid that bad." And Mr. M'Lerie lay back in his arm-chair by the kitchen fire and groaned with exceeding bitterness.

"But it 'll mak' yer heid better, Rubbert," said his wife, gently, as she adjusted the blanket which had slipped from his shoulders. "Noo dinna let yersel' get cauld."

"Ye 're pitten me intil a perfec' stew," he complained, trying to get rid of the blanket.

"Ye maun keep warm. Ye ken the doctor said ye wis to bide in yer bed. I 'm shair I dinna ken whit he 'll say when he comes an' sees ye up."

"Ach, the doctor's a bletherin' buddy! Na, na, I 'm no' fer it," he exclaimed, as Mrs. M'Lerie once more presented the physic.

"But, Rubbert—"

"I 'm tellin' ye I w'u'dna taste it to please the king."

"But ye nicht tak' it to please me," said his wife, with a faint smile.

"Ach, haud yer tongue, Sarah! I 'll be deid shin enough wi'oot ony druggist's pooshon."

"Oh, Rubbert!" Mrs. M'Lerie sighed, and placed the glass on the mantelpiece. "Are ye feelin' ony easier?" she asked after a dull period of silence.

"Naw! I 'm freezin'."

"Ye sud ha' kep' the blanket aboot ye," she said, tucking it around his shoulders. "Is yer feet cauld?"

"Aye."

She quickly procured a shawl and wrapped it about his extremities.

"I didna say I wanted to be roastit," he grumbled, and kicked away the shawl. "Can I no' get peace?"

"Deed, Rubbert," she replied sadly, "that's jist whit I want to gi'e ye—inside as weel as ootside." She glanced at the glass on the mantelpiece and then at him.

"Ye 're tryin' to dae whit thon daft doctor tell 't ye. Weemen 'll dae onythin' a doctor says. I 'm shair I never wantit a doctor in the hoose."

"I—I thoct it wis best fer ye to hae the doctor, Rubbert. An' Dr. M'Haffie's a rale dacent man, an' a kind man ferby."

"He 's a peely-wally auld wife! Dod, but I think whiles he tak's his ain medicines!"

"Puir man! I doot he 'll need it whiles, fer he tries to dae mair work nor a man's fit fer."

"Weel, he gets payed fer 't," muttered Mr. M'Lerie.



Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'I TELL YE, WUMMAN, I 'M NO' GAUN TO TAK' IT!'"

"He disna get peyed fer the hauf o' whit he dis," Mrs. M'Leirie rejoined quietly. "An' he 's ay gi'ein' awa' his money to puir folk."

"Hmph!" he ejaculated. "Ye wis ay silly about doctors, Sarah. It 's a marvel to me that yer bairns are a-leevin' the day, an' healthy an' happy ferby."

"When ma bairns wis wi' me they ay tuk their medicine when they needit it," she returned, checking a sigh. "An' I dinna mind their fayther ever advisin' them no' to tak' it. Eh, Rubbert?" A twinkle came in the old eyes, but went out almost immediately.

"Aw, ma heid!" he interrupted.

"It 's bad again?" she cried anxiously.

"Aye, it 's bad—an' nae wunner."

"D' ye want me to be quate? D' ye want me no' to speak?" she asked.

"Hmph!"

"Weel, dearie, I 'll haud ma tongue. But—but w'u'd ye no' try an' tak' it noo?" she pleaded, taking the glass from the mantelpiece.

"If ye pit that near me again," he roared, "I 'll fling it in the fire!" With an angry grunt he closed his eyes.

She set the glass down once more and drew the back of her toil-worn, wrinkled left hand, with its thin wedding-ring, across her eyes.

"He 's said mair hard words to me thae twa-three days nor ever he said in fower-an'-forty years," she sighed to herself. "He wis ay a commandin' man, but never unjust—never! It 's a sad job gettin' auld."

She sat down opposite him, wiped and put on her spectacles, and made an effort to resume her knitting of a thick gray sock. But the knitting was rather a failure. It was her first experience of her husband as an invalid. He had reached threescore and ten with a clean bill of health—always a masterful man, but never a querulous one.

And then suddenly he had gone "out of sorts," and Mrs. M'Leirie, in alarm, and on her own responsibility, had called in the doctor, a proceeding which had greatly annoyed the invalid. "I 'm mebbe no' weel, but I 'm no' wantin' to be waur," he informed the man of physic to his face. "Ye can luk at ma tongue, an' fin' ma pulse, an' play ony ither ootside jooglin' ye like, but I 'm fer nane o' yer botles an' peells." After which he went into a tirade against all medical science, till his poor wife

was fairly affronted, and the doctor was nigh suffocating with suppressed laughter.

"Is he rale bad, doctor?" whispered Mrs. M'Leirie, trembling with apprehension, as she saw the doctor to the door.

He smiled reassuringly upon her.

"Oh, nothing serious, Mrs. M'Leirie. He 'll be all right in a day or two. But don't give him solid food till I see you again, and I 'll send along a bottle which you must persuade him to take. He 's not used to being an invalid, so I expect you 'll have some trouble." And having mentioned when he would return, Dr. M' Haffie hurried away.

For a time Mrs. M'Leirie felt comforted, and bore the patient's ill-natured groans and observations with comparative equanimity; but her confidence in the doctor's verdict gradually failed, and now after three days of tender, thankless nursing she had only the prospect of the doctor's visit that night to restrain her from sinking into the depths of despair. She looked at the physic-bottle, scarcely touched and untasted, save by herself, she looked at her drowsing husband, and tried to believe that he was really better than three days ago. And then she looked at the clock.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed aloud, "it 's time fer his tapioca." She went over to the fire, opened the oven door, and took out the pudding-dish.

She had just completed setting the table for the evening meal when Mr. M'Leirie opened his eyes, hardly as one who has been sound asleep, and asked the time.

"Near sax o'clock, Rubbert. Ha'e ye had a nice bit nap?"

He ignored the question, staring unkindly at the table.

"See hoo nice an' broon it 's got on the tap," said his wife, indicating the pudding.

"Whit is 't?"

"Tapioca—jist a beautifu' dish o' tapioca, dearie. I 'm shair I never got it to come as nice an' broon on the tap afore."

"I 'm no' heedin' whether it 's broon or green or rid or bew—aye, or tartan—on the tap; I 'm no' fer it. I 'm fair seeck o' yer sago an' tapioca trash. Awa' wi' 't!"

"But, Rubbert, it 's whit the doctor ordered."

"I 'm no' heedin'. I 'm fer nae mair o' yer—yer hen's meat. Aye, that 's the word fer 't—*hen's meat*! An' me starvin'," he added with a groan.

"Are ye hungry?" Mrs. M'Lerie asked, the least thing coldly. She could not at once wholly forgive the insult to her carefully prepared pudding.

"Aye, I'm hungry."

"That 's a guid sign," she remarked more cheerfully. "Is yer heid better?"

"A wee thing easier," he admitted grudgingly. "But I'm wake fer want o' meat."

"Weel, Rubbert, ye nicht try the tapioca that I—"

"I didna say *hen's meat*. Can ye no' gi'e us a dacent bit toastit cheese, wumman?"

"Toastit cheese! Oh, me the day! The doctor w'u'd tak' ma heid aff if I wis gi'ein' ye toastit cheese. Na, na; ye maun wait a wee afore ye get that."

"It 's nane o' the doctor's business."

"I doot it. An' it 's ma business to get ye weel again. I'm gled ye're a wee thing better the nicht, but I'm no' wantin' ye to ha'e whit they call a collapse."

"I askit fer toastit cheese—no' fer a collapse. I ken fine whit I can eat."

"Och, Rubbert," pleaded Mrs. M'Lerie, "ye ken it 's a' fer yer ain guid. I dinna want to refuse ye onythin' that w'u'd please ye, but—"

"Am I to get a bit toastit cheese?"

His wife shook her head. "Come awa', noo, an' try the nice tapioca afore it gets cauld. Dr. M'Haffie 'll be here at hauf-past seven, an' we 'll speir at him when he thinks ye can get toastit cheese. Ye see, Rubbert, yer inside 's no' ready fer it yet."

"Ma inside 's ma ain, an' I ken best whit it 's ready fer," retorted the old man, sulkily. "I w'u'd ha'e been better afore noo if it hadna been fer a' the hen's meat I've ett. Na, na; ye needna bring me that plate. I 'll no' tich it." He groaned and lay back as if to slumber.

Mrs. M'Lerie, half distracted, made one more effort. "If ye wis takin' a wee taste tapioca an'—an'—an' the medicine, ye might be that muckle better when the doctor comes that he w'u'd let ye ha'e a bit toastit cheese some day shin. Eh, Rubbert?"

But he paid no attention.

"Sirs the day," she sighed to herself, "whit am I to dae wi' him? I'm thinkin' he 's mebbe a wee thing better the nicht, but he 's needin' saft nourishment, an' he 'll no' tak' it. Dearie me! An' he ca'ed ma

beautifu' tapioca hen's meat—hen's meat! An' the doctor 'll be that vexed wi' me fer no' gettin' him to tak' his medicine.—Whit am I to dae wi' him?"

It was only six o'clock, and an hour and a half, perhaps more, must pass before the doctor would appear. She replaced the pudding in the oven, for she could not bring herself to eat alone.

"W'u'd ye like a dish o' tea, Rubbert?" she inquired softly.

But there was no response.

"I canna thole it ony langer," she thought. "I 'll awa' oot an' see if I can get Dr. M'Haffie to come the noo an' see whit 's to be dune. Rubbert 'll no' come to ony hairm." She put on a shawl, and, after a last look at the old man, set out for the doctor's house, which, fortunately, was in the next street.

Dr. M'Haffie had just settled down to his tea, but he rose at once and accompanied the troubled old woman, talking cheerfully to her by the way.

His visit lasted barely five minutes, and when Mrs. M'Lerie and he went together to the stair-head he was smiling broadly.

"Is he really better?" she asked.

"He 's nearly all right, Mrs. M'Lerie. A good constitution is better than much physic."

Overjoyed, she asked another question, which caused the doctor such merriment that he could hardly reply to it.

On her return to the kitchen, Mr. M'Lerie sat up in his chair. "I tell 't ye I wis better, Sarah! Did he say I wis to get the toastit cheese?"

"Na; no' the nicht, Rubbert. But he said ye c'u'd get a wee chope if ye wis wantin' it."

"A wee chope? H'm! Weel, that 's better nor hen's meat, onyway. Aye, I 'll tak' a chope—no' an awfu' wee yin, ye ken."

Mrs. M'Lerie almost flew to the butcher's, and less than half an hour later the chop was before her husband.

"Dod, Sarah, but that 's guid!" he said, as he mopped up the gravy with a piece of bread. It was not till he had finished that he noticed she had eaten nothing.

"Ye maun ha'e yer supper, wumman," he said, genuinely distressed.

"I'm gaun to ha'e the tapioca," she returned, going over to the oven.

"Na, na," he cried excitedly; "ye maun ha'e somethin' else. Ye 'll be ower-hungry

fer tapioca. Here, Sarah, here. Never heed—"

But Mrs. M'Lerie was gazing at the pudding-dish, which did not contain a vestige of tapioca.

Her husband's face was fiery, and he looked like a child taken in a fault. "Aw, Sarah!" he murmured foolishly.

But Sarah had dropped into a chair, and, with the dish in her lap, was rocking to and fro in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Aw, Sarah, I c'u'dna—I c'u'dna help it," he stammered.

"Ye—ye 've left me the m-medicine, onyway," she cried, and laughed again.

But soon she saw that her partner of nearly half a century was shamefaced and miserable. She rose, put the dish aside, and brought down his pipe and tobacco from the mantelpiece.

"Ye 'll be wantin' yer smoke noo, Rubbert. I 'm rale gled ye 're better."

Perhaps it was because of his failing sight that he took her hand along with the pipe and tobacco.



IN THE SETTLEMENT

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

LONG rains of pity make her sweet eyes dim,
And line her faded cheeks;
Her hands are worn with ministries for Him
Whose halt and maimed she seeks.

Remembering His mother where she stood
Stricken beneath a cross,
Her touch can comfort broken motherhood
And share its bitter loss.

When little ones, love-hungry, find their own
Too care-worn to be kind,
Her virginal bosom answers needs unknown,
Maternally divined.

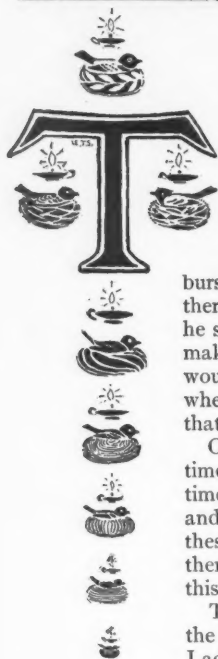
The restless child is hushed when she comes near
His unattended bed;
In her low croon his little heart can hear
The mother who is dead.

All the long day and far into the night
Her healing way she keeps;
Then she commends her soul unto His sight,
And, wearied, sleeps.

And in the silence and the loneliness
Dream children stir,
Cling to her arms and at her bosom press,
And comfort her.



THE FAIRY LAMPS



HERE was once a little bare-legged, brown-limbed boy who spent all his time in the woods. He loved the woods and all that was in them. He used to look, not at the flowers, but deep down into them, and not at the singing bird, but into its eyes, to its little heart; and so he got an insight better than most others, and he quite gave up collecting birds' eggs.

But the woods were full of mysteries. He used to hear little bursts of song, and when he came to the place he could find no bird there. Noises and movements would just escape him. In the woods he saw strange tracks, and one day, at length, he saw a wonderful bird making these very tracks. He had never seen the bird before, and would have thought it a great rarity had he not seen its tracks everywhere. So he learned that the woods were full of beautiful creatures that were skilful and quick to avoid him.

One day, as he passed by a spot that he had been to a hundred times before, he found a bird's nest. It must have been there all the time, and yet he had not seen it; and so he learned how blind he was, and exclaimed: "Oh, if only I could see, then I might understand these things! If only I knew! If I could see but for once how many there are and how near! If only every bird would wear over its nest this evening a little lamp to show me!"

The sun was down now; but all at once there was a soft light on the path, and in the middle of it the brown boy saw a Little Brown Lady in a long robe, and in her hand a rod.

She smiled pleasantly and said: "Little boy, I am the Fairy of the Woods. I have been watching you for long. I like you. You seem to be different from other boys. Your request shall be granted."

Then she faded away. But at once the whole landscape twinkled over with wonderful little lamps—long lamps, short lamps, red, blue, and green, high and low, doubles, singles, and groups: wherever he looked were lamps—twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, here and everywhere, until the forest shone like the starry sky. He ran to the nearest, and there, sure enough, was a bird's nest. He ran to the next; yes, another nest. And here and there each different kind of lamp stood for another kind of nest. A beautiful purple blaze in a low tangle caught his eye. He ran there, and found a nest he had never seen before. It was full of purple eggs, and there was the rare bird he had seen but once. It was chanting the weird song he had often heard, but never traced. But the eggs were the marvelous things. His old egg-collecting instinct broke out. He rushed forth to clutch the wonderful prize, and—in an instant all the lights went out. There was nothing but the black woods about him. Then on the pathway shone again the soft light. It grew brighter, till in the middle of it he saw the Little Brown Lady—the Fairy of the Woods. But she was not smiling

now. Her face was stern and sad as she said: "I fear I set you over-high. I thought you better than the rest. Keep this in mind:

"Who reverence not the lamp of life can never see its light."

Then she faded from his view.

THE COLLECTOR OF LIES

A VENERABLE old man with a pen behind his ear, and ink on his fingers, went up the main street of Humantown, calling out as he went:

"Lies! Any old lies to-day? Biscuits for lies to-day!"

He had a basket of sweet wafers, or biscuits, on one arm, and they were shaped like a human ear. These he was exchanging for the lies, that were very abundant in this town.

Most of the inhabitants freely gave them to the man; some even pressed them on him: but a few had to be repaid with at least a wafer. Very soon the old man's bag was full.

It was a new thing to collect lies, and many jokes were bandied at the expense of the old man and his odd occupation. The strange merchant left the main street, and a little child had the curiosity to follow him. The venerable one turned aside through a door into a beautiful garden in the very heart of the town and yet quite unknown. He closed the door, but the child peeped through the keyhole, and saw the old man take the bag of lies and give it a good shake. There was a commotion and rattling inside for a time, and the mass seemed to be smaller.

"Ah, hear them eating each other up!" chuckled the old man.

Another shake was followed by more commotion and another shrinkage. The collector's face beamed.

A few more shakes, and the bag seemed actually empty; but the old man opened it carefully, and there in the far corner was a pinch of pure gold.

The child reported all these things, and the next time they saw the old man, the people demanded who he was. He answered:

"I am the Historian."



THE SUNKEN ROCK

"I POSITIVELY decline to have that young Clippercut in my house again. His influence on my son is most dangerous."



"Sir, the only danger of a sunken rock is that it is not sunk deep enough."

"Why, my friend, he is far from being a bad fellow. He has his follies, I admit, but how unlike such really vicious men as Grogster, Cardflip, and Pony-back!"

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

THE GITCHE O-KOK-O-HOO

AFTER the Great Spirit had made the world and the creatures in it, he made the Gitche O-kok-o-hoo. This was like an Owl, but bigger than anything else alive, and his voice was like a river plunging over a rocky ledge. He was so big that he thought he did it all himself, and was puffed up.

The Blue Jay is the mischief-maker of the woods. He is very smart and impudent; so one day when the Gitche O-kok-o-hoo was making thunder in his throat, the Blue Jay said:

"Pooh, Gitche O-kok-o-hoo, you don't call that a big noise! You should hear Niagara; then you would never twitter again."

Now Niagara was the last thing the Manitou had made, and it keeps on forever uttering the last word of the Great Spirit in creating it: "Forever! forever! forever!"

But Gitche O-kok-o-hoo was nettled at hearing his song called a "twitter," and he said: "Niagara, Niagara! I'm sick of hearing about Niagara. I'll go and silence Niagara for always." So he flew to Niagara, and the Blue Jay snickered and went to see the fun.

When they came to Niagara where it thundered down, the Gitche O-kok-o-hoo began bawling to drown the noise of it, but could not make himself heard.

"Wa-wa-wa," said the Gitche O-kok-o-hoo, with great effort and only for a minute.

"WA-WA-WA-WA," said the river, steadily, easily, and forever.

"Wa-wa-wa!" shrieked Gitche O-kok-o-hoo; but it was so utterly lost that he could not hear it himself, and he began to feel small; and he got smaller and smaller, till he was no bigger than a Sparrow, and his voice, instead of being like a great cataract, became like the dropping of water, just a little

Tink-tank-tink,
Tink-tank-tink.



And this is why the Indians give to this smallest of the Owls the name of "the water-dropping bird."

When the top is wider than the root, the tree goes down.

THE CONVERTED SOAP-BOILER

A CERTAIN good man loved things old because they were quaint. He said he would gladly give up locomotives and printing-presses to have "the" spelled "ye," as of old. It gave him a spasm of joy to see a building called a "bvilding," and he was filled with gloats whenever he could get a newspaper to spell "gospel" as "gofpel," or "honor" as "honoure"—it was "so qvaint, so Shakespearian!"

A friend, who was making a fortune boiling soap by day, and spending it in gathering a library by night, took him to task one day, thus: "There was a time in the evolution of the alphabet when *u* and *v*, *d* and *t*, *p* and *b*, *w* and *v*, etc., were imperfectly differentiated, and used somewhat indiscriminately; but to revive this thing now is to breed confusion, to step backward and downward. It is as bad as restoring the useless tags that the horse once had on each side of his feet where there used to be other

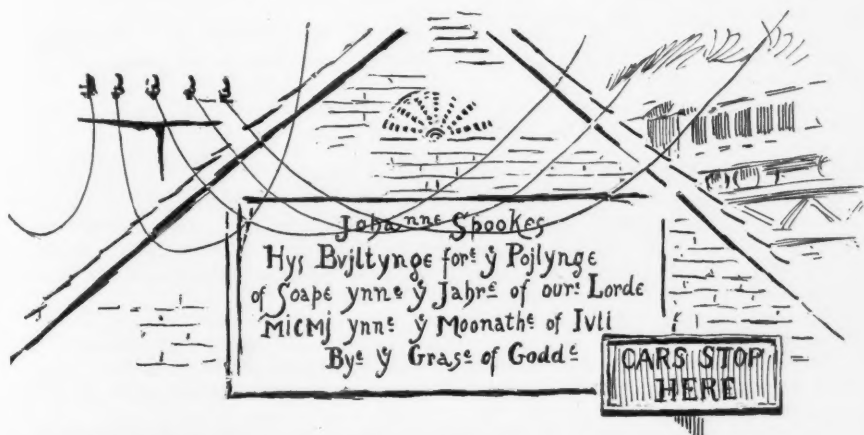


toes. In their day these oddities of spelling reflected their time, and to import them into our present day is not only opposed to common sense, but it is as dishonest as if we were to stamp a modern product 'Anno Dom. CC.' Suppose, now, one of these spurious imitative inscriptions to be dug up five hundred years hence. Though only five hundred years old, the internal evidence makes it double that age, thus lending itself to a lie and building up an abominable deceit."

"Thou art all wronge," said the antiquary. "Ye delycious quaintnesse of ye antient masters waye did breede yem an atmosphere of sweetnesse and joyaunce yat was verily ye mother of greatnesse. Shakespeare never could have written had he been yforced to a type-writer, neither could Spenser have sung had he been compelled to spell 'faerie' as 'fairy.' Ye atmosphere which bred yem was bred of ye quaintnesse of yr spelling."

The soap-boiler was touched, for he loved books. He pondered all these things for long, and then when they met he said:

"Verily mine eyen are oped. I have seen a greate lichte and have a newe hearte withinne me. Odzooks! I have lost much time, pardee, but I will this atmosphere of quaintnesse in mine owne kingdomme, for I have charged mine hirelings that they call me 'ye master.' Beshrew me, but I am minded to oust mine—my—type-writer—is it not so called?—and hie me to ye holy goose-quille of mine fathers. I have, moreover, inscribed a newe tablet for ye gabel that is ye ende of mine workes wherein I do boyle mine soap. By my halidome, methinks it lilteth right merrilie and smacketh of much and comelie quaintnesse."



Splitting rails will not make an Abraham Lincoln.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE ON CHASKA-WATER



BLUE in its tawny hills is Chaska-water. Black are the spruce-trees that raise their spires on its banks. Ducks and Gulls in myriads are here; the shallows are dotted with Rat-houses; the Loon and the Grebe find harvest in its darker reaches; the Blue Heron and the Rail stalk and skulk on its sedgy margin; Fish swarm in its depths, Deer and Rabbits on its banks, Birds in its trees abound. For Chaska-water, rippling bright or darkling blue, is a summer home of the Sun-god, and Ninna-bo-jou is its guardian; its indwellers are his special care. All through the summer he taught them and led them—showed them the way of their living, taught them the rights of the hunter; all through the autumn he led them.

Then came the cold.

Down from the north it came riding—riding with wicked old Peboan; and the Red Linnets swept before it like smoke in the van of a prairie fire, and the White Owl followed after like ash in the wake of a prairie fire.

Down from the sky there fell a white blanket, the Sun-god's blanket, and Ninna-bo-jou cried: "Now I sleep. Let all my creatures sleep and be at peace, even as Chaska-water sleeps."

The Ducks and Geese flew far to the south, the Woodchuck went to his couch, the Bear and the Snake and the Bullfrog, the Tree-bugs, slept; and the blanket covered them all.

But some were rebellious.

The Partridge safe under the snow, the Hare safe under the brush, and the Muskrat safe under the ice, said, "Why should we fear old Peboan?" Then the Marten and the Fox and the Mink said, "While the Partridge and the Hare and the Muskrat are stirring abroad, we will not fail to hunt them." So they all broke the truce of the Sun-god, war-waging when peace was established.

But they reckoned not with the Ice-demons, the sons of the Lake and the Winter, whose kingdom they now were invading, and vengeance was hot on their warring.

The sun sank lower each day; the North Wind reigned, and the Ice-demons, born of the Lake and the Winter, grew bigger and stronger, and nightly danced, in the air and on the ice.

Deep in the darkest part of the dark month, in the Moon of the darkest days, they met in their wildest revel; for this was their season of sovereignty. Then did they

hold their war-dance on the ice of the Chaska-water, and danced in air like flashes of rosy lightning—in a great circle they danced; then round on the ice. And they shot their shining deadly arrows in the air, frost-arrows that pierced all things like a death; they pounded the ice with their war-clubs as they danced, and set the snow a-swirling louder, harder, faster.

There were sounds in the air of going, sounds in the earth of grinding, and of groaning in Chaska-water.

"I am not afraid," said the Partridge, as fear filled her breast, "I can hide in the kindly snow-drift." "I have no fear," said the trembling Marten, "my home is a hollow, immovable oak." "What care I?" cried the unhappy Muskrat, "for the thick ice of Chaska-water is my roof-guard."

Faster danced the Demons, louder they sang in their war-dance; glinting, their arrows flew, splitting, impaling, glancing.

Fear was over the Lake, was over the woods.

The Mink forgot to slay the Muskrat, and, terror-tamed, groveled beside him. The Fox left the Partridge unharmed, and the Lynx and the Rabbit were brothers. Tamed by the Fear were they who had scoffed at the Peace of the Sun-god; trembling they hid in the snow-drift, in the tree-trunk, in the ice—trembling, but inly defiant.

Whoop! went the Ice-demons, dancing louder and higher; a mile in the air went their hurtling spears.

Whoop! louder and faster, with war-arrows glancing.

Wah! whoop! crack! and they pounded the ice.

Wah! hy-ya! they whirled in the war-dance. *Wah! hy-ya!* and snow-drifts went curling like smoke, betraying the Partridge and Rabbit.

Flash! went the frost-arrows and pierced them.

WHOOP! hy-ya! crack! poom! rang the Ice-demons' clubs, and the oak-tree was riven asunder. Bared was the Marten, the Fisher.

Flash! ping! and the frost-arrows pierced them.

Whoop! clang! on the ice they circled, and louder, still louder. *Poom whooooo!* and the ice-field was riven; from margin to margin the frost-crack went skirling.

Wah! baim! and it zigzagged in branches, so the Mink and the Muskrat in hiding were thrust into view. *Ping! zip!* and the frost-arrows pierced them.

Whoop-a-hy-a! whoop-a-hy-a! round and round in swirling snow and splintered trees and riven ice, with hurtling spears and glancing shafts; A TRAMPLING, A ROARING; up from the ice a mile on high and away, A TRAMPLING, A GLANCING, a trampling, a glancing, a twinkling; and fainter, a glancing, a glinting, a stillness—a stillness most awful, for this is the Peace of the Sun-god. This is the Peace in the dark of the darkest Moon. You may see it; I have seen it, away on the Chaska-water.





From a painting by Lucien Simon

BIGOUDINE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

THE BIGOUDINES

BY ANDRÉ SAGLIO

INTRODUCTION BY KATHARINE DE FOREST

THE heart of Brittany never changes, but its face is rapidly losing many of its prominent characteristics with the leveling influence of the French republic. It is only far out of the beaten track, now, or on special occasions like fêtes, that you see universally the costumes and customs of the old Armorican peninsula. Only an hour's journey from Quimper, the modernized chief town of Finistère, and you are among the Bigoudines, a people whose dress suggests the Eskimos and Chinese, whose faces are strongly Mongolian in type, and who in language, customs, and beliefs seem to have no relation with the

rest of France. More and more the picturesque problem they present is coming to attract attention. Artists, students, and tourists alike are fascinated by it. M. André Saglio, chief of the commission of the Beaux Arts for foreign countries, after spending many summers in the Bigoudine country, was much struck with the resemblance between the costumes and relics preserved in the ethnographical museums of Finland and other Northern countries and those of this strange Brittany clan. Several years of comparative research led to this article, which cannot fail to be of interest to every one, both on account

of the novelty of its subject and the art by which, simply through the choice and arrangement of a multitude of slight facts,

the mind is prepared to accept the theory that this people is actually a survival of a prehistoric age.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE AMONG THE BRETONS

BY the side of the ocean, quite at the end of Brittany, there lives a strange race of peasants.

With the great west wind, from one end of the country to the other you may hear the roar of the waves rushing through the granite fiords. The trees, fashioned by the tempests, have a monstrous appearance of life. Sea-gulls veer over the fields, swoop down, crying, and run over the short grass. Here and there rises an abandoned church, a gigantic monolith planted straight in the gorse, the rounded roof of a miraculous spring, or a great crucifix where the sorrowful-looking Christ has been pitted with black spots by the fierce rains, and covered with leprous patches of lichen.

Forty-five thousand souls live in this district, between the canton of Pont Croix on the north, the river Odet on the east, and the Atlantic on the west and south. They are called Bigoudines. The railway from Paris takes the traveler in fifteen hours by a single track from Rennes to Pont-l'Abbé, which is the heart of the country, and stops there. It is only a rare tourist who has the curiosity to penetrate still farther into this rude land, where hotels do not exist, and where hospitality is not in the customs of the people.

What would these poor folk have to offer the visitor, for that matter? Their little houses, built of rough stone, often have no other opening than the door; the thatched or tiled roofs generally protect only two rooms, one where the family eats and works, the other where it sleeps in its entirety. The beds are armoires of polished walnut studded with brass nails, alternating with other armoires for linen and provisions. All have uniform doors, closed during the day, so that they give the effect of one continuous piece of woodwork. At night the whole family stows itself away into these little unventilated cells; as children multiply, the others crowd together; the sole place for the stranger is the stable. With these people meat is a luxury only for fêtes, and even the bread—the coarse hard bread made from buckwheat—is

made to last a whole month. It is baked at home, and only after the last moldy morsel of the old loaf is finished is a new one made. With this bread they make the soup which forms their monotonous morning and evening repast, sometimes adding to it potatoes, which grow readily in that sandy soil, fertilized with seaweed, and are the only resources of the country. But you must have been accustomed from childhood to this coarse fare and the light cider with which they wash it down to be able to subsist on it.

If it is hard to know anything about the surface life of the Bigoudines, it is still more difficult to penetrate their thought; to know whether their brains are agitated by anything but the simple ideas of the very primitive peoples, the naive reveries of children, or whether they have preserved some vague traditions of the upheavals of humanity which have ended by casting them upon this extreme point of land. They speak a language which has no affiliation with any ordinary tongue. It is Breton, but a Breton full of unknown words and strange idioms, as yet unstudied by any philologist. As to the French language, they ignore it, intentionally ignore it. The first thing their young men do when they come back from their military service is to forget the few French words it taught them, and the laws obliging parents to send their children to the public schools so far never have made the slightest impression upon that part of Finistère.

The Bigoudines in no way mingle with the surrounding populations, not even with the fisherfolk who live along the shore, for whom they seem to have the usual antipathy of landmen for those who exploit the sea. From time immemorial they have married only among themselves, so that they have preserved in their faces two perfectly pure types, one flat and yellow, the other long and vivid orange, equally suggestive both of Laplanders and of North American Indians.

No change in the world has ever made them give up their costume, seen nowhere



Drawn by Adolf G. Döring from a photograph

BIGOUDINE TYPES

else in Brittany. For men it consists of wide black trousers, long waistcoats trimmed on the breast with heavy yellow embroidery, and very short coats edged with velvet and finished with shining buttons. The women wear two or three black skirts, rising in tiers one above the other, bordered with brilliant galloons, and embroidered bodices with double sleeves, the lower one gathered closely at the wrist. The other reaches just to the elbow, where it is turned back almost to the shoulder and covered with a sumptuous pattern, usually in vivid orange. They are always seen with an apron of bright-colored stuff, and a bonnet of spangled silk, over which they draw up a strand of hair from behind. This they surmount by two little white linen coifs, united and held in place by a ribbon called a *rogerer*. The thickness of their clothing, accented by this high, narrow head-dress, gives them a massive appearance, which they still further heighten by winding a roll of straw round their hips under their skirts, a curious sort of coquetry which proves that they still retain the ideal of beauty of the primitive patriarchs, who considered that woman the most attractive who appeared best fitted to bear a large family.

As for the children, they run freely about the roads with the hairy pigs and the tiny brindled cows, and in their tight jackets, as broad at the waist as at the shoulders, and in their stiff skirts, suggest cheap dolls. Up to the age of five or six the boys and girls dress exactly alike, except that the former have a pompon on

their bonnets and the girls a knot of ribbon.

To understand the intense attraction which this bit of Finistère has for the artist, the poignant seduction which year after year brings back to its entrance such painters as Lucien Simon and André Dauchez, you must add a description of the country itself to that of its inhabitants. You must imagine yourself under that immense expanse of sky, swept by great clouds pierced at every other moment with arrows of sunshine; on that flat stretch of soil, tinted with the entire gamut of grays, and with the intense black of the Bigoudine costume accented by the gold of its embroideries and the violence of color in its ribbons and aprons, to all of which nature responds only with the pale splendor of her velvet fields reddened by the sea breezes, the blond enamel of the mosses on the ashen-colored rocks, and the mirror of the sleeping marshes, in which are reflected all the changing hours of the day.

But, above all, what you must invoke is the tantalizing mystery overhanging this land, this extreme boundary of the Old World, which for centuries has been slowly wearing away under the fierce grasp of the ocean. Its melancholy is reflected in the faces of its inhabitants, the men and women who for an inappreciable length of time have been bending over its arid soil to wrest from it their meager livelihood; who by their manners, their beliefs, their language, even by their very blood, are isolated from the rest of France. Those who

do not follow the rising tide of progress must be swept away. This is a perishing race on a dying soil.

A strictly agricultural people, the Bigoudines do not know how to fight against their destiny. So pacific are they that they alone in all Brittany do not practise wrestling, and it is no doubt this eternal resignation to the law of the strongest which has saved them from extinction during the ages that have passed since the sea forced them to make this last halt in their flight before their conquerors. They know their helplessness, and have accustomed themselves to venerate through fear everything which appears unexpected or strange to them—the sun that makes the crops rise out of the ground, the water that leaps from the bowels of the earth, fire, rocks, big trees. Their puerile imaginations people the air with tyrannical and easily offended genii, ready to attack those who neglect to propitiate them by the rites demanded for every event in life. They believe that dwarfs roam about the moors, revenging themselves for the indiscreet curiosity of mortals; that the dead bear grudges which bring back their ghosts to the living at the fall of night. Their terrors are somewhat like those of beasts, so long accustomed to subjection that they fear the dead leaf rustling with the wind under their feet, the branches swaying in the forest, the shadow lengthening before them on the road.

The constant anguish of being surrounded even in the ordinary occupations of life by such a throng of supernatural and revengeful beings has, as a natural result, forced these poor people to invent ceremonies efficacious against their spells—favorable omens, objects with the power of annulling evil forces and protecting those who possess or wear them. They wear as amulets bizarre pebbles, which they call *men-quadir*. Rare plants, or plants picked under special circumstances, they believe will transform certain drinks into remedies against the plague and hydrophobia. The stone Loc en Pouldrenzic cures fevers, if the patient can be made to shiver three times before it; hemp carried to Penhors makes sheets which produce quiet sleep; water from the swamp of St. Ivy poured into the sleeves and stockings eases pain; that of the Fontaine de Clarté is efficacious for diseases of the

eyes; springs can be made propitious by offerings of pins and pieces of money. It would be easy to multiply examples of a fetishism which is also practised in many other parts of Brittany, but nowhere else is pushed to such an extent, or acknowledged so openly, as among the Bigoudines.

Catholic Christianity has made but little impression upon them. In the early Middle Ages, when the Christian apostles in Gaul reached the confines of Brittany they found in no way the resistance that without doubt they expected, and not one of them gained the palm of martyrdom. The good Ronan, the most celebrated of them, lived out in peace his long life in a hermitage in the forest of Nivet, dressed, says the legend, in the skin of a spotted heifer, with a twisted branch for his girdle, his drink the black water of the swamp, and his food bread which he baked in the ashes. When he died the people respectfully bore away his body on a cart drawn by two white bulls, and buried it on the summit of a hill overlooking the sea. So it would seem as though his work of conversion and evangelization ended in a triumph.

In reality, it amounted to absolutely nothing. In the crucifix, the holy water, the pictures of Christ, the Virgin, and the disciples, and in the ceremony of the mass, these old pagans in their simplicity saw only new fetishes, which they tranquilly added to the old ones. They even found no difficulty in adding to them. They converted all their legendary heads of clans into patron saints, and sometimes exalted in this way celebrated sorceresses whose renown was perpetuated in their songs and stories. Thus the Bigoudines have a St. Thudy, a St. Thumète, a St. Nonna, and many others quite unknown to Rome, whom they have created with the same naïveté of mind that has led them to plant crosses on their fairy stones. In a thousand years of untiring effort the church has never been able to advance in the slightest way the work of St. Ronan. Her only victories have been to erect chapels near the spots considered enchanted by the Bigoudines, to see that masses are said at the solemn "pardons" before the people abandon themselves to impious rites, and to place under a sacred invocation the pagan cult of certain natural forces; that of the sun, for instance,

worshiped on the festival of the summer solstice by the lighting of fires and by dances. This is the Fête de la St. Jean. Catholic Christianity, in short, has been able to add only its pomps, not its dogmas, to the idolatry which is the only and indestructible religion of the Bigoudines.

WHAT is the origin of these people?

This is the question which comes constantly to one's mind, and ends by taking possession of it entirely when one has

fronted by as old a problem, and one as much veiled in obscurity, as that of the origin of the races. As a matter of fact, we shall see that if, as is now conceded, these monstrous menhirs and dolmens are testimonials of the first concerted effort on the part of human beings, deductions as to the antiquity of the Bigoudines also lead back to a period when men, grouped for the first time into tribes, began the conquest of the world.

As to their early history, the little that



Drawn by Adolf G. Döring from a photograph

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noted everything that can be known about the Bigoudines—that is to say, everything that can be seen with the eyes. An extraordinary combination of chances has kept them so far apart from the evolution of the rest of the French nation that they have even escaped the notice of all the many travelers who have visited Finistère, from Flaubert or Édouard Vallin down. And the archaeologists who have gone there to study the megalithic monuments scattered all over the country never seem to have noticed the remarkable human beings living under their shadow, who perhaps better than anything else might have helped to clear up the mystery of these strange constructions.

For, in the total absence of written documents, of all critical study of their language and their customs, of any traditions about their arrival in this far-away land, the mind, reduced to nothing but speculations upon appearances, finds itself con-

can be gleaned of it amounts to nothing. They do not know how to write, and no savant has ever taken down either their legends or their songs. Their name is never mentioned in the histories which from the time of the Middle Ages have been made of Brittany. We may conclude from this that since the beginning of these chronicles this peaceful agricultural people has had no adventures separate from those of the masters who turn by turn subjected them.

We know that in the sixteenth century the greater part of their country belonged to the barons of Pont-l'Abbé, who were Rohans and Richelieus. These lords derived a revenue from the Bigoudines which amounted to fifty thousand livres, and they had also certain curious rights. They could demand a tax of fifty sous on every marriage, and the same amount for every change of domicile. The bailiffs charged with collecting the rents could avail them-

selves of the right to *viande à garçon*, in case the money was not forthcoming; this meant that they could consume on the spot as much meat as they wished until complete payment was made. To appreciate how much this was dreaded by the peasants, we must remember that even to-day the smallest piece of pork is a rare luxury with the Bigoudines.

Then during the religious troubles of the League, which up to the time of Henry IV harassed all Brittany, we hear of a gentleman pirate named Fontanelle, under whose dominion Pont-l'Abbé and all the country round about fell. His den was on the little island of Tristan, at the farther end of the Bay of Douarnenez, and there between his expeditions he held orgies, robed like a king in a mantle of velvet lined with ermine. One day Penmarch, a town on the very border of the Bigoudine country, for three hundred years a rival of Nantes, tempted him. Not a bourgeois there, says the legend, but drank from a silver cup. Fontanelle took possession of the place by surprise, and loaded a hundred and thirty boats with his plunder. Round about Penmarch, where his name is still preserved in the traditions, they will tell you how the pirate landed alone, mingled with the people in the port, and began to play quoits with the young men; but, while they used flat disks of iron, he threw écus of silver. Dazzled by this display of wealth, the people let him take possession of the forts, and the whole city yielded itself without resistance. A few years later the soldiers of the king succeeded in arresting Fontanelle, and his head was cut off in Paris, in the Place de Grève. But Penmarch never got back her prosperity, and the rise of Newfoundland as a competitor in her fishing trade finished her ruin.

In the great melancholy space which now stretches away on the spot where once was the town, the paths in the middle of the nineteenth century still bore names which evoked the splendid past—the "Street of the Merchants," the "Street of the Silversmiths," the "Street of the Money-changers." Six churches are left there: three have yet about them some poor remains of houses dating from the days of opulence; the rest are abandoned. The chief of these dominates with its crumbling skeleton the very edge of the

wave, wearing a name of triumphant hope which sends a pang to the heart—Our Lady of Joy. On a second, even more nearly ruined, you can still see the arms of the Templars. This powerful brotherhood of warlike monks possessed many estates in the country. It would seem that it had no more influence upon the religion of its vassals than the ordinary clergy, for toward 1630 a Jesuit named La Noblesse considered it his duty to organize missions to bring the people back to orthodoxy. Breton priests went preaching from house to house, fortified with pictures representing the torments in store for each of the mortal sins; they placed these about their pulpits, and pointed them out with their staves during their improvisations, in moments of pathos. Even now one can see these singular works of art in one corner of the museum of Quimper. For that matter, the missions go on to this day, and still make use of the paintings, taking good care, nevertheless, never to expose them to the possible chaff of strangers.

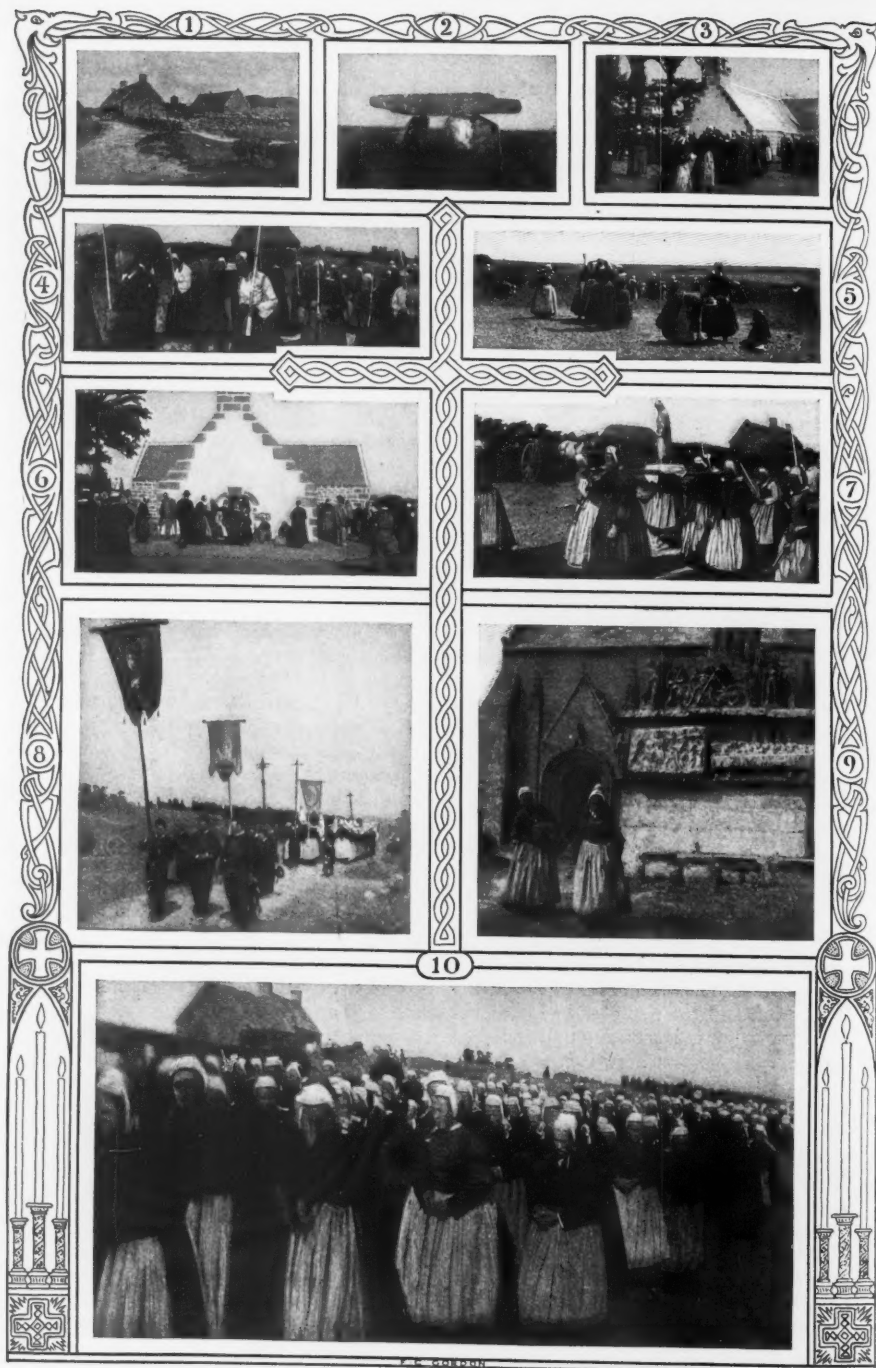
When, in looking backward, we have come to the second half of the Christian era, accurate historical souvenirs give place to the legends told all over Brittany about the country occupied by the Bigoudines. The existence of St. Ronan, however, is not doubtful, nor is his apostolate; but the imagination of the people has made both so fabulous that his biography is of no value to history. Poetry alone seems to take an interest in the fact that an angel clothed in white came to him, in the island of Hibernia, where he lived, and ordered him to go and evangelize the people of Cornouailles, or that a woman was swallowed up by the earth for having struck one of the oxen that drew his coffin.

The celebrity of King Gradlon, or of King March, both of whom did certainly live and reign in farther Brittany, is based equally upon facts of admirable improbability. A fragment of old Breton verse thus speaks of this Gradlon:

"Forester, forester, tell me; the horse of Gradlon, hast thou seen it pass in this valley?"

"I have not seen the horse of Gradlon pass this way; I have only heard it in the dark night—*trip, trep, trip, trep*, as swift as the fire!"

"Fisherman, hast thou seen the daughter of the sea combing her gold-blond hair



SCENES AMONG THE BIGOUDINES (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS)

in the midday sun on the edge of the flood?"

"I have seen the white daughter of the sea;
I have even heard her singing; her
songs were as plaintive as the waves."

March is the king with the horse's ears, uncle of that Tristan who died of grief for love of the beautiful Iseult of Ireland. Their epic adventures were the favorite theme of the bards of the Middle Ages, and it was by them that Wagner was inspired. But what an abyss there must be between the reveries of the musician and the barbarous reality or even the rudimentary tradition possibly preserved through the naïve brains of Bigoudine bardsmen!

BACK of the legends, still following the course of the ages to its early beginnings, we come upon nothing but black night, that profound and absolute night which envelops lost species and continents. Scientific men, nevertheless, by means of a bone crumbling into dust, an engraved stone upturned by a plowshare, a fragment of an ancient dialect mingled with a new one, have been able to reconstruct, at least for the mind, the nations that have been swallowed up by time. How can we refuse to believe that this same admirable method applied to a race not yet dead will be capable of clearing up the mystery of their origin, which will perhaps mean that of the first colonizers of Europe?

On first thought the hypothesis makes the brain reel, so fantastic seems the idea of studying in living men the human beings who, an incalculable number of years ago, were the first members of those great migrations which even history itself has left without a name. But no sooner have we started out in this path of observation than such a mass of generally accepted theories and established facts rises before us, each one strengthening and completing the other, that, little by little, back of the hypothesis light begins to dawn, and finally the truth to burst forth.

What physical upturning, what famine, or what rivalries, led the first human societies grouped in the north of Asia to dissolve and scatter like bees from an overcrowded hive? Perhaps they dispersed slowly, as, with the more highly perfected brains of men, curiosity began to grow and there came the necessity for conquest.

Some of the tribes went to the west and reached the American continent; others directed themselves toward the south toward India, through China; others marched west along the sea-shore. These, like their sister tribes, had among their traditions those of living on the products of the earth, and of domesticating certain species of animals, such as the reindeer, the horse, and the dog. They knew how to polish and point hard stones in such a way that these could be used as weapons and utensils. They honored all the beneficent and fertilizing forces, and rendered them homage by raising to heaven with their own hands great monoliths, or by constructing altars with flat stones, or by heaping together mounds of pebbles upon which they placed as precious offerings all their most necessary implements, their arrow-points and potteries. The unfriendly powers, such as sickness, hunger, death, and the uneasy spirits of the dead who had been buried in the ground, they also revered with sacrifices and propitiating ceremonies.

Along the farthest boundaries of Siberia passed these emigrants, leaving behind them their sacred constructions, so numerous that Nordenskjöld, who saw them from the sea, compared them to the ruins of the fabulous cities exterminated by a Timur or a Jenghiz Khan. In the steppes of Russia a few families stopped, satisfied with the pasture-lands they found there; others continued along the edge of the icy sea through Scandinavia to the British Isles; the greatest number kept on toward the west, leaving along their route their dolmens and menhirs. Finally they crossed the Vosges, and France, with its mild temperature and fertile soil, appeared to them, without doubt, as the goal of their long pilgrimage; for they settled over the country in every direction, and even went into Spain, as we can see from the line of the megalithic monuments.

Centuries and centuries passed by, and another troop of men arrived from the Orient. They were tall and robust; the high plateaus of India had been the cradle of their race. They knew how to make the earth produce abundantly, thanks to their plows of bronze; the metallic points of their boar-spears rendered them redoubtable, even though they were not warlike. Above everything else they adored the sun,

whose image upon earth is fire; they burned their dead. The men of polished stone fled before these invaders; many of them, nevertheless, submitted to the newcomers, and, confounding themselves with these, accepted their language and mingled their new gods with their own old ones.

Still another long period of time went by, and a third and last race appeared, coming from the east, where it had led a difficult existence in the Balkan Mountains. These excelled in forging a metal even harder than bronze—iron, with which they made deadly weapons; for they looked down upon peaceful labor in the fields, and loved only war, pillage, and dominion. These tribes bore the general name of Galates. They conquered the cultivators of France, and chased those who would not submit to them to the very confines of the country.

The last refuge of these primitive peoples was the Armorican peninsula called Brittany. There those who wished to remain faithful to the customs of their fathers could continue to speak their language, to raise stones to heaven according to the old form of worship, to render homage to the sun by fire and to the stars by dances recalling the regular movements of the heavenly bodies in their orbits. They kept, also, all the rites efficacious against the unfriendly forces, to which they paid such particular attention as to astonish even the Romans, who came later. Pliny wrote: "Brittany cultivates the art of magic with faith and with such ceremonies that you would say they had been transmitted from the Persians."

Little by little, nevertheless, civilization progressed, more invincible to the barbarians driven into this corner by the sea than the invasion of the Galates. And to-day, of all the tribes that came from Asia, one alone, the most distant, remains, as in the past, obstinately closed to all union with outsiders—the Bigoudines.

It is to this determination that the simple narrative of the establishment of the peoples in Europe, according to the latest scientific conclusions, must lead. And it is far more than a romantic hypothesis, since it is based upon the geographical situation of the country, upon the Asiatic type of its population, which strikes even the most casual observer, and upon the superstitious reverence its people have pre-

served for the monoliths that are so numerous everywhere. Still another source of proof, however, in default of any comparative research into the peculiarities of their language, gives a singular probability to this theory, and that is the relation between the beliefs and usages of the Bigoudines and those of the half-savage clans which still strew the route between Europe and Asia with huge sacred stones.

All the accounts of the travelers who have explored the most Northern countries, and who, unfortunately, have paid more attention to geographical or natural sciences than to ethnology, contain notes that enforce this comparison. Each of these peoples without exception has remained faithful to the practice of magic and to the belief in amulets, even though it has accepted without resistance the tenets of Catholicism. The Ostyaks respect certain springs and certain woods. The Finns venerate places which they consider sacred, and particular trees under which they perform their devotions. The Samoyeds have altars formed of heaps of stones where they place their most precious objects, especially fragments of metal, exactly as the Bigoudines make offerings to miraculous fountains with pins and bits of broken pottery. Among the Samoyeds, also, the women wear dresses conspicuous for two or three very brilliant bands of stuff, like those of the Bigoudine women. They do not turn up their hair behind, it is true; but this mode, which is so specially characteristic, exists with the Laplanders and the Eskimos.

In their habitations, however temporary they may be, their beds, as with the Bretons, are always hidden, at least by a cotton curtain. The Lettonians, the Esthonians, the Liwes, the Ingriens, the Tschérénisses, the Tschouwaches, the Nordwines, the Wotyaks, and the Wogouls have costumes that, except for extremely slight variations, are identical with those of the Bigoudines. Not a single one of these tribes, including even the people of the north of China, but offers a remarkable point of resemblance in the yellow it wears as mourning, which we find in the coifs of widows in the Bigoudine country.

We must remember in these deductions to be on our guard against laying ourselves open to the charge of overreaching the

limits of observation in order to confirm a seductive theory.

And yet why should it be astonishing that the great human wave which swept over Europe from Asia in the prehistoric ages yet marks with a little foam the limit

of its course? Is it not more marvelous still to find that in the twentieth century the oldest people of France has nothing of the type, the manners, or the character of the inhabitants of the rest of the country; that it is a race of barbarians—and Mongolians?



YOU AT SCHOOL

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

NOW and again you dream one special dream. Suddenly you find yourself back in school. There you are, a great awkward man, squeezing into the old familiar seat and essaying some strangely mixed-up lesson. And about you are the mates of yore, who have not, apparently, grown a bit.

Although they seem not to notice anything peculiar in your presence, nevertheless your position is decidedly embarrassing to you. You feel that you must mind the teacher, of course, and yet you cannot, for the life of you, get that lesson! What a gawk you are! And how in the world are you ever going to stand this awful reversal?

Then you awaken, and with a sigh of relief discover yourself, in the gray of the morning, safely brought down to date, in your bed.

And once more you sigh, but this time not in relief. It is a sigh tenderly laid by retrospection upon the urn of the past.

In your dream the school-room was unusually small, and your seat was constricted to the extent that your knees were tightly pressed against the under side of the desk, while the edge of it was creasing your stomach. However, probably it was not that the room and the seat had shrunk; it was that you had expanded beyond limits.

In the days when it was quite proper that you should be in school, the room was extensive indeed, and the seat was ample for innumerable wriggles. For in-

stance, it permitted you to slide down until, reaching forward with your two feet, you engaged the insteps of Billy Lunt, and hauling back with all your might, deliciously held him so that he could move only from the waist upward. Abruptly you released him, and his feet dropped with a big thump that made the teacher frown.

This seat and desk was your little state, surrounded by other little states similar to it, and all ruled by "teacher," who, like some Pallas Athena, from her Olympian platform surveyed and appraised, bade and forbade.

Your state was bounded on the rear by Snoopie Mitchell's, on the front by Billy Lunt's, on the right and the left by a river, or aisle, such as at regular intervals divided the country and opened up the interior to travel.

This was a country of equal suffrage; some of the states were feminine, some were masculine. All, but especially the masculine, were liable to internal troubles, produced through external agencies.

As example, the bent pin was an indefatigable disturber of the peace. It would intrude at the slightest opportunity, and the first thing that you knew it was in your midst—almost literally. The canny explored their seat of state (or their state of seat, if preferred) with their hands, before venturing to settle for the pursuance of routine duties.

Poor, long-suffering Billy Lunt (yet poor

you, as well; for although you are behind him, the mischievous Snoopie is behind *you*). Down he plumps, and up he jumps with a wild "Yow!" at which your whole being exults even while your heart beats uneasily. You descry, where he is frantically clutching, the steely glint of *it*!

"Will, sit down!" thunders the teacher.

This, forsooth, is adding insult to injury; for had he been able to sit, assuredly he would not thus have arisen. In a moment he cautiously, gingerly obeys, at the same time holding into sight the pin, as though it were a monstrosity, so that all must see.

To "yow" very loudly, and to expose the cause with great ostentation to the utmost publicity, was the resort of every pin-afflicted petty ruler.

"John, did you put that pin on Will's seat?" demands the teacher.

The wave of sniggers that had swelled during Billy's antics ebbs and dies, and all the world listens for your reply.

With the frankest astonishment — astonishment that ought to have completely turned suspicion—you have been gazing at the Lunt performance. Has he gone crazy? What can ail him? Who could have done it to him?

This simulated wonder is *your* part of the program—your voluntary part, that is.

"John, I ask you if you put that pin there," reiterates the persistent examiner, judge, and executioner.

And now that the glamour of the deed has faded, how you wish that you had *not*! For the voluntary part of the program is always followed by an involuntary part.

All in all, the possession of a state in these united states is fraught with peril. So much is prohibited. It is unlawful to have a poor memory or a dull brain or a careless tongue; it is unlawful to carry on intercourse, either written or oral or by signs, with neighbor states; it is unlawful

to import articles for consumption—such as cinnamon drops, or lemon drops, or jubbe, or licorice; while to import gum is a capital offense.

Nevertheless, gum is imported and secreted by being stuck to the inner surface of the desk-top, thence to be peeled off at recess and at closing-time, and chewed.

Sometimes it is forgotten, and the janitor contemptuously scrapes it to the floor for his dust-heap, or a successor to you rapturously finds it. Whenever one moves into a new state, one runs a pleasurable chance of discovering a gum-deposit.

The principal penalties are "staying-after-school," "getting-sent-home," and "lickin's."

It is the close of a day in this despotic monarchy, and the despot has tapped her bell for books to be put away. The next tap will mean dismissal; but between taps comes the allotment of punishments.

You reflect—and regret. There was once during the day when you asked Billy Lunt if he had "the first example."

You whispered it very circumspectly, but the unruly sibilants in your tones somehow spread into the open. "Teacher" pricked her ears in your direction, and with her pencil she apparently made a memorandum upon her ready slip.

Was it your name she jotted? Or was it Billy's? He was in the act of showing you his slate. You are ungenerous enough to hope that it was Billy's.

In the meantime you hold your breath (as, in similar anxiety, round about you do your compatriots, save the goody-goodies and the "teacher's pets," whose names never are read) and listen.

The kids are going swimming; the signal has been passed along. You have set your heart upon going with them. Consequently, never have you felt so repentant, so full of high resolves and the best intentions, and



"TEACHER"

your appealing gaze might well have moved a stone, much less a teacher.

"Those whose names I read may remain," she announces calmly: "Sam Jessup, Dolly Smith, Horace Brown, Leonard Irving, Patrick Conroy, Olga Jansen, *John Walker!*"

Crushed, you hear the second tap; freed, the others rise; out they file, but you stay behind—you and a few companions in misery scattered at wide intervals through the nearly deserted room.

From without sound gay shouts and laughter, growing fainter and fainter, and dying in the distance.

You are marooned.

"Take your books and go to work at some lesson!" orders the teacher.

Maybe, if you strive hard and obediently, she will let you go soon. Some of the prisoners shuffle angrily, and rebelliously bang things about in their desks; but you promptly open your geography, and hoping that her eye is noting you, pretend to apply yourself to its text. Silence falls, broken only by the measured *tick-tock* of the clock on the wall.

Presently you glance up. Five minutes have passed. "Teacher," with eyes fastened upon her desk, is engaged in correcting a quantity of exercises. She seems to pay not the slightest attention to the clock.

You give a weary little shuffle—your first— and turn a page.

Two more minutes. Even yet you could catch the kids. How good you are! But, blame it, what is the sense, if she does not notice?

Tick-tock, tick-tock, repeats the monitor on the wall, checking off the wasted moments.

Ten minutes! Is she going to keep you all night? Does n't she see what time it is getting to be? You make a lot of noise, to warn her; but she never looks. For all that is evident, she might have for-

gotten the existence of you and everybody else. She simply goes on reading and marking.

Twelve minutes. You raise your hand. You keep it raised. You shuffle some more, and you cough, and you shuffle again.

"Well, John, what is it?" she vouchsafes in a tired voice.

She has heard you all the time, but you don't know it. Neither do you know that she has been reading you while reading scrawly exercises.

"How long do I have to stay?"

"Until I tell you you may go."

Fifteen minutes. You throw off your hypocritical sainthood, and you lapse into your genuine boiling, raging self. Darn her! Darn the teacher! Darn the old teacher! What does she care about going swimming? She just wants to keep a fellow in! You'll show her sometime! And you shuffle and scrape and kick and bang, and she apparently pays not the

least heed to it.

The darned old thing (although, in truth, she is *not* old, save in boy eyes and in boy ways)!

Twenty minutes! Darn the—

"You may go now, Johnny."

She cuts your condemnatory sentence right in the middle; and not finishing it, you hastily throw the geography into your desk, and make for the door. On your way you dart a glance at her, wondering if she knows what names you have been calling her. She smiles at you, and you feel rather sheepish.

After all, you have time for a swim, delightfully prefaced by throwing mud at the whole crowd in ahead of you.

Staying-after-school is a penalty for misdemeanors; for crimes there is "getting-sent-home"—not bad at all until you get there, furnishing, as it does, a vacation—and "lickin's," which sounds worse than it really is.



"STAYING-AFTER-SCHOOL"

"Lickin's" don't hurt half the time. Never would a boy admit, outside, that a licking hurt; he "bellered just for fun"! The fact is, lots of the kids declared they had rather take a licking than be kept after school, for a licking was soon over, and then you were through.

But by virtually unanimous vote the kids all asserted that they had rather be licked, any day, or stay after school for a whole month, than "speak."

It is Friday afternoon—a fateful Friday when sashes and squeaky shoes and slicked hair and significantly arrayed chairs herald "speaking day." And you are among the elect, as testify your red tie without and your uneasy heart within.

Early the books are put away, and with the clearing of the desks are cleared also the metaphorical decks.

A bustle is heard at the threshold, and in come the first of the visitors—a pair of mothers. Whose mothers they are is speedily indicated by the flaming ears of a very red girl and a very red boy, at whom, as the intelligence spreads, all the school looks.

The mothers rustle chairward, settle into place, and smilingly wait.

Another bustle! More visitors! Out of the corner of your eye you slant one apprehensive glance in their direction, and then you quickly turn your head the other way. It is *your* mother. You felt it even before Snoopie gave you a painful telegraphic kick. She has come. She said that she might. You have been alternately hoping and fearing. Now you know.

In impish ecstasy Snoopie keeps dealing you irritating jabs. *His* mother *never* comes.

Teacher moves from the platform and seats herself at one side. It is the final preparation. In her hand she holds the list of prospective performers, and somewhere adown it is your name.

You would give worlds to know just where—just whom you follow. The chief agony attached to the afternoon is in the racking uncertainty as to when one



"NINA GOTTLÖB. COMPOSITION: 'KINDNESS'"

will be called upon. The nearer the top of the list, the better, for thereafter one will be free to revel in the plight of others. But to be reserved until toward the last, and to sit in a cold sweat through most of the afternoon—ah, this is the suspense that fairly curls one's toes!

Listen! She is going to read.

"Harry Wilson. Recitation: 'George Nidiver.'"

Amid oppressive silence Harry clumps up the aisle, and stumbling miserably on the platform step receives a tribute of grateful titters. Teacher taps rebukingly with her pencil, and frowns. Harry bobs his head for a bow, and, white and blinky, proceeds:

"Men have done brave deeds,
And bards have sung them well:
I of good George Nidiver
Now the tale will tell.

"In California mountains
A hunter bold was he:
Keen his eye and sure his aim
As any you should see.

"A little Indian boy
Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
The hunter's meal to share."

You would bask the more unrestrictedly in Harry's presence did you not see in him your unlucky self; and while he is speaking you feverishly go over and over parts of your own piece.

As Harry approaches the end, his pace grows faster and faster, until at a gallop he dashes through the concluding stanza, offers a second bob in lieu of other punctuation, long lacking, and clumps back to his seat, where he grins rapturously, as if he had at last had a tooth pulled.

How you envy Harry's light-heartedness as with bated breath you strain your ears for the next announcement!

This proves to be "Nina Gottlob. Composition: 'Kindness.'" After Nina somebody else, not you, is summoned; and thus name after name is read, with you hang-

ing on by your very eyebrows, before, at the most unexpected moment, come to you, like the crack o' doom, the words: "*Johnny Walker*. Recitation: 'The Soldier of the Rhine.'"

The teacher looks at you expectantly. Snoopie trips you as you tower into the aisle. Oh, the tremendous distance which you, all feet and arms, traverse in getting to the platform! You mount; and here you stand, a giant, and bow. Away below, and stretching into space remote, are faces of friends and enemies — the ones (mostly those of little girls) gravely staring at you, and the others twisted into hideous grimaces calculated to make you laugh. As in a dream you witness your mother gazing up at you with beaming, prideful, but withal anxious eye.

Very vacant-headed, you drag from your throat a thin stranger voice which says:

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing,
there was dearth of woman's tears,"

and mechanically maintains the narrative for some moments, and then on a sudden peters out!

You cast about for something with which to start it up again, but you light upon nothing. All the faces in front watch you curiously, amusedly, grinningly. Helpless, you look in the direction of Billy Lunt, upon whose desk, as you passed, you had laid the book, that he might prompt you, if necessary.

Billy has lost the place, and is desperately running his forefinger adown the page.

"Tell my mother that her other sons—" presently he assists, in husky tones; and, as if set in motion by the vibrations, your voice, with an apologetic "Oh, yes," goes ahead once more.



"A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION LAY DYING IN 'ALGIERS'"

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was ay a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier—"

And so forth.

Several times it stops again, but Billy sits alert to fill in each hiatus; and vastly relieved in mind you triumphantly regain your seat, only to ascertain, to your disgust, that you are the last of the afternoon's victims.

Escape from this despotism of school, with its penalties and speaking and other disagreeable features, which combined to outweigh any possible advantages or profit, was always engaging in prospect, although

apt to be unsatisfactory in realization.

You longed to be a man. You wondered how it would seem to walk about paying no attention whatsoever to the old bell. Were the people outside the school aware of their fortunate state? Gee!

It was an odd fact that in the week the finest and most interesting days, out of doors, habitually were Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday—and Sunday. The best fishing invariably came on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—and Sunday. You always felt the most like having fun on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—and Sunday. What was measly little Saturday, eclipsed so by these other days all-glorious without!

If your folks were only like Snoopie's folks you could play hooky once in a while. Snoopie asserted that his father "did n't care." Yours did—very much.

The sole recourse which remained for you was being sick; and inasmuch as the real article was annoyingly scarce with you, it was requisite that you manufacture some substitute.

'T is a spell of beautiful weather—the kind of weather that came, as aforesaid, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays,

Thursdays, Fridays—and Sundays. Your feet lagged to school, and your heart kept pace with them. Now you are idling in your seat, utterly unable to work. A vagrant bee hums in through an open window, and hums out through another. A woodpecker drums, as on a sounding-board, upon the spire of the Congregational church. A blue jay screams derisively, like

You will be sick in the morning.

Accordingly, with great languidness you flop into your chair at breakfast, and carefully dawdle over your food. You endeavor not to eat, although, as luck would have it, the menu is one of which you are particularly fond. But so much the better.

"Why, John, you are n't eating! Is n't



"I WANT TO GET UP"

an exultant truant, among the elms arching the street in front. All these things upset you, stirring as they do the *Wanderlust* of boyhood.

The sky never has been so blue, the grass and the trees never so green, the sunshine never so golden, nor the air so mellow, as at recess.

You hate school. You don't want to go in. Snoopie volunteers:

"Let's play hooky this afternoon, and go fishin'!"

"My father won't let me," you declare.

"Aw, come on. He'll never know," scoffs Snoopie.

But he would, just the same.

The only chance you have is to be sick.

It is over-late to be sick to-day, for there is a ball game after school, and you are to take part. If you are sick this evening, when the sports of the day are finished, your mother will accuse you of having played too hard, and such a notion would turn your attack into a boomerang.

the breakfast good?" exclaims mother, instantly noting.

"Yes, 'm."

"Then why don't you eat it?"

"Come, eat your breakfast, Johnny," supplements father.

"I don't want to," you plead.

"Don't you feel well?" asks mother, anxiously.

"Not very."

"Where do you feel sick?"

"Oh, my head aches."

"Give me your hand."

You lay it in hers, and she thoughtfully holds it and scrutinizes you.

"I do believe that the boy has a little fever, Henry," she says to father.

"Maybe he's caught cold. Better have him keep quiet to-day," suggests father. "I'll do his chores this morning."

You really begin to feel ill, the word "fever" has such a portentous sound. And you thereby submit the easier to being stowed upon the sofa against the wall,

your head upon a pillow and the ready afghan over your feet and legs.

"There 's so much measles about now; don't you think we ought to have Dr. Reese come in and look at him?" remarks mother to father, in that impersonal mode of conversation, like an aside, which seems to presuppose that you have no ears.

"N-n-no," decides father. "I 'd wait and see if he does n't feel better soon."

In his eye there is a twinkle, at which mother's face clears, and they exchange glances which you do not comprehend.

The first bell rings. The chattering boys and girls on their way to school pass the house. But no school for you, you bet! And the last bell rings. As you hark to some belated, luckless being scampering madly by, you hug yourself. Let the blamed old bell bang; you don't care!

The summons dies away in a jarring clang. Here you are, safe.

You remain prone as long as you can, but your sofa-station at last grows unbearably irksome. It is time that you pave the way for more action. Mother is bustling in and out of the room, and you are emboldened to hail her:

"I want to get up."

"Not yet," she cautions. "Lie quiet and try to go to sleep."

Sleep!

She places her cool palm, for a moment, upon your forehead.

"I don't think that you 've got much fever, after all," she hazards. "But lie still."

Out of policy you strive to obey for a while longer, but every muscle in your eager body rebels. You twist and toss; you stick up one knee, and then the other, and then both at once; and finally a leg dangles to the floor over the outer edge of your unhappy bed.

"I want to get up. I feel lots better," you whine.

"No," rebukes mother, firmly. "Papa said that you were to keep quiet."

"But I will be quiet," you promise.

"W-well, only you must not go out-doors," she warns.

However, anything to be released from that narrow sofa; so off you roll, and apply yourself further to the delicate business of gaining health not too rapidly, yet conveniently.

It appears, however, that, according to some occult line of reasoning, "a boy who is not well enough to do his chores or go to school is not well enough to play"! The more vigorous you wax, the more this maxim is rubbed into you.

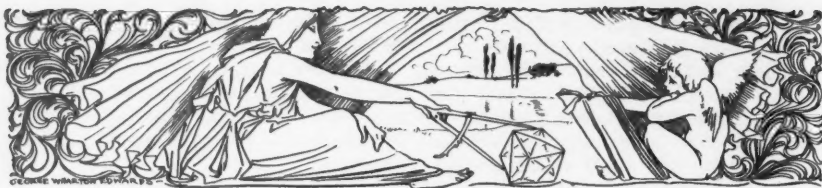
When the afternoon has fairly set in, you have become so very, very well that in your opinion you may, without risk of a relapse, play catch against the barn—which, of course, would be a preliminary warming up, leading to meeting the kids after school. You propose the half of your project to your mother; but she sees only impropriety in it, and proffers that if you really need exercise you may finish uncompleted chores!

After school you hear the other boys tearing around; but you must "keep quiet"! The only consideration won by your suddenly bursting health is intimation from mother that unless you moderate, you will be deemed strong enough to stand a "good whipping."

In fact, the whole bright day proves more of a farce than you had anticipated. What is the use of being sick, if you are not allowed to have any fun?

By bedtime your mysterious malady is by common consent a thing of antiquity, and in the morning you go to school.

THE time arrives when you go no more. You yourself are now of that free company whom you have so envied. Yet it does not seem such a wonderful company, after all. You find that your position still has limitations. When you had lived within, it was permitted you to pass and mingle with the life without; but now that you have chosen the without, not again may you pass within, save in dreams.



THE DAILY WALK OF THE WALKING DELEGATE

BY FRANKLIN CLARKIN

THE FIRST WALKING DELEGATE



IN an old "American Federationist" you may read how the first walking delegate came into being. He was James Lynch of New York. He himself tells of learning his trade as carpenter with his father, and of joining a union in 1872. Hard times drifted him West. Seven years later, prosperity returning, he was back in New York, serving on the executive committee of the carpenters, and lobbying at Albany, under pay, for new labor legislation. That was the time when all New York wanted "brownstone fronts." Much of the work was being sublet, or "lumped." Builders would undertake a block of houses seven hundred feet long. They would give the setting of door-frames to one lot of carpenters, and the making of casings to another, which led, Lynch relates, "to special classes of workmen known as 'door-hangers,' etc. These men were outside the union and worked all sorts of hours."

Their offense is not clear: doing piece-work, probably, for piece-work means that a worker is paid for what he does. He may be so deft that he can do twice as much as the dull or lazy fellow at his elbow, and earn double the wages; or so ambitious for a stouter pay-envelope at the end of the week that he works as long as he pleases in a day. This ever has been intolerable to unionism, which uses the

dawdler to set the pace, so that in the long run more men shall be required, and wages made the same for "those who do well and wisely as for those who do ill and foolishly." I must add that the intention is to take care of the man of less capability.

"In desperation," writes the first walking delegate, "it was decided to pay a representative to keep after these men; so in July, 1883, a walking delegate of carpenters was authorized, and I was appointed."

Neither the carpenters nor the builders welcomed his advent. "I found the position," he abruptly concludes, "anything but pleasant. Although of a peaceful disposition, I was plunged into continual war. My presence on a job was an irritation to the employer as well as to the non-union men, and not infrequently some of the union men envied me, little knowing the sorrows of my lot."

SAM PARKS'S METHODS

PARKS of the Housesmiths' Union, in boastings, testimonies, and interviews, has told of some of the distresses of the present-day walking delegate. Parks has the notion of some practical politicians, that to gain ascendancy among men you must show yourself able to give hard knocks. He early learned to fight, in logging-camps, on the lake boats, along the docks, on the railroads, in construction camps. "I like a fight," he declares. "It is nothing after you've risked your life bridge-riveting at three dollars a day. In organizing men in

New York I talked with them at first nice and pleasant, explaining how they could be better off in a union. Bosses began to learn that I was about and pretty busy; and they had men stationed around to 'do' me. But they could not keep me off a job. I sneaked up ladders and elevator-shafts, stole up on beams, waited for the men on cellar doors where they ate dinner. Some did not believe unions would be good for them; and I gave them a belt on the jaw. That changed their minds. Lots of men can't be moved by any other argument."

He could not hold members in the union by the same primitive method. Convinced against their wills, they were impatient for promised benefits. So when his organization was strong enough to "keep scabs off the jobs," Parks compelled contractors, one at a time, to "recognize" and have dealings with the organization he had produced. He made it a point to learn when they were under bonds to complete their undertakings within a certain time. Then, as he says, to keep men contentedly paying dues to his union, he would make a demand for increase of wages. "Contractors would refuse, and I would order out the workers. We would win. This year the scale was fixed at four dollars and a half a day, which is half a dollar more than I promised. We are going to get five dollars, and then we'll stop. Capital has some rights."

Reluctant as they had been to join, members became tolerant of Parks and his union, and now when you marvel how they can put up with a walking delegate like him, convicted of obtaining money by selling out a strike, they answer: "He brought us four dollars and a half a day instead of two, and if he 'soaked' the bosses for his own pocket, why, it does n't come out of us."

Parks's union was a machine. A membership of three thousand sent scarcely sixty to the meetings, and there was nothing in the constitution which said that a convicted blackmailer should not boss it.

"Nothing in our constitution or by-laws," said a responsible labor leader to me, "prohibits a pickpocket from being a walking delegate or a walking delegate from being a pickpocket. If he is caught picking pockets, it is the business of constables and courts to deal with and punish him—not

ours. All we ask is that he shall get us more pay for less work."

THE RULE OF PERSONAL CAPRICE

THE easiest of all the walking delegate's shortcomings to illustrate by anecdote is that arbitrariness, fickleness of preference, enforcement of mere personal caprice, which employers oftenest complain of. Indeed, there is something of his most objectionable principle of rule in nearly every account of his actual doings. This makes it difficult to separate distinctly the faults of the walking delegate from the faults of the union, since he is the approved embodiment of its policy. Seldom is he unable to gain formal sanction for his most self-willed exploits. Witness the recent happening in the cap-factory of R—— Brothers, New York, where this supervisor of union affairs fined a cutter twenty-five dollars for using a knife that was longer than the union permits. "Why punish him so severely?" inquired a man at the next bench. "Shut your mouth," returned the delegate. "As a union man, I am entitled to an answer," insisted the other. At that the delegate petulantly called all the unionists out of the shop until the inquisitive cutter had been dismissed. The manufacturers asked the delegate: "Why must this man leave our employ?" And he replied: "Because I don't want to see his face again."

Two of the foremost New York architects were troubled for some time to discover why, without any warning, one of their buildings had been "struck." No one seemed to know. "One day," they relate, "a subcontractor came in. 'If you want to settle that strike,' he said, 'I'll tell you how.' 'Go ahead,' we replied. 'Break your contract with Smith, who is to do the painting.' 'But we have no contract with him; we've merely talked with him about taking this job; and, anyway, his part would not come for six months yet.' 'Never mind; it's because a walking delegate heard you had a contract with him that he complained and had all the men quit.' 'What led him to complain?' 'Why, if you really had contracted with that painter it would mean that he would employ a decorator that the walking delegate had a grudge against.'"

The Whitehall Building in Battery Place

was nearly completed when the superintendent hired an ordinary union plumber. The walking delegate called a plumbers' strike because the master plumber had not been asked to hire the man. After a week a demand was made for the discharge of the workman so irregularly engaged, and also for "waiting time" for all the men who had struck. The plumber was presently discharged; but the builder hesitated at paying waiting time. Then all the men on the building, of all trades, were ordered out. Weeks of bargaining brought a proposal that the owners of the building should bind themselves and their "heirs and assigns" never to employ in that building any plumbers except through a master plumber! This the owners rejected. Then came another proposition. It was that the owners should purchase all the required marble basins from a certain man at seventy dollars each. To this they agreed, although they could have obtained the same basins elsewhere at fifty dollars. Following this came dickering about other equipment, until the distracted owners determined to put in no basins at all.

OVERLAPPING JURISDICTION

PRESIDENT GOMPERS of the Federation of Labor has cautioned his subordinates that "the danger which above all others threatens not only the success but the very existence of the Federation is the question of jurisdiction." Now and then one union absorbs another to do away with conflict, but the walking delegate continues to figure in such incidents as these:

Some electricians, union men, were drilling holes in an iron elevator-frame to affix lighting-wires. Discovered by a walking delegate of the Inside Iron Workers, a complaint was presented that this was not permissible. So, to avoid trouble, the man responsible for the construction said: "All right; let the inside iron-workers do it. What do I care?" The inside iron-workers came; but all they did was to stand about while the electricians completed the task, and the only difference was that two sets of workmen drew pay for the same job.

In Pittsburg a builder, delayed, but at last successful, in finding the proper workmen to remove from the rain some delicate bricks intended for indoor decoration,

anxiously began himself to help them. He was interrupted by a walking delegate, and warned that if he did not stop doing such work himself a strike would be ordered on his whole building. "It was," remarked the builder afterward, "as if a farmer, trying to get his hay under shelter from a coming shower, had been informed that if he touched a finger to a rake he would be deprived of all farm-hands for the haying season!"

On a recent Friday a New York builder prepared to lay some cement so that it should solidify by Monday, and as the mason's laborers, who usually do such work, were busy, he got the excavators to help him out. "A walking delegate came along," he relates, "and gave the whistle. All the men went out. It cost me seventy-five dollars to settle." Another contractor wanted to run a temporary pipe on a building so that the plasterers who were at work could get water on each floor. "I told the elevator man to put up the pipe or get the hoisting man to do it. After a while he called me up on the telephone: 'If I do that, the plumbers will go out.' I answered: 'Then, for the sake of peace, let the plumbers do it.' Presently I received a message to the effect that if the plumbers did it, the steam-fitters would strike!"

AGAINST ARBITRATION

LAST year's experience having shown that unions could not be trusted to keep agreements, a Rochester packing-house declined to sign a new one unless the unions would execute a bond for faithful observance. There was still in force a contract with the sausage-makers, but next day these men were ordered by the walking delegate not to report for work. That violation of contract strengthened the company in their purpose: they would pay union wages and observe union rules, but they would not sign an instrument which bound only the party of the first part. They put new men in the strikers' places, and presently, as in so many strikes where the sullen, unimproved intelligence of the walking delegate is the directing and obstinate power, and failure means the dissolution of his machine, the butchers' delegate proposed that all the men be taken back, the agreement signed, and then, he promised, "the company would be allowed to discharge them all the

following day." The object was to have a victory for the walking delegate announced. He must win, even at the sacrifice of his poor followers.

Agreements to arbitrate are an incentive to disturbance, for the walking delegate has been surprised to find that arbitration does not mean that his side will invariably be favored in the decision. Investigation may reveal that, instead of higher wages, the condition of a business may rather urge a recommendation that wages be reduced. It has ended in that unexpected manner several times. Moreover, the walking delegate becomes somewhat superfluous after it has been agreed that a selected board shall determine the equities between employers and employed.

Of many authenticated records at hand of the calling of strikes in violation of signed engagements, it is necessary to cite but one. C—— & Sons, a firm of pipe-makers of Chicago, dismissed a pipe-cutter because, on command of a walking delegate, he suddenly refused to go on with work he had been doing for more than union wages. They dismissed him because while in their pay he took orders from an outsider. The walking delegate asked that the man be taken upon the pay-roll again. "We will leave it to arbitrators," conceded the firm.

"To —— with arbitration!" exclaimed the delegate.

"You forget we have a signed agreement with the union to settle disputes that way."

"Agreement be ——! I won't refer this to a committee. It will be settled right now, with me. I'll call your men out at once." He did; and they went.

ABOVE COURTS AND THE UNION

T—— BROTHERS threw a walking delegate out of their Chicago office, with interesting consequences. When ex-Mayor Fagan of Hoboken knocked one down in his mill-yard for "making trouble among men on strike," a suit for three hundred dollars' damages was brought in the criminal court, and Mr. Fagan was required to pay the doctor's bill and the delegate's loss of time—forty-seven dollars altogether. But in the matter of T—— Brothers the union set itself up as court, imposed a "fine" of one hundred and fifty dollars on the firm,

and adjudged that they must give bond in another one hundred and fifty dollars, to be deposited with the union, that they would keep the peace. The details are of some importance: the delegate had been thrust through the office door because he was recognized as an anarchist, not as a trade-unionist. He returned, took off his spectacles, bristled for a fight, and was again put out. His companion, who really represented the unions which had to do with that shop, and who was listened to, called a strike, and afterward got the union to impose the fine and bond.

"We won't pay money," answered one of the partners, "but we will let Gompers decide between us."

The Federation's president advised a note "expressing regret" and "promising to accord the usual privileges and courtesies" thereafter. In precisely his terms the partners wrote a letter, and with a committee of the union signed an agreement as to hours, wages, etc. Scarcely had it been signed before the walking delegate, holding himself superior to his union, repudiated it, and the strike remained in force. He seemed to need to be disciplined, but Gompers said he could not undertake it; so T—— Brothers immediately summoned non-union workers, reopened the shop, and are now peaceably operating it, with no walking delegate at liberty to enter.

BETRAYAL OF THE WORKINGMAN

THE walking delegate has more methods of selling out workingmen than the social reformer has of insuring them advancement.

It must be known to many persons besides the District Attorney of the County of New York how the construction of the house of a prominent Fifth Avenue club was delayed. Mr. Jerome found that seventeen thousand dollars had to be paid to lift the ban upon its progress. The Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators, which had ordered operations to stop, had no membership in the Building Trades (walking delegates') Council. Five members of that council are supposed to have shared the seventeen thousand dollars; at any rate, the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators suddenly became entitled to representation, and that central power

immediately was persuaded that the erection of the club building should go on.

In the recent trial which resulted in the conviction of Sam Parks of extortion, a Jersey City employer named Plenty testified that he went to Parks's house to see if there was a way to settle his strike. Said Parks:

"Yes, in a business way. That's the way all strikes are settled. What's the size of your contract?"

It was five thousand five hundred dollars, which gave a clue to the proper charge to make, and Parks fixed on two hundred dollars, adding: "I have settled a big thing to-day, and this is my share," and he pulled out a roll with a five-hundred-dollar gold certificate for a wrapper. In the back room of a saloon Parks was handed a check.

"You do not expect me to put my name on the back of that, do you? Where's the money?"

Cash for the check was obtained "at Lynch's saloon." Parks put twenty-five dollars in one pocket, and one hundred and seventy-five dollars in another, and then called in the delegate whose special beat was Jersey City. Pointing his thumb toward Mr. Plenty, the employer, he commanded:

"Now, you let Plenty alone, and we'll take care of you."

In the building trades it has not been unusual to "take care of" all walking delegates. One of them arrives at a unionized uncompleted structure, and being privileged to enter and consult each man, finds, perhaps, that a plasterer has no card. The delegate looks up the builder, and he, eager to complete his contract on time, proposes that the non-union plasterer be made union. "Initiate him now," he continues; "I'll pay his fee." The builder passes ten dollars to the delegate,—for his courtesy,—and the non-union plasterer is safely unionized, and the fee does not necessarily go to the union. Another builder intercepts the delegate before he has passed among the men, hails him jovially, and takes him around the corner for a drink. "This building is all right," he assures the artless one, slipping a bank-note to a ready palm; and the act betokens such a decent sort of employer that the delegate cannot doubt his word.

Of a more downright kind was the Pittsburgh tile-manufacturer, secretary of the Builders' Exchange League, of whom a

walking delegate requested a private interview.

"You are employing a non-union man," opened the delegate.

The tilemaker hesitated. "Come down to business," said he.

"I've been to some expense to go out to see whether the complaint had any foundation."

"How much expense?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Much as that? Don't you know that you can't get a bribe out of me?"

"There's no bribe about it. That's what you owe the union."

"I intend to go on owing it; but I'll first get a formal statement of account."

It was found that the union had not been consulted; that no report had been made to it; and at a disturbed meeting the delegate was rebuked (but not dismissed).

"I'll fix you for that," he threatened the tilemaker.

"Not if I see you first," was the response.

"Anyway, I'll put you out of business!"

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

UNION by-laws and constitutions do not divulge the walking delegate as he is. His activities, according to these, are such benign ones as finding work for the idle, revealing injustices, pleading with employers to be kind, carrying benefits to the sick, providing decent burial for the dead—in short, to wipe every tear from every eye. What they really are may be discerned in what those who deal with him are willing, in fearless moments, to tell about the things he does in his daily walk, and best perhaps in what the courts reveal.

"What right had you to demand the ten thousand dollars from Colonel Baird and the Brooklyn employers?" Donald Call, walking delegate, was asked on the witness-stand. He answered:

"It was to pay for the expenses of the strike in 1894."

"For a strike eight years back?"

"Yes."

"You testified that you first demanded fifty thousand dollars."

"Oh, that was only a bluff."

"Has your union been in the habit of making these collections?"

"Yes; it is done by all unions."

"Now tell me this: What did you men offer in return for this ten thousand dollars?"

"We were going to unionize the employers' shops."

It was brought out subsequently that the money was deposited in shares to the personal accounts of six walking delegates and leaders. It has been disclosed by various actions that to have the power to order strikes or recommend boycotts is a means of easy gain.

CONSPIRACY WITH EMPLOYERS

AFTER unionizing a trade, the walking delegate often enters into negotiations with the contractors, and together they form a coalition for mutual profit. Every one knows that in several parts of the country brickmakers and bricklayers are in close touch. Five months ago an "outside" firm took a contract for the work on a grain-elevator near South Chicago. When they went to purchase the tiling from members of the brickmakers' combination, none would sell to them. They went to an Indiana tile-works and got what they wanted; but when the tiling arrived in Chicago, and they had men well started on the construction, a walking delegate appeared and told the layers that they must quit, as there was an understanding with the brickmakers' association that labor should not be done for "outsiders."

In New York and Chicago there have been such checking and balancing of greedy knaveries that, unless one admits the mercenary singleness of the interest which nine tenths of unionists sustain toward their organization, the acts would be past understanding. Chicago originated the variety of "trade agreement" which engages unions on one side and combinations of employers on the other to act exclusively to each other's advantage against the employers outside the pool and the workingmen outside the unions, directly in collusion against the public. Labor-capital rings kept unions small and manageable, deprived outsiders of workmen, sometimes drove them by strikes and boycotts and other harassments out of business entirely, which left the combination able to pay increased wages, and perquisites to leaders, because it could con-

spire to kite prices and thus "take it all out of the consumer."

W—— F—— was awarded sixteen sewer construction contracts by the city of Chicago, involving one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Advised that he ought to belong to the Sewer Contractors' Association, which was favored by the walking delegate, he sought admission. The contractors informed him that he must first pay one thousand dollars' fine for having presumed to look for business before he had joined the association. He declined to pay the penalty; then a walking delegate gave aid against him by refusing to allow unionists to work for him unless he paid the contractors' fine. Non-union bricklayers being few, F—— had to default on his contracts with the municipality and leave Chicago. Under a re-advertisement for bids, the combination got the contracts, and the city paid a higher price.

ALIENATION OF PUBLIC SYMPATHY

IN various parts of the country, misgiving expresses itself about disclosures of the walking delegate's pursuits. Vicksburg compelled one to extend his walk beyond the limits of the town, untraceably, for inducing a street-car strike and forming negroes into bands with a secret oath, and causing servants to assert that their "society rules" forbade them to begin work before eight or continue after four o'clock. A committee called upon the walking delegate and ordered him to leave town. He appealed to the mayor, and met an uncompromising request that the command to depart be complied with in the interest of order.

Birmingham made a similar demonstration, and at Idaho Springs, after union miners had dynamited Sun and Moon mine buildings, the Citizens' Alliance expelled fourteen unionists from the community. At Cripple Creek workingmen themselves served notice upon the walking delegates who had come down from Montana to unionize the mines that they must "quit the camp," and the union's president was put in jail for carrying concealed weapons. Injury already had been done to the town: twenty-five thousand dollars a day had been withdrawn from circulation; credit was stopped at the stores; prices were cut; leases were

canceled; and an idle winter lay ahead—all for a sympathetic strike demanded by the walking delegates from another mining region. It is considered more effective to have the walking delegate a stranger to the field of his proposed operations, perhaps on the principle of Cartouche, who had more success where he was still a romance than in places where the people had had experience of him that was without glamour.

CHANGE IN NAME

AFTER twenty years the walking delegate has come to his apotheosis—and to judgment. He was lifted to one by the desire of unionists to get money, no matter by what means; and pressed to the other by his folly and his fault—his pleasure in authority, his impatient vanity, his uneasy contemplation of the "grafting" of the time. Pure devotion to labor as a cause he rarely had, and he betrayed his union at last for a few extra pieces of silver. His name became a byword and reproach, and now unions everywhere are hurriedly substituting the term "business agent."

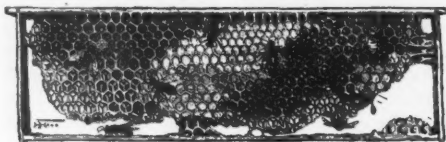
That this is more than a change in name alone there is little to show. The business agent, like the walking delegate, quiets complaint by saying, "Well, I raised your wages," and keeps his place by the methods of machine politics. The ordinary workmen seldom attend union elections, as the general run of voters do not go to primaries. The keys of the safety-vaults are in the business agent's pocket; strikes are on or off at his bidding. To lay hand upon him is offense so high that only the union—not the established courts—can fix the penalty. To stand in with him, as the saying goes, is to insure that your business shall proceed without forfeiture of engage-

ments. There is of course added expense in bribes, and miserable sacrifices of self-respect and right standards.

Employers have not yet gone so far as to insist on eliminating him; they have only here and there restricted his functions.

The Boston building trades showed what could be done along that line by negotiating an agreement determining that the business agent and walking delegate should not be privileged to visit any works in business hours except to interview the steward; that he must not issue orders controlling the operations of workmen, nor attempt to proselyte on the employer's premises. "Failure on the part of any business agent to observe this rule shall make him liable to discipline, after investigation by the [employers' and unions'] joint committee."

Whether he and his labor machine will abide by such an agreement, or the decisions of the joint committee, remains to be shown. Twenty-two similar bargains were broken in Chicago alone last summer. Discipline from the executives of parent bodies, like a federation or an international association, would be more effective than discipline by a joint committee, but it is not to be counted on except when, in some notorious instance, an alienated public withdraws sympathy and leaves unionism to search its heart alone. Even then the parent federation, after the manner of the structural iron-workers at Kansas City, may disavow the action of its own president in rescinding a charter, and by seating the representatives of the "local" so punished, reërect it in honorable standing. In that event, the possibility of discipline reverts to the local's members. But, like the citizen electorate, these are too disposed to stay at home and let the machine run itself—and them.



REVELATION

BY MARTHA WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

THE still night burned with stars, the hushed night breathed in sleep,
The high moon shone on her mountain bars, deep answering to deep;
In anguish all night through my spirit it watched alone
Till the stars gleamed pale and few, and I heard the dawn-wind moan.

But ere the morning broke, the light shone in on me;
The great white light in my soul awoke, and a truth that set me free;
To me alone it came in my passion on the hill,
And I thought to bear the flame to a world that sought it still.

And lo, the truth I had won through agony and tears,
Sought since my life began, missed through the darkened years,
Was my own heart's truth, I know; yet I found, in that new day,
A world of souls to say, "Not so; I, too, have passed this way."



THE PROMISE

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

Author of "Joost Avelingh," "God's Fool," etc.

THE day was blazing hot. Father and son were at work in the open. Far and wide stretched the yellow corn-field, glittering, a golden ocean, with broad shafts across it of silvery sheen. Beyond lay the homestead, half shrouded in lindens, and behind that the green landscape was dotted with cows.

Upon all things underneath the cloudless sunshine lay a semblance of repose, excepting upon the two men who were harvesting their wheat. The rhythmic swish of their reaping made music about them; the fallen masses lay heavy before their feet. In silence they worked on and on. Only the younger man occasionally would stop and, raising himself, wipe, with his bare brown arm, the sweat from his knitted forehead. At such moments the

father, steadily swinging his sickle, would draw down the corners of his mouth in a sardonic imitation of a smile.

On one of these occasions the son, having cast a slow look behind him, opened his long-sealed lips. "Mother's started," he said, as he turned again to his work.

"Thinking of dinner!" replied the old man, with a sneer. "Twenty minutes' more work, Koos, afore dinner-time comes."

The son's red skin grew a shade darker. "T is a hot walk for mother in the sun," he said.

"Mother don't mind work," replied the father.

There was a world of implication in his accent, and again an unsympathetic silence deepened between the pair, till from the misty distance, beyond the river, twelve faint strokes came trembling softly across the heavy haze. At the same moment a

little bent figure appeared on the edge of the field, plodding toward them: the old mother stumbled along with a parcel and a can, the midday meal.

"Like the steeple clock," said the father, and a momentary mildness came over his features that they had not worn before. He stood gazing at his wife, the arm that held the sickle hanging loose in well-earned content. The old woman smiled: a ripple, like a grin, seemed to multiply the countless furrows of her parchmenty little face. She set down her burdens and began to untie the spotted handkerchief around the parcel. Father and son watched keenly with the interest inseparable from food.

"Beans again!" cried the father in accents of immense satisfaction as he hastily removed the lid off a pewter pot.

Once more the old woman grinned.

"It was father's turn," she said.

"Father's turn comes twice to my once," retorted Koos, with the air of a man who accepts the inevitable and does not mind it overmuch. They sat down to their meal, out in the heat, with the prostrate grain all around them. Few words were exchanged between them: they belonged to that peasant class which thinks little and has nothing to say. But any observer would very soon have fathomed the relation existing between the three—the closely sympathetic union of the father and mother, their slightly disdainful, not unaffectionate semi-approval of the son.

"Has Koos done his share of work?" demanded the mother, pausing, with uplifted spoon, in the action of refilling her son's plate. Her tone was one of banter; she winked across at her lord.

"He's done as much as he could," replied the father.

The son's countenance banished all expression, with an effort; but he showed undiminished alacrity in clearing his replenished plate.

"Koos ought to have been a rich farmer's son," said the father, sententiously, filling his pipe at the completion of the meal. "Yes; a rich farmer's son. That's what Koos ought to have been."

Neither listener answered. This remark, first made nearly a dozen years ago, and repeated since then at ever-lessening intervals, was always received with a silence which, in the mother's case at any rate, rested on assent. Nor would the son's have

been an eager disclaimer. He well remembered when his father had first uttered this opinion, and it had struck him at once as based on an interesting hypothesis. He was sixteen at the time: he had found a hen's egg in an out-of-the-way spot, where it had evidently lain for several days, and had given it to the child at the turnpike. "You ought to have been a rich farmer's son," his father had declared when Koos too honestly told him. The words stuck. Once only, in all these years, the son had retorted. "It would n't have been a sin," he said. The father pondered long over these words without fathoming their meaning.

But Koos Korver was not a rich farmer's son: on the contrary, his parents were of the kind that barely keep their heads above water, and are almost ruined by the death of a cow. Poor peasant farmers they were, of the humblest; hard-working, morning and night, in a manner not conceivable by a dweller in towns, but happy in the pride of, as yet, undisputed possession, owners, as grandfather had been, of the tumble-down, painfully repaired homestead and its dozen poor mortgaged acres, Korver of the Kolk. There were hundreds of Korvers in the neighborhood; but Korver of the Kolk was a proprietor, rich or poor.

Poor he was, and proud of it, with ever-increasing pride, as his poor, hard-working life developed into his one great life-possession. Of evenings, in his chair by the fireside, dead beat, he would sit gazing steadily at the palms of his knotty and callous hands. They had become his conscious charter of nobility. The son, tired too, and aware that he also had done his best, yawned wearily, face to face with a virtue he might perhaps approve, but could never enjoy.

At the midday rest, so indispensable to those who begin work about three in the morning, the father and son lay some distance apart, deep sunk in soft depths of sweet restfulness, the father with his pipe, the son on his stomach, his straw-colored head buried in his arms. The mother trudged back to her indoor work, a long way from this hired field of the morning's harvesting, along the white-hot road.

The father was the first to start up and resume his sickle. "To work!" he cried across at his son, who had already risen.

"Of course," muttered, under his breath, the son.

And the reaping went on steadily, with short, sharp strokes of the shiny sickles, and the grain fell swiftly prostrate, in wide and harmonious curves.

At four of the clock, with the great heat still all around them, the reapers held their hands and gazed, with contented eyes, on the devastation behind them. For the first time since their meal the father broke the silence.

"It 's time you were going for the wagon," he said; "I promised your mother to take in that hay from the lower field to-night."

Without any answer beyond a nod of assent, Koos went to pick up his coat. He started along the field, out of sight in the nearest ditch, and the father, looking neither to right nor left, resumed work. When the wagon drew near, half an hour later, he joined it, and together the two men went down to the lower field and began loading up the hay.

In an imaginative moment, a couple of weeks later, Koos regretted that he had said so little to his father on that long last day in the fields. But he immediately recognized the futility of the thought. What could he have said worth saying? How many days had they not lived through thus in silence together, day after day, at work in the fields, with nothing to say until the last?

When the wagon was sufficiently loaded, they started homeward. The long day's labor was done. The calm shadows stretched solemn in the serene radiance of the lowering sun. The white road lay restful. On both sides hung the hush of the deserted fields.

Suddenly—Koos never quite knew how it happened, and yet, what was there to know?—suddenly a blood-red motor-car was upon them, shrieking, rattling; in a cloud of nervous noise and dust it was past; the wagon was overturned in a ditch, top-heavy; the horses lay kicking out madly; Koos stood in the middle of the road.

The muffled figures on the back seat of the motor pointed, laughing, to their conspicuous number, as well they might, for of course it was a false one.

The farmer's son ran to the horses. "Father!" he called—"father, help!"

He got no answer; hurrying to the other side of the overturned wagon, he saw his father lying under the wheel.

The next ten minutes of frenzied endeavor exceeded anything that Koos Korver could realize in the slow thought of his after life. To hasten for human assistance upon that lonely road would have been worse than futile: already the only active presence within call, the red motor, was fast curling out of sight. He flung himself, single-handed, upon the horses, the wagon, straining as he had never strained before, with prayers and imprecations. He was not over-strong; he was not, as has been said, over-active: in this crisis his energies seemed multiplied tenfold. At last, breathless, with heaving chest and starting eyeballs, he stood beside the trembling brutes, abusing them, imploring them not to take fright again. He then succeeded, after cutting the trace which was not broken, in extracting the poor injured body from under the wheel. He had to tie the horses to a tree before he could venture to place his father against a bank and begin his few awkward attempts at succor.

Korver of the Kolk lay groaning in semi-conscious agony. Twice he opened his eyes; twice he endeavored in vain to speak. The son, seeing, with a peasant's constant perception how animals die, that the end was approaching, wondered wildly whether he could do anything to avert or, at any rate, to alleviate it. He thought not. When that look came about a dumb creature's eyeballs, there was nothing to be done.

In the majestic silence of the expectant summer evening, as clear as unclouded crystal, the approaching darkness seemed to hold back for a long moment the folds of its irrevocably sinking pall. The horses, still quivering, lifted their heads and neighed. A great trembling seized upon the dying man that shook him from head to foot.

"Promise," he gasped with a mighty effort. The son, kneeling in the roadway, bent his head to his father's lips. There was a long interval before the words came at last, with a rush of blood at the end that stifled them.

"Promise always to keep your mother at the Kolk!"

Jan Korver spoke no more, but his eyes continued to gaze into his son's, praying, appealing, entreating, as only dying eyes can pray.

"I promise," said the son. A few minutes later he closed the eyes and rose to his feet. He lifted the dead body on to one of the horses,—not the one that had shied,—and, in the act of jumping on to its companion, hesitated, and came down heavily again on the ground.

"No," he said aloud; and leading both animals, and steadying with one hand the burden beside him, he walked through the serene solitude of the night-time toward the distant glimmer of the homestead. Once he turned to look at the dim shape of the wagon, a ruin, under tumbled hay, by the roadside. As he went along, some big bird broke away out of the grain close by, and startled him. He was too unstrung to recognize its kind.

As he passed through the farm gate, the watch-dog, astonished, bounded out to meet him. Barking, the dog sprang up to her young master, sprang up to the terrible bundle, a supine mass, pendent over the horse's flanks. With a fierce oath Koos broke out at her. And suddenly, as if realizing something, the dog fled back, howling, to the house.

The old mother had appeared in the half-dark of the doorway. At sight of the strange convoy, big with catastrophe, she broke into an inarticulate cry.

"There has been an accident," said Koos. "Father is—"

"Dead!" cried the widow, and at the sound of that cry the dog shrieked in unison.

Half an hour later she lifted her face off her hands. She was sitting by the side of the deep cupboard-bed in which the body lay. Koos stood opposite her.

"What will become of us now?" she said.

He replied:

"I shall have to work for two."

She smiled a pitiful little smile, so full of doubt that it cut deep into his heart and caused him to set his teeth.

Then he told her, in the simplest words, of his promise to his father.

She broke into renewed weeping.

"Always thinking of me!" she sobbed. But to the son she said nothing, and he felt that to her hand, so suddenly bereft of its staff, the proffered support was no more than a broken reed.

Yet he undertook his task bravely, and bravely carried it through. He engaged,

as a cheap farm-hand, the boy from the turnpike to whom, many years before, he had given the egg. And he worked the hardest of any for miles around. The mother also, with the years of her loneliness multiplying upon her, worked,—bent nearly double, still worked,—in her eyes a look of weary hunger.

"Why don't you go and amuse yourself like the other men?" she asked of him one night, almost testily.

He answered:

"There 's the interest on the mortgage to pay."

"But you might leave off now, of a winter evening, at eight o'clock. You 're getting on for thirty; you've never enjoyed yourself. You don't seem to me to have had any youth."

He was sitting netting by the fireside. He looked up at her in astonishment. She had never spoken anything of the kind before. And even now her face and her voice were chiefly indicative of discontent.

"Father did n't like that sort of thing," he answered. "Father used to say he 'd never done it himself."

"Father was a very different character from you," she answered. "Father loved work; the more of it, the better. But it 's hard on you. You 'd enjoy a little gaiety, you know you would."

She spoke with vehemence, a long-pent-up energy of anger against herself, and this boy's nature, and their lot.

"There 's the theatrical society on at the village to-night," she continued, spitting out her words as if to the last she would have held them back. "Why don't you go to it? All the others do."

"The theatrical society! I!" he said. He said nothing else, but the words seemed to inflame her.

"Yes, you!" she replied—"you—you—you!" She took up her knitting, and flashed the needles to and fro. "You 'll find a clean shirt on your bed," she said presently. Then she knitted faster and faster.

He had laid down his work on his knees. The silence between them became unendurable. He rose heavily, slouched upstairs, and washed and shaved.

When he came down again, she enveloped him in a swift glance of approval, pretending not to have looked up. He went out without exchanging another

word. She knitted on, and, in the midst of her knitting, heaved a sigh. Presently she crept to bed in the great cupboard-bed, for the first time, ever since she could remember, alone.

Koos Korver walked along the road to the village with the steadfast step of a man who is resolving not to turn back. It was a festival night, the annual performance of the Amateur Actors' Club. The hired hand Dirk, who was a performer,—he brought in a letter,—had talked about the important event all through the midday meal. Koos had barely listened, but he now understood the effect this talk had had upon his mother.

"I don't think you 're a member," said the man at the door.

Koos blushed scarlet in the lamp-glare of the entry. "I suppose I can become one," he said.

"You 'll have to be balloted. Is there any member who can introduce you, meanwhile?"

"My hired hand, Dirk Pott," replied Korver, blushing more furiously still.

The jicket-taker, a stripling of eighteen, monitor at the parish school, smiled superciliously, and the candidate for diversion found himself seated hot and uncomfortable in a front rank, behind footlights, in the darkened hall. He had never seen a stage or stage-illumination. The play was progressing; the glare about the actors, in contrast to the semi-obscurity of the audience, disconcerted him.

As he sat wondering what the whole thing meant, and what the performers were saying so clearly in the silence, the double doors at the back of the stage-apartment opened with a swing. A young girl came on, attired in white muslin and pink ribbons, such raiment as Koos had never before seen except in the squire's unapproachable pew. The whole audience clapped on this radiant creature's appearance. Koos Korver, though not knowing why one should do so, clapped too.

Immediately she opened her lips to speak, a monologue laying bare her heart's affections. "I love him," she said deliciously, looking at the audience, looking, Koos thought, at him. And all through the five acts of the performance she was sweet and coy and coquette, and most fascinating, lovable, and lovely. To Koos, who knew nothing of plays, she was the

character she represented, distinction being impossible to him between the actress and a part. He did not feel any desire to punch the head of the villain who insulted her, because of course he was aware they were only pretending, but neither could he realize that Suze Dolling, the innkeeper's daughter, to whom he had never spoken, could be a separate personality from Adelaide Montresor, the wronged and virtuous and irresistible heroine of the piece.

He went home dazed, and dreamed of her, the white muslin apparition that said "I love him," and smiled bewitchingly, and turned from riches and pomp and position in magnificent refusal and scorn.

It was love at first sight, the overwhelming passion of a man no longer childish, whose mind hitherto has not been occupied by such things. The stage-vision remained with him in the daylight. He called his farm-hand into the barn and shamefacedly questioned him about the membership of the Actors' Club. Was it necessary to be a good actor? He could never be that, but he might, for instance, carry in a letter. People heard of his plans with amazement; his mother shook her head.

During all that was left of that winter he frequented the meetings of the club, and even took his awkward part in some of their rehearsals. He saw Suze Dolling in her theater dresses, and also in her own plain clothes; but she always remained to him the heroine of the introductory night. He was head over ears in love with her; he ventured to court her openly, and it soon became manifest that she was not averse to his suit. The other young men in the club, after having chaffed, began to congratulate him, for few inhabitants of the village were better off than Dolling the innkeeper.

So one evening, when the winter was well-nigh over, a few days before the last meeting of the season, Koos Korver, having burnished and brushed himself to the extreme of human endurance, appeared, in his rusty best clothes, before the prosperous father of Suze. That middle-aged and unpoetic personage most amiably offered him a dram.

No proposal could have been more opportune. Under the invigorating influence of the brandy, the scarlet-faced suitor presented his suit in a not too unreasonable manner. With a few manly words, from

the heart, he told how sweet Suze was to him, and how sweet he on her.

"Quite so," said the innkeeper, twiddling his thumbs in his comfortable arm-chair by the stove.

"Of course I know I'm not worthy of her," suggested Koos.

"Quite so," replied Dolling. "I suppose it is a question of worth—marriage is. How much *are* you worth, by the by?"

The young farmer's heart sank into his boots.

"Very little indeed," he answered.

"There's only the farm, and it's mortgaged. I've hard work, day and night, to make both ends meet."

"Dear, dear!" said the innkeeper, "and Suze'll have five thousand florins of her mother's on the day of her marriage, and a good deal more than that when they've put me underground."

"I know I'm poor," acknowledged Koos. "Father always used to say I ought to have been a rich man's son. I wish I had been, so as to be more deserving of Suze."

Dolling sat for some moments smoking thoughtfully. Koos felt as if the world stood still. At last the father spoke.

"I'm not one of those," he said slowly, removing his pipe, "as insist there must be money on both sides. You're Korver of the Kolk, and we all know you for a hard-working, respectable man that ought to make a girl a good husband. I don't mind your speaking to my daughter."

Koos felt as if the world suddenly went round, with a rush that carried him off his legs. He was breaking out into confused expressions of gratitude, when the innkeeper stopped him with a wave of the pipe.

"But I've one condition," continued the innkeeper. "It's what the lawyers call a sinecure non. Which means that you can't get out of it any way. It's either do or don't."

"What is the 'do'?" demanded the young farmer, stoutly.

"Your mother's lived with you all your life, Korver. Now, I can't send my daughter, as mistress, into a house where her mother-in-law lives that was mistress before her."

"But how can that be helped?" questioned Koos, naively.

"You must find another home for your mother, before Susan goes to the Kolk."

He spoke with great decision, but Koos, in his eagerness, smiled, knowing how easy it would be to explain the impossibility of any such arrangement; and he hastily told of his promise to his dying father, all the dramatic incidents of the case. The other listened, seriously smoking.

"You see, I am bound," concluded Koos, "by the most sacred of promises." He smiled again, heart and conscience well satisfied.

At last Dolling deliberately took his pipe from between his lips.

"I can't help that," he said; "you must see about that. But my daughter don't go to a home that would n't be hers, but her mother-in-law's."

"But don't you see—" began Koos.

"I see what I sees. I sees that I'm willing to give my daughter, with her five thousand florins down and all her expectations, to a respectable chap as can hardly keep a roof over his head. I sees that few fathers'd do as much as that. But what I sticks to I sticks to. And what I have said I have said."

No argument or entreaty could move him. Nor was Koos the sort of man to argue or entreat overmuch. Very soon he gave over in proud despair. He rose to take leave.

"I've treated you generously," said the innkeeper; "you treat me likewise. Don't you speak to Suze till you've fulfilled my condition. Then you can come and fetch her, but not a word before."

"Very well," replied Koos Korver, and went home.

He sat opposite his mother as before, and the hired hand sat between them. He worked, as before, harder than any one else in the parish, excepting the widow. The weeks passed; there were no more meetings of the theatrical society; the days were dull.

He would sit in moody silence, of evenings, for hours. She, opposite him, opened her mouth to speak a dozen times; the words stuck in her throat. Half his secret was their common property. She fancied he dared not ask the hand of a girl so much richer than himself, and she admired him for it. Personally, she disliked the idea of a wealthy wife, unlike most peasants, having grown thus proud, in her long self-sacrifice, of her poverty, her husband's hard work. "Marry a girl that'll scour

and scrub," she said, "not a pink-faced, play-acting miss." How much of this was attributable to jealousy, it would be hard to say. But once, after a long period of ponderation, vanquished by his sullenly silent ferocious perfunctoriness, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and looking him in the eyes, she said, "Dare!"

He turned on his seat, steadying with both hands the turnips he was sorting in his lap.

"I dare n't," he replied.

She went away without another word. She felt that she had done her duty, even more.

One evening, when he had been to the town to sell his pigs, and had failed to get a decent price for them, she met him at the gate with the tidings that one of their two cows had prematurely calved that morning, and that both cow and calf were dead.

He listened to her very calmly, and passed into the kitchen ahead of her. He sat down heavily: she noticed that he clenched his fists.

"So that means ruin," he said, "utter, ir retrievable ruin."

"Not quite," she protested, with trembling lips; "perhaps not quite."

"Yes, quite," he answered; "it means the foreclosure of the mortgage, for we can't pay the interest. It means giving up the Kolk."

She shrieked aloud. Unemotional as she was, he had only once before heard such a sound from her lips—when he brought home his father dead.

"I could n't survive that. I could n't live in any other place. It would kill me," she cried.

He turned his eyes on her—a long, penetrating look.

"I know it would," he said.

And then suddenly, quite unexpectedly to himself, he told her all about Suze, and his chances of marriage, and the inn-keeper's "sinecure non"—all. For nothing mattered now, as it seemed to him, and his hold on his own destiny was gone.

He poured the whole thing out into her face, which, after the first terror, had set itself stolid. However he might try to objectivize his voice, the pent-up animus of the last three months got into it and thrilled it. The new spring, with its budding and bursting, was in every note that referred to his love. Once or twice she shrank as if he stung her; then again she

composed herself, both hands pushed down hard upon her knees.

When at last he stopped for breath, he hoped she would say something. But she only sat staring at him, her two hands upon her knees. In desperation he hurried on, to escape from the unendurable silence.

"So you see, we have no choice," he repeated eagerly. "I should never have broken my word to my father. But now it is impossible to keep it. Fate has made it impossible. You must leave the Kolk, anyhow."

"Yes, anyhow," she said, finding voice.

"The notary will certainly sell us up. He told me so last time I went to him. So you see, we have no choice."

"We have no choice," she repeated.

Then she got up and knocked against the table, causing the tea-things to rattle.

"I am going to bed," she said; "I don't feel very well." She stood still, near the doorway, trying to steady herself by a chair. "You ought to have been a rich man's son," she said.

It was the first time the words had been spoken in that house since old Jan's death. They struck the son straight, like an insult. And he answered vehemently, in all the bitterness of his lifelong ill fate, cursing the day that had brought him forth and the years full of profitless strain.

"Don't abuse me," she said, putting up her hands as if to ward off his words; "I was n't reproaching you." And she went to her bed and lay listening, dressed, till she deemed him up-stairs and asleep. Near midnight she lighted a candle and climbed into his garret. He frightened her, as she pushed aside the door, for he was sitting up in bed, his eyes wide.

"I—I came to see if you were sleeping," she stammered.

Her manner, her whole appearance alarmed him. He jumped to his feet and piloted her down-stairs again like a little child, and put her into bed, and tucked her in, and kissed her on the forehead.

But, when he left her, she said to herself, "It wants only a couple of hours to daybreak," and she stole from the house, in the pitchy dark, to the broad ditch that rippled and stagnated behind the pigsties. There she bent down and slid her hand into the water. "How cold it is!" she said aloud.

She went back to the house, creeping

stealthily, and in the pantry she lighted the paraffin-stove and made herself some coffee. She drank it hot, so hot that it would have scalded her but for the care with which she blew on it. Then, having extinguished the lamp,—she turned back a few steps to make quite sure it was out,—she hastened down to the ditch again, and several times she said "Jan!" to herself, on her way, out aloud, "Jan! Jan!"

till, reaching the waterside, she let herself slip down into undistinguishable depths.

KOOS KORVER of the Kolk has an admirable wife and four blooming children. No shadow has ever fallen upon his married felicity; he is prosperous, and the best men declare he deserves his prosperity. But his look is morose: a curse lies on his innocent heart.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE GROWTH OF RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

WITH REFERENCES TO THE BICENTENARY OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

LAST month we spoke of a probable lessening of stress in the realm of monarchical and ecclesiastical authority owing to the familiarity bred of modern publicity. This leads naturally to the consideration of that lightening of the pressure of traditional theological authority which history records since the days of the Catholic Inquisition and the early severities of Protestantism.

A striking evidence of a lessening of stress in contemporaneous religious thought was shown in the unexampled interest and sympathy of the Protestant world in the recent death-scene in the Vatican. For a while, at least, it was almost as if the Scarlet Woman had been relegated to the realm of nursery bugaboos. Yet, of course, the incident was not a step of Protestantism toward Rome, but a new and important indication of a general change of conditions—of a new world-atmosphere in the domain of religion. People read the newspapers, looked about them, and suddenly realized that religious intolerance had greatly weakened its hold upon mankind.

The lessening of the pressure of dogmatic theology has been going on in our own immediate time to a degree fully realized only by those who have had occasion to give some special attention to the subject. When Dr. J. G. Holland

began, in 1870, the work of editing this magazine, of which he was one of the founders, he took with characteristic enthusiasm and geniality—mixed with a native delight in controversy—a position of what may be called liberal orthodoxy. It soon developed that the theological powers then in being heartily approved of the doctor's "orthodoxy," but were somewhat shocked, not to say pained, at his "liberality." The doctor, after experiencing for some time the pleasures of intellectual give and take in which no bones were broken, himself came to the smiling conclusion that the true standard of orthodoxy in the United States was best expressed in a current phenomenon, the question resolving itself finally to just this: whether the learned, the authoritative, the good, the beloved Dr. Hodge of Princeton was or was not "grieved"!

Well, time has rolled on; the particular controversies of those days are largely forgotten; many have been gathered to their fathers: and this curious thing has come to pass, namely, that the very theological institutions which at that time gave the tone to orthodox opinion have passed through a period of suspicion and attack on account of their own supposed dogmatic laxity! In addition to this, there has been a formal "revision" of phraseology in the written standards of one of the principal orthodox communions in the direction of a reverent liberality—a revision which merely put on record a sentiment which was found to be well-nigh universal

in the communion referred to—another example of the fact that in the religious as in the secular world the real ruler of men is the influence which we call "public opinion."

In this year of grace 1903 is celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great champion of Calvinistic orthodoxy, Jonathan Edwards—born in the same year as John Wesley. The critical attitude of the very successors of Edwards toward their great leader's theological argumentations and speculations, and the attitude of those who go to the extreme of opposition to his views and system, both are additional evidences of a lessening of the stress of dogmatic authority. In his pages are gladly found by these writers suggestions and opinions which ally him with the progress of theological thought since his time—a progress far away from positions which he powerfully maintained. Not only this: some of his views are found also to ally him strongly to one who, born just a century later in his own New England, in the popular mind stands as far apart from him as possible—Ralph Waldo Emerson. Some of the strongest expressions of admiration for Edwards's intellectual ability and purity and devotion of character now come from writers totally out of sympathy with his main theological tenets.

Those who are of the anti-Calvinistic party, in their study of the life-work of this great man, look upon his opinions and system merely as the natural products of an active and subtle mind in the environment of his special time. They admire his intellectual acumen and the ingenuity of his argument, though based, in their view, upon premises unsubstantial and illusory. But above all they extol the sincerity and fire of his piety, and the beauty of his devoted and exemplary career.

The judgment of Edwards as "hoarsest of the whole flock of New World theological ravens," appearing in a recent interesting work of romance, while it finds warrant in many of his utterances, nevertheless applies to only a part of his expressive intensity. As exemplified in the record of his saintly rhapsodies, and in the description, from report, of his future wife, which, as has been truly said, reminds one of the image made upon Dante's mind by Beatrice Portinari, there is nothing of the

raven in the voice that thus describes a youthful saint:

They say there is a young lady who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world; and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her, and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight; and that she hardly cares for any thing except to meditate on him; that she expects, after a while, to be received up where he is,—to be raised up out of the world, and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful if you would give all the world, lest she should offend this great Being. She is of wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind, especially after this great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves; and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

Edwards's "imprecatory sermons" are a byword. The adjective "terrific" has been applied to them without exaggeration, nor would the adjective "horrible" be excessive; and yet students of his writings soon find that a characteristic of his style is the repetition of the words "sweet" and "sweetness," occurring sometimes in passages of great imaginative beauty. It may be said that at times he rolled the doctrine of eternal damnation as a "sweet" morsel under his tongue.

Edwards's very passion of commitment to the dogma of predestination is found, by the modern critic (the stress of tradition being removed and the air being clear and free), not to be the sign of a hard and unfeeling nature, but rather to be the consequence of his joyful surrender to the idea of an all-wise and all-good Deity, as interpreted to him by authorities he dared not dispute.

From my childhood up [he wrote], my mind has been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased; leaving them eternally to perish, and be everlastingly tormented in hell. It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me. But I

remember the time very well, when I seemed to be convinced, and fully satisfied, as to this sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of men, according to his sovereign pleasure. . . . God's absolute sovereignty and justice, with respect to salvation and damnation, is what my mind seems to rest assured of, as much as of any thing that I see with my eyes; at least it is so at times. But I have often, since that first conviction, had quite another kind of sense of God's sovereignty than I had then. I have often since had not only a conviction, but a delightful conviction. The doctrine has often appeared exceedingly pleasant, bright, and sweet. Absolute sovereignty is what I love to ascribe to God. . . .

Not long after I first began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious *majesty* and *grace* of God, that I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of every thing was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, moon and stars; in the clouds, and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day, spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time, singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce any thing, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly, nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunder storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder,

which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing, or chant for my meditations; or, to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

Such ecstasies, so like those recorded of the medieval saints, were not inconsistent with views of human depravity and divine predestination which to the twentieth-century mind seem almost inexplicably cruel, especially when applying to little children. The absorption of his intellectual occupation, his mystical and imaginative rhapsodies, his "passion for souls," were but various evidences of the temperament of one who in early youth, among his seventy good resolutions which were to be "read over once a week," entered, as fifth in the list, this: "Resolved, to live with all my might, while I do live."

Surely with Edwards there was no substitution of dogma for personal virtue. His system of religion, as apart from any system of theology, implied a pure life—his own one of the purest ever lived by man. We may smile at his warnings concerning the corruption wrought by systems of theology to which he was inimical; but in his view of duty there was no substitution of an effort of the intellect for a godly life.

The modern critic of the great metaphysician and theologian, the intellectual "liberal" of our own time, may sometimes wonder whether modern science does not shed back a light of at least partial reasonableness over the severe theology of the eighteenth century. He recognizes the moral giants, the strong characters in various fields of activity, that came out of the rigid atmosphere of old-fashioned orthodoxy. He wonders whether in lifting the stress of dogma, in making religion much less "strenuous," the standards of the ethics he lauds, in the place of dogma, may be in some particulars temporarily endangered. Above all things he is on the alert to see that the moral teaching of our day shall lose nothing of strenuousness in the line of devotion to the conduct of life, to personal ethics, to civic and social responsibility.

Religious tolerance is an accomplished fact in these times of ours. It should not, and must not, mean moral indifferentism,

Erratum

WE regret that through a misapprehension of the facts we claimed for Mr. Stokes's pictures in the August CENTURY the interest and credit of being the first news in color from the Antarctic. We are informed by Mr. W. G. B.

Murdoch, a Scotch painter, that in 1892-93 he spent three months in the same region and brought back with him many pictures in color as well as in black and white. We are not aware, however, that these were ever reproduced in a periodical.—EDITOR.

OPEN LETTERS

The "Adoration of the Shepherds," by Murillo

(OLD SPANISH MASTERS)

FOR a full appreciation of Murillo's art it is essential for the student visiting Spain to see not alone his superb works at the Madrid gallery, but his magnificent canvases scattered throughout Seville, especially those in the museum of the city, where are collected upward of two dozen, many of them being of his best period. It is in this museum where the large canvas of the "Adoration of the Shepherds" hangs, from which the present selection of the central and most interesting portion is taken.

The original shows two cherubs in the sky above, with additional figures to the left, and more space to the right and bottom of the picture. The coloring, as is general in Murillo's best works, is rich and subdued in tone, and consists of harmonious blendings of golden browns, umbery depths, and delicate neutral grays, all united in a field of mellow radiance. There is a note of color in the robe of the Madonna about the bosom and sleeve, which is a red of pleasing shade. Her mantle, falling just off the shoulder and covering the knees, is a deep, rich blue, much more agreeable in tone than the rather hard blues generally prevailing in his numerous Conception pieces. The influence of his contemporary, Ribera, is recognized in the strong disposition of the light and shade, its flatness, breadth, and simplicity eliminating all details that are unnecessary to the expression of the principal parts. How the eye goes straight to the infant in its mother's lap! The child is one of the sweetest creations of the artist, who of all Spaniards possessed the happiest instinct for the delineation of infants. Here the very fragrance of babyhood seems to exhale from the tiny bright body, wrapped in its little cloud of gauzy linen. How charming to mark the beholders, all softened to infant tenderness, bending over and breathing in, as it were, its sweetness, as of that from a flower!

This canvas measures seven feet four inches high by five feet wide, and is painted in the

artist's second manner; for he had three distinct styles during his life. The first was the *frio* (or cold), in which the outline was hard and



Drawn by August Will

OUTLINE—MURILLO'S "ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS"

the tone of the shadows and treatment of the lights reminiscent of Zurbaran. The second, or *calido* (warm), style came with experience, in which a softer outline and mellower coloring are apparent, as in the engraved detail. The third manner, the *vaporoso*, is his final development, in which the outlines are lost in the light and shade, as they are in the rounded forms of nature, some beautiful examples of which are to be engraved.

T. Cole.

The Coronation of Charlemagne

THE CENTURY'S CHRISTMAS COVER

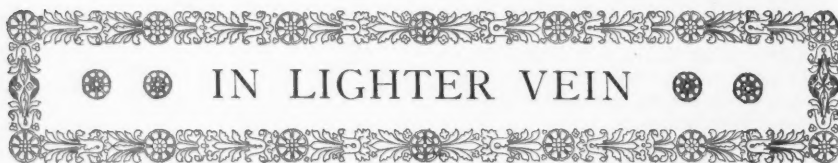
THE coronation of Charlemagne by Pope Leo III in the basilica of St. Peter's, Christmas day, 800 A.D., is the subject of Mr. Hallowell's decorative design in color on the cover of the Christmas CENTURY. This date, according to the chronology of the time, ushered in a new year and a new century. The event symbolized not only the reconstruction or rehabilitation on a Christian basis of the pagan Roman Empire, which had always remained a political ideal in the minds of men, but also the close and official relation of church and state.

The coronation renewed the idea of the unification of Italy, which was afterward dreamed by Dante and by Cæsar Borgia, and was accomplished eleven centuries later. What the actual contemporary idea of this act was is doubtful, for we cannot determine the way in which it was understood by Charlemagne and the pope. This question was not raised during

Charlemagne's lifetime, on account of the perfect understanding between him and the church. There is, however, some indication that Charlemagne would have avoided the coronation had it been possible.

In the struggle for temporal power the position of the papacy may be thus stated: By crowning Charlemagne, the papacy showed that it held the control of the temporal power, to be bestowed or withheld at its will, and that Charlemagne, in accepting the crown at the hands of the church, recognized this. On the other hand, the successors of Charlemagne claimed that the pope, in consecrating him, had given the temporal rule into the hands of the Holy Roman Empire. The contest that followed lasted five centuries, ending with the virtual disappearance of the empire from the scene of Italian politics, and the temporary transference of the papacy to Avignon.

Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr.



A Christmas Dilemma

(A TRUE STORY)

"JOHN," said Mrs. Spencer to her husband, "I don't know what to do about the Martins' Christmas presents."

Dr. Spencer looked up from the paper he was reading. "Do?" he said vacantly. "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Spencer laid her work in her lap and moved the student-lamp on the table between them, to get a better view of her husband's face.

"Come up to the surface, John," she said, "and listen, because I really need your advice."

The doctor rested his paper on his knees and "climbed over his glasses" at his wife.

"Go ahead," he said; "you have my attention."

Mrs. Spencer continued seriously:

"You know what a nuisance these Christmas presents have come to be between the Martins and ourselves, and how much I want to stop them; and yet—" She paused, and her husband's face assumed an amused expression.

"Well, my dear Ellen, my advice is, leave off sending them. It is the solution of the difficulty. It will immediately relieve the situation."

Mrs. Spencer nodded, and tapped the table with her thimble.

"It is what I wish to do," she said. "I am sure it is as great a worry to Mrs. Martin as it is to me; but the point is, how to leave them off. I cannot be the first to stop. Just suppose I should send nothing, and she should send the usual great basket with a present for every one of us—you, the children, the servants,—last Christmas she even sent a collar for Don,—I should die of mortification."

Dr. Spencer took off his glasses and looked gravely across the table at his wife.

"I have often thought," he said, "that there were too many women's societies in this town; but I see the need for one more—a Society for the Suppression of Christmas Presents. Send out circulars, beginning with Mrs. Martin. You ought to get a large and enthusiastic membership."

Mrs. Spencer sighed, and took up her work again.

"You don't advise me at all," she said; "you only joke, and I really think this is a serious matter."

"My dear Ellen, I am willing to advise you, but the whole difficulty seems to me a ridiculous one. There is only one thing to do. Stop short now. Suppose she does send you a basket? It will be the last time. It's the shortest and simplest way to end it."

"I might," said Mrs. Spencer, meditatively,

"not send anything at Christmas, and then, in case she does, I could return them presents at intervals throughout the year—on their birthdays, at Easter, and so forth."

"Good Lord, Ellen," hastily interrupted her husband, "don't do that! You'll have her returning the birthday and Easter presents. It would be worse than ever."

"Yes; I am afraid that would not do, after all," said Mrs. Spencer, looking more troubled than before.

Dr. Spencer reached out for the poker and tapped open a lump of soft coal on top of the fire. A blue flame shot up through it, and a little spiral of smoke licked out into the room.

"Ellen," he said, emphasizing his words with taps of the poker on the grate, "take my advice: cut it short, and just bear it if you do have to take presents from her this year. Carroll Martin is a man I shall never respect again after his course during the last election, and anything is better than carrying on this perfunctory friendship. We no longer see enough of any of them to justify our exchanging presents, and I am sure Mrs. Martin will thank you as much as I shall if you will take the bull by the horns now and be done with it."

He looked at his wife, but she did not answer. Her eyes were bent upon her sewing, and her expression was unconvinced.

Dr. Spencer set down the poker, took up his paper, and settled himself back in his chair again. He was not one of those who go on and split the board after they have driven home the nail.

"You have my opinion," he said, and went on reading.

The Spencers and Martins had been, some years before, next-door neighbors. The Martins were then newly married and strangers to the place, and the first Christmas after their arrival, Mrs. Spencer, in the kindness of her heart, had sent over a bunch of flowers, with a friendly greeting, to her young neighbor. Her messenger had returned with Mrs. Martin's warm thanks, and a pretty sofa-pillow, hastily snatched up and sent to express the little bride's pleasure and gratitude.

Such a handsome gift, in place of the "thank you," expected, had decidedly taken Mrs. Spencer aback, and when the next Christmas came, she took care to provide a pretty pin-cushion for Mrs. Martin and a dainty cap for the baby who had by that time been added to the family. This occasion found Mrs. Martin also prepared, and she promptly responded with a centerpiece for Mrs. Spencer, an ash-tray for the doctor, and a doll for their little Margaret.

From this time on each year the burden grew. Several children had been added to both families; each one was separately remembered, and, in the old Southern Christmas fashion, presents for the family servants

had been added to the list, one at a time, until not only nurse, coachman, and cook had been included, but, as Mrs. Spencer said, the previous Christmas had even brought her a collar for the dog.

During these years both families had moved. Both had built new homes, on the same street, it is true, but a block apart, so that they were no longer near neighbors, and lately the two men had been on opposite sides of a bitter political contest. "Warmth had induced coolness, words had produced silence," and the relations of the two families had become only formal.

The Christmas presents had been kept up only because neither woman knew how to stop, and as Mr. Martin had in the meantime made money, and become, according to Southern standards, a rich man, Mrs. Spencer felt more than ever determined "not to be beholden to them."

On the evening in question she said no more, but the night brought counsel, and next morning she informed her husband that she had decided what to do. She would buy the presents as usual, but she would wait, before sending them on Christmas morning, to see whether Mrs. Martin sent to her. "And if I do not need them, I can put them up for the children next Christmas," she concluded triumphantly.

Dr. Spencer did not approve of this ingenious plan, but his wife persisted. "Not for worlds" would she have a great lot of presents come over from the Martins' and have nothing to send in return.

Christmas morning came, and, while dressing, Mrs. Spencer told her husband that she should send little Jack out on the front sidewalk with his fire-crackers, so that he could keep a lookout down the street and report any basket coming from the Martins'.

Hers was packed and ready. Every bundle was neatly tied up in white paper with ribbons and labeled: "Mrs. Martin, with Christmas greetings"; "For Little Charley, with Mrs. Spencer's love"; "Mammy Sue, from the Spencer children"; and so on. And Mrs. Spencer reflected with satisfaction, as she deposited a new harness for the Martins' pug on top of the pile, that nobody was going to get ahead of her.

Breakfast over, and Remus, the doctor's "boy," instructed to keep himself brushed and neat, ready at an instant's notice to seize "the Martin basket," as the doctor called it, and bear it forth, Mrs. Spencer's mind was at rest. Jack was on the sidewalk, banging away, but keeping a sharp eye out toward the Martins', too; for he had scarcely been there five minutes before he called to her that Robbie Martin was playing on *his* sidewalk and watching their house like anything.

A short time passed, and Jack came running

in. "Mother, I see Mammy Sue coming this way with a tray," he said.

The doctor called from his study: "How do you know she is coming here?" But Mrs. Spencer had not waited to hear him; she was already at the back door calling excitedly, "Remus, take the basket!"

"John," she cried, running back, "you see the Martins *are* sending us presents," and she got to the window in time to see Remus issuing forth with his burden. As he reached the street and turned toward the Martins', into the house rushed Robbie, calling, "Mother! Mother!" and a moment later out popped the Martins' butler, Tom, with a large basket brimming over with tissue-paper and blue ribbons on his head, and took his way toward the Spencers'

at a brisk trot. It was quite a race between him and Remus; they grinned cheerfully as they passed each other half-way. Mammy Sue went by the gate with her tray, but Tom came in and set his load down in the hall, where Mrs. Spencer received it with a smile as fine as a wire.

A few minutes later the doctor came out of his study. His wife, her lips pressed together and her eyes very bright, was kneeling beside the basket, handing out be-ribboned packages to the children, who were exclaiming about her. He stood looking on in silence until she handed him one marked, "For Dr. Spencer, with Mrs. Martin's kindest wishes," which he opened.

"Beautiful!" he said. "Just what I have



ONE ON THE BARBER

BARBER: Have a little feather tonic? They're pretty thin on top.
CUSTOMER: Oh, my, no! I'm molting.

always needed. My office wanted only a pink china Cupid, with a gilt basket on his back, to be complete."

Mrs. Spencer made no reply, nor did she look up; her hands fluttered among the parcels. The doctor considered the top of her head for a moment.

"Ellen," he said gently, "there was just one little mistake in our calculations: we never thought of Mrs. Martin's being as clever as we are, did we?"

Mrs. Spencer looked up and laughed, but her face quivered.

"John," she said, "I 'll always love you for that 'we.'"

Claribel under the Mistletoe

THE lights are tender and soft and low,
And Claribel's under the mistletoe!

And here is a gallant stripling, oh,
With Claribel under the mistletoe!

Now we shall see some fun, I trow,
Since Claribel's under the mistletoe.

He stands stock-still in the fireplace glow,
While Claribel's under the mistletoe!

Ripe, red lips curve in a Cupid's bow,
For Claribel's under the mistletoe!

Why is the dolt so pesky slow?
Hey! Claribel's under the mistletoe!

Can that be a *man* who dawdles so
When Claribel's under the mistletoe?

I would *I* could to the rescue go
Of Claribel under the mistletoe!

Is the fellow about to take root and grow?
Why, Claribel's under the mistletoe!

To think that the gods on *him* bestow
A Claribel under the mistletoe!

I'll wager some pique she soon will show—
Sweet Claribel under the mistletoe.

He ought to be ducked in a bank of snow.
Poor Claribel under the mistletoe!

His *sister*, you say,—I did n't know,—
This Claribel under the mistletoe?

Then that accounts for it. Woe, woe, woe!
Just Claribel under the mistletoe.

Edwin L. Sabin.

Soliloquy

Now I lay me down to sleep—
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.
I did n't mean to spill that ink:

I only meant to softly creep
Under the desk an' be a bear—
'T ain't 'bout the spanking that I care.

'F she 'd only let me 'splain an' tell
Just how it was an accident,
An' that I never truly meant,
An' never saw it till it fell.
I feel a whole lot worse 'n her;
I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if I 'd just cried a lot
An' choked all up like sister does,
An' acted sadder than I wuz,
An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"
She 'd said, "He sha'n't be whipped, he
sha'n't,"
An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't.

But I don't think it's fair a bit
That when she talks an' talks at you,
An' you wait patient till she's through,
An' start to tell your side of it,
She says, "Now that 'll do, my son;
I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun.

'F I should die before I wake—
Maybe I ain't got any soul;
Maybe there's only just a hole
Where 't ought to be—there's such an
ache
Down there somewhere! She seemed to
think
That I just loved to spill that ink!

Ethel M. Kelley.

A Romance

"LISTEN," said Love to the Heart,
"Don't start,
But keep very still
And answer me, if you will—
Are you alone?"

"Yes, I hold my own."

"Who has been passing your way?"

"Day by day,"
Said the Heart, "Avarice came;
Greed did the same;
Vanity and Pride,
Side by side,
And Hate and Jealousy—every one of them:
But I would have none of them!"

"And now," said Love, "what will you do?"

"Oh," cried the Heart, "I've been waiting for you!"

Montrose J. Moses.

When the Menagerie Broke Loose

THE stupid little ounces weighted round
Till they were caught and placed within
the pound.

"Be not the first by whom the gnu is tried!"
The people shouted, as they leaped aside.

Two eagles and a guinea by a gent
Were pocketed ere they were wholly spent.

The missing lynx, from chains and cuffs,
once more
On hill and dale gulped golf-balls by the
score.

Though thickly pelted, the fur-bearing seal
Evinced his breeding, and fur-bore to
squeal.

The tapirs cried aloud beneath the whacks,
"We've met our match!" and then—lit
out, in packs.

Fullerton L. Waldo.



Florence Scovel Shinn

Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

THE PROOF OF IT

HE: Women go to church only to look at and envy one another's bonnets.

SHE: That's not true. There was n't a bonnet in the whole church I would have exchanged for mine!